

**Arthur Nicholls Taylor
and
Maria Louise Dixon Taylor**

My Parents

**By
Henry D. Taylor**



John and Catherine

With affection

Kenny D. Taylor



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ARTHUR NICHOLLS TAYLOR
AND
MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR

My Parents

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Henry Dixon Taylor

1986

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PREFACE

Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor, my parents, while they were kind to us, were also firm and unwavering and expected us, their children, to achieve much success. They set us a good example and hoped that their children would follow their example.

For some of the narrative contained in this book, I am indebted to Clarence D. Taylor and his book, George Taylor, Sr., pp. 135-145. Other information has been taken from the book, Henry Dixon Taylor.

This is not a Church publication. I, alone, am responsible for its content. Gratitude is hereby expressed to all who have any part in its writing or publication.

CHAPTER 1

EARLY YEARS OF ARTHUR N. TAYLOR



Arthur N. Taylor
Age 35

My Father, Arthur Nicholls Taylor, was born on November 2, 1870, about one mile directly east of old Fort Provo, in Provo, Utah. He was the son of George Taylor and his wife, Eliza Nicholls Taylor, who were converted to the Church in Birmingham, England. Leaving England on the ship Amazon on June 4, 1863, they arrived in Salt Lake City on October 6, 1863. Shortly thereafter they moved to Provo, where they were among the early settlers.

Arthur was born in a very humble home located on First North between Sixth and Seventh West. The little adobe home was once a sheep pen of the early settlers. When it rained the roof would leak, and the children would have to sleep under the bed to keep dry. When the weather was good they could look through the holes in the roof and see the stars in the sky.

As a boy my Father experienced the hardships and trials of early pioneer life, but learned the homely lessons of honest toil and integrity. Yet, in spite of this poverty and trials, he recalled these childhood days as the happiest days of his life. He was of a very quiet and retiring nature and was never one to show off in front of a crowd, but always assumed more than his share of responsibility and completed the task he started. He was very methodical. First he would work out his plan carefully, then execute it with enthusiasm and vigor. His motto was "Plan Your Work, Then Work Your Plan."

In Arthur's early youth it was his responsibility to take the cows out east of Provo along the foothills where they could graze. His family did not own a pasture and had to herd the cattle where grass could be found.

In order to secure money for clothes, shoes, and spending money, it was necessary to do any odd jobs that came along. He gathered ground cherries, gleaned wheat, or did what was necessary to earn cash. Sometimes the boys would help the old basket weaver peel the bark off the willows which were used in making baskets. This was a tedious and tiring job, for the bark had to be peeled off with their teeth.

When Arthur was about ten years of age, he was employed by Samuel Liddiard, an early pioneer contractor and builder, carrying drinking water to his workmen. He worked for Mr. Liddiard for the next seven years, driving teams and doing odd jobs.

He was ambitious and showed much initiative. This was characteristic of his early years and was carried on throughout his life. Samuel Liddiard had the contract for building one of the school houses in Lehi. The Provo Brick Yard Company was supplying the brick. It was necessary to haul the brick from Provo to Lehi, a distance of eighteen miles. The regular brickyard teamsters were making one trip every other day.

At this time Arthur was driving a very light team composed of an old race horse and a family driving horse. On his first trip to Lehi, Arthur found the loose sand on the Lindon Hill was almost too much for his light team, so he borrowed a saddle horse from his brother Ashted and hooked it up as the third member of his span. In appearance it was

anything but a well-matched and suitable team of horses for the heavy work of hauling brick. But it had advantages over the fine, extra-heavy draft horses of the other teamsters.

Each evening Arthur would get one of his brothers to help him load 1500 bricks onto his wagon before it became dark. Then he would drive the wagon home where he would unhook, feed, and take care of his horses and get prepared to leave for Lehi at daybreak the next morning.

Soon after daybreak he would be on his way. After unloading at Lehi, he would then trot his horses a good portion of the way back to Provo, arriving at the brickyard in time to load his wagon with 1500 bricks before it became dark. This routine was followed each day. They were long and tiring days, but he was able to make a trip each day; and being paid by the load, he was able to make just twice as much money as the other teamsters made who made only one trip every other day.

It was while working for Samuel Liddiard that he started the movement to buy, trade, and barter for the necessary materials and labor to build his Mother a new, larger, and more convenient house. This house was built next door west of the old house and just east of their good neighbors, the Collins. With the help of his brothers, a comfortable five-room house was completed and furnished for their Mother.

From the time he began working and earning wages and as long as he was at home, he voluntarily followed the old English custom of turning over his wages each week to his Mother. All he kept for himself was enough for his clothes and sufficient pin money to occasionally go to a dance.

He was very fond of dancing and became one of the best waltzers in the community. While on a picnic at the Old Provo Resort on the shore of Utah Lake, he was persuaded to enter one of the dance contests. He was not only judged winner of the prize waltz, but gave a demonstration of balance and smoothness by waltzing around the floor with a glass of water on top of his head.

In 1887 he left the employ of Samuel Liddiard and went to work for his Father in Provo's first furniture store. The George Taylor Furniture Co. had been established in 1866.

In 1889 he was overcome with a severe illness which he had been unable to get rid of that summer and winter. In the spring of 1890, not having fully recovered, he went with his Mother on a trip to Europe. It was hoped the change would put him back in good health. During the next four months they visited Eastern United States, England and France, namely the following large cities: Denver; Kansas City; Chicago; Bullalo; Niagara Falls, New York; Glasgow, Scotland; Liverpool, Birmingham, London, England; and Paris, France. A most delightful four months were spent and he returned home in the best of health, as he had been promised in the blessing given by President David John of Utah Stake before he had left on the trip.

Before going on the trip to Europe with his Mother, he became an apprentice as a watchmaker to Soren Nielsen. At this time the east section of Taylor Bros. Store was rented by Mr. Nielsen for his watch repair shop and jewelry store.

In the winter of 1891 his brothers purchased the furniture business from his Father. He bought some stock in the business and worked in the store during the summer of 1892.

Martin & Dirde, operators of one of the local livery stables, were also mining and contracting men who had gone to Montana on a contracting job. They employed James F. McClellan in the livery stable, so when they needed additional help in Montana they sent for J. F. McClellan and his wife, Hattie Taylor McClellan.

Early in the spring of 1893 after the school term, business in the newly reorganized Taylor Brothers Company was very poor. It was not sufficient to support all employees, so Arthur took the job obtained for him by his brother-in-law, J. F. McClellan, in the quartz stamp mill at Martina, Montana.

All the money he earned above actual living expenses was sent home each pay day. It has been said by good authority that if it had not been for that money coming into the new business that summer, that it could never have survived financially. It was not very much, but sufficient to keep the store going. In the fall of 1893 he returned to his home in Provo, Utah.

From 1887 when he quit the employ of Samuel Liddiard and started working for his father in the G. Taylor Furniture Store, Arthur had worked off and on, after school and on Saturdays and sometimes during the summer vacation, until the fall of 1893 when he started working full-time for Taylor Brothers Company. He remained with Taylor Brothers Company until the latter part of 1920 when he sold his interest in the company. His health had not been the best, and he wanted to get out in the open air.

For many years he had held the position of vice-president and assistant manager. It has often been stated by some of his friends that the company was run from his little office behind the elevator shaft. Especially during the time when the manager was campaigning for the governorship of the State, to become Mayor of Provo City, on a trip to Europe, or busy in his Church work, the responsibility and work of managing the company was skillfully shouldered by Arthur, without fanfare or publicity.

C O P Y

E L D E R ' S C E R T I F I C A T E

To Whom It May Concern

This certifies that ARTHUR TAYLOR was ordained an Elder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by George Choules on the Fifth day of November A. D. 1891 and is therefore authorized to officiate in all the duties pertaining to said office and calling.

GEORGE CHOULES
Act. President of 3rd Quorum
of Elders of Utah Stake of Zion.

Dated Provo, Utah,
November 15, A.D. 1891

Attest: Hugh Clayton, Sec'y.

* * * * *

LINE OF AUTHORITY TO THE OFFICE OF SEVENTY
IN THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD OF:

ARTHUR N. TAYLOR

ARTHUR N. TAYLOR was ordained to the office of Seventy by John Giles on December 16, 1892.

JOHN GILES was ordained to the office of Seventy by David E. Bunnell on May 23, 1857.

DAVID E. BUNNELL was ordained to the office of Seventy by Albert P. Rockwood in 1846.

ALBERT P. ROCKWOOD, a member of the First Council of the Seventy, was ordained a Seventy by Joseph Young on January 5, 1839.

JOSEPH YOUNG was ordained a Seventy on February 28, 1835, by the First Presidency, Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams.

JOSEPH SMITH and OLIVER COWDERY received the Melchizedek Priesthood in 1829 from Peter, James, and John.

PETER, JAMES, and JOHN were ordained by the Lord Jesus Christ (St. John 15:16).

(Furnished by the First Council of the Seventy, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, March 5, 1952.)

C O P Y

Holiness To The Lord

H I G H P R I E S T ' S C E R T I F I C A T E

Book 1

No. 86

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This certifies that ARTHUR N. TAYLOR was ordained a High Priest in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the 31st day of August A.D. 1906 at Provo City, Utah County, Utah, by LAFAYETTE HOLBROOK and was duly received as a Member of the High Priests' Quorum of the Utah Stake of Zion on the _____ day of _____ A.D. 19____.

/s/ Wm. O. Sperry
Secretary

/s/ J. E. Booth
President

* * * * *

C O P Y

(This was undoubtedly given at the time that he was set apart as a member of the Utah Stake high council, a position that he held for over 25 years.)

Provo City, Utah
October 25, 1907

Elder ARTHUR N. TAYLOR

Dear Brother:

The Descent of the High Priesthood until it was conferred upon you, came in the following order:

David John was mouth in ordaining you a High Priest in Provo City, October 24, 1907.

The late President George A. Smith ordained me a High Priest in Provo City, Sunday, September 10, 1862.

The late President Heber C. Kimball was mouth in ordaining George A. Smith an Apostle April 26, 1839, at Far West, Missouri, on the east corner stone of the intended Temple.

Heber C. Kimball was ordained an Apostle February 14, 1835, under the hands of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris - the Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon.

These brethren were blessed and set apart by the Prophet Joseph Smith and his Counselors, Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams, February 14, 1835, to select and ordain the Twelve Apostles.

In relation to the ordination of Heber C. Kimball, under the hands of the Three Witnesses, he afterwards made the following statement concerning his ordination:

"After we had been thus ordained by these Brethren, the First Presidency laid their hands on us and confirmed these blessings and ordination, and likewise predicted many things which should come to pass."--See Times and Seasons, Volume 6, p. 868.

Joseph Smith was ordained by Peter, James, and John in the summer or fall of 1829.

Jesus Christ was and is a High Priest and an Apostle, called and commissioned by His Father.

The Apostle Paul bears witness of this in the following words: "Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Jesus Christ; who was faithful to Him that appointed Him, as also Moses was faithful in all his house. For this man was counted worthy of more glory than Moses, inasmuch as he who hath builded the house hath more honor than the house."--Hebrews, 3 Chapter, 1, 2, 3, verses.

Your Brother in the Gospel,

/s/ DAVID JOHN

George Taylor opened what was to be the forerunner of Taylor Brothers Co. in 1866 on W. Center (photo at right). An immigrant from England, he was a pioneer photographer also.



An early day picture of Taylor Brothers Co. is shown at left. Standing in front of the store are, from left to right: Bob Cunningham, unidentified, Thomas N. Taylor, unidentified, Walter D. Dixon, LeRoy Dixon, Orson G. Bird, John Dixon, and Arthur N. Taylor. Note advertising on face of the building of principal items of merchandise sold by the firm.



Taylor Brothers Co. in about 1904. Note millrace in foreground.

CHAPTER 2

EARLY YEARS OF MARIA D. TAYLOR



Maria Dixon at age 20

The following is from the book My Folks the Dixons, pp. 172-197, inclusive, by Clarence D. Taylor:

Autobiography of
MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR

On January 5, 1872, in Provo, Utah, I made my entrance into this world at five minutes past nine o'clock p.m. I weighed ten and one-half pounds. On January 13, 1872, I was christened by my Father.

My parents were Henry Aldous Dixon and Sarah DeGrey Dixon. I was the only girl in a family of nine children. There were eight brothers: John DeGrey; Arthur D.; Ernest; Charles Owen; Walter D.; LeRoy; Arnold; and Henry Alfred, who was born November 14, 1865, and died in Salt Lake City, Utah, on July 1, 1867.

When I was about eight years of age, my Father was called on a mission to Great Britain. My Aunt Mary, who was Father's plural wife, together with her children, my brothers and sisters, moved to our home. It was surely a little house well filled. At one time there were eight of us down with measles. I took cold and they went in on me. I was surely sick. They said I had black measles. My life was almost dispared of; but through the faith of my good Mother, I was restored again to health.

While my Father was away, my brother Arthur had diphtheria. None of the rest of us contracted it from him, although we were in the same small house. Doctors were almost unknown in our home. People at that time seemed to exercise more faith in a Higher Power for healing than the skill of the doctor.

Our home was one of the best in religious environment. Father and Mother both were very religious, and their greatest desire was to see their children keep the commandments of God.

We had our family prayers morning and evening, and we kept the Word of Wisdom strictly. I never remember seeing tea, coffee, tobacco, or liquor in any form in our home.

Rigid economy had to be practiced in the home to make ends meet. We had good wholesome food, which gave us good strong bodies.

My education started in the old Round House. It was two stories tall and built of adobe. It stood on the lot near Lester Taylor's house (corner of Fourth West and First North). I think Mrs. Oakley was the teacher.

My second school was to the West School, located a block south of the southeast corner of what is now Pioneer Park, on Fifth West and Second South. My teachers there were Laura Larsen; later, Mrs. Oran Lewis of Spanish Fork, and her sister Annie; later, Mrs. Gillespie, librarian at the BYU for many years, who just recently died at the age of eighty years of age.

My next teacher at the West School was L. A. Wilson, followed by George H. Brimhall, who later became President of the Brigham Young University.

A new building was erected in the east part of town on the corner of First East and Second North. Before the building was completed, one large room on the north ground floor was finished, and we went from the West School with our teacher, George H. Brimhall, to what was later called the Parker School. This ended my schooling for some time.

Later, for two terms, I attended the B.Y. Academy, which had temporary quarters in the ZCMI Wholesale House on South University Avenue, because their building, the Lewis Hall, had burned down. When this ZCMI building was erected, my Father was working at the ZCMI in Salt Lake City, and in 1883 they sent him to Provo to become manager for this new branch of the business.

In the days of my youth we had to make our own amusements. As I look back and compare them with the amusements of today, I think we enjoyed them more because we had to put forth an effort to make them worthwhile; the more we put into a cause, the more we get out of it.

We had no picture shows where we were entertained with little effort on our part. We had what we called an exhibition in which small children sang or recited. I remember when I was a very small child, one of these exhibitions was put on in Cluff's Hall on Second North and Second East Street. This place was where the Fourth Ward held their meetings and general assemblies before they built their present meeting house. At that time we were living in the Fourth Ward, which extended to Third West. Later the tier between Third and Second West was put into the Third Ward. Now it is in the Fourth Ward again. The upper story at Cluff Hall was used by the Church, the lower floor of the building was used for the making of furniture by the Cluff Brothers. This furniture was sold by George Taylor, who became my father-in-law and owner of what is now Taylor Brothers Company.

My sister Sarah, just one month older than I, and I enjoyed each other's company almost like twins. We dressed alike and were inseparable until we were twelve years of age.

On one occasion Sarah and I were asked to speak little pieces. The only way they got us to consent to do this was to let us go on the stage together. We went holding each other's hands. I said mine first. It is about the only thing I remember along that line. I think I will write it if I can recall it:

Come and see me Mary Ann this afternoon at three,
Come as early as you can and stay till after tea,
We'll jump the rope and dress the doll,
And feed my sister's birds,
And read a little story all full of easy words.

Then Sarah took courage and began hers. As she was sort of tongue-tied at the time and couldn't pronounce her words plainly, she caused a lot of laughter. If I can remember some of it, I will give it here:

I want a piece of calico to make my doll a dress,
I doesn't want a big piece, a yard will do I guess
(and etc. and etc. have forgotten the rest).

That was my first introduction to performing before the public. As time went on, I took several parts in Sunday School entertainments and later MIA. We had a lot of fun rehearsing for them, but the audience had more, for they were real side-splitting scenes. Many were intended to be real tragedies, such as Shakespeare's Hamlet. Some were blood-curdling scenes such as Down Black Canyon, with real villians.

Professor Henry E. Giles put on Pinafore, a musical comedy. This was staged in the Opera House on First North and First West. This building is now used for the Armory. The first performance went over big. The cast agreed to tour some of the northern towns of Utah County: Pleasant Grove, American Fork, and Lehi. Most of the cast went in lumber wagons, perched upon high spring seats. My brother John drove some of us girls over in a two-seated surrey or buggy. I took part as one of the cousins in the chorus. When we were ready for the first performance, one of our main actors did not show up. After searching for some time he was discovered in a saloon with a black eye. As he took the part of Dead Eye Dick, it was quite becoming to him.

Before arriving at Lehi, some of the drivers bantered each other for a race. The results were that some of the leading singers had to appear before the audience with bandages on their heads.

We had a lot of sport after it was all over. One of our favorite recreations was dancing. Most of the dances were held in the meeting houses. The benches were either piled in one corner of the room or taken out. Some were left arranged around the room for seats when the dancers were tired and also for the spectators. There were many spectators, especially the older ladies who wanted to know what new love matches were being made. And believe me they knew it all, nothing escaped their notice.

The young married folks took their babies, if they had no one to leave them home with. After nursing them they were put in their buggies or laid on a pillow on a bench in the back room.

There were very few round dances. The Church at one time asked the people not to dance them, but they gradually came back again. The square dances, such as the plain quadrille, scotch reel (or polygamy dance, as some called it, where each man had two women partners) were enjoyed by young and old. There were no wall-flowers during the square dances. The lancers was a very pretty dance, as was the waltz quadrille.

Surprise parties were very popular. The young married people joined with the older ones. My Mother and Mother-in-law often accompanied us and our babies. What good times we had, although some of the men did not enjoy them. My husband never did like them. He did love dancing though and was a very graceful and good dancer.

In the summertime, for a few years, a dance floor was laid amongst the big cottonwood trees in Tanner's Park. This park was across the street from the old adobe yard which was the second fort of our first pioneers who came to Provo. It is now called Sowiette Park. It was grand to dance there by moonlight to sweet strains of music. Tanner's Park holds sweet memories to hundreds of people who used to attend our ward reunions there. It was great sport to go swimming in the stream running through the park. The girls had a swimming hole there. I never heard of a boys' swimming hole in the park.

There were large swings in the park and we girls enjoyed going there with our boyfriends. They used to swing us so high we nearly touched the branches of tall trees. A boy stood on each side of the swing holding each end of a rope; by putting the rope across our waist we were pushed ever so much higher.

In the summertime we looked forward to the Fourth of July and Twenty-fourth of July. After a day or two of cooking and packing, we were all very excited about going to the canyon. As soon as it was daylight, not later than four o'clock, we climbed into a wagon. Most of the wagons had a white canvas stretched over the bows and supports to shelter you from the sun and rain. It took hours to get into the canyon then, where it only takes minutes now.

My children make quite a joke of it now. If we are going on a trip they say we must start at daybreak or Mother won't think she is going on an outing.

Our ward outings were looked forward to. Sometimes we went over to Nelson's Park on the hill above Lake View. This place had beautiful trees and arbors with climbing roses and vines, large fields for ball games, swings, and a merry-go-round. Sometimes we went to the Old Lake Resort at Utah Lake, where we enjoyed bathing, boating and dancing. A street railway ran from town through the swamps and marshes to the resort. Mr. William Probert was owner of it. It did not last long, as he lost a great deal of money on it. My bathing suit was very different from those the girls wear today. There was an undergarment of black sateen with elastic in the bottom which held it tight around the knee. The outer garment was made of black alpaca or mohair, with high neck, sleeves to the elbow, a belt joining the waist and skirt which came below the knee. We always wore black cotton stockings that reached above the knee. In case we forgot our stockings, it was just too bad for us, as we didn't dare to go in with bare legs.

Our winter sports consisted of skating and sleigh riding. As soon as the ditches froze over, we who had no skates or didn't know how to skate, enjoyed sliding on the ice.

Most children had home-made sleds. They were rather crude, but answered the same purpose as the very fine ones my children and grandchildren have now.

Bob-sleighbing was the most fun for all. A wagon box was put on runners; nice, clean straw was put in the bottom with hot rocks and bricks and plenty of quilts to keep one warm. It didn't matter how cold the weather was. A good team with plenty of sleigh bells put us in the spirit for a good time. We generally ended by all joining in singing songs.

I had a very happy childhood. My Sister Sarah and I, being so near the same age, have always been very much attached to each other. I have always admired and loved my sister Alice. She, being older than Sarah and I, never cared for dolls and to play house with us. She would rather play with my brother Arthur who was nearer her own age.

My greatest ambition was to marry a clean, honest, Latter-day Saint man and have a fine, happy family. I am happy to say that ambition has been realized just as I wished it to be.

My Father died when I was twelve years of age, on the fourth of May 1884, not long after his return from the mission field. He left two wives and thirteen children. My Mother's family as follows: John DeGrey, Arthur D., Ernest, Charles Owen, Walter D., LeRoy, and myself. (Arnold was born three weeks after Father's death.) Aunt Mary's family as follows: Alice, Sarah Ann, William Aldous, Albert F., Parley S., Harriett Amelia (Hattie).

My Mother was only thirty-nine years of age when Father died. We were not in poverty, but it was a struggle to make ends meet. Mother wished me to have every advantage, being her only girl, but I felt I had younger brothers who needed more education than I. If I could find something to do, I could help my brothers. My brother John procured a job for me in the Provo Book and Stationery Co., where I worked for some time under Robert Skelton. George S. Taylor, being a stockholder, came in and Mr. Skelton was released. In a short time Mr. Skelton went in business for himself, and I went to work for him until I married Arthur N. Taylor.

The following is the Patriarchal Blessing given to Mother on March 28, 1898.

Provo City, Utah
March 28, 1898

P A T R I A R C H A L B L E S S I N G

A blessing by Patriarch CHARLES D. EVANS upon the head of MARIA LOUISA TAYLOR, a daughter of Henry A. and Sarah DeGrey Dixon, born Provo, Utah, January 5, 1872.

Sister Maria Louisa by virtue of the holy priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon thy head and pronounce and seal upon thee a patriarchal blessing, as I am led by the spirit.

Thou hast a loving heart, yes thy love is stronger than death and thy charity enduring as eternity; thy mercy for others' faults has been seen by the angels and because thou art merciful the Lord will have mercy upon thee, and thou shalt never fall, for thou art one of the elect a great mother in Israel confiding in the heart, and angels love thee, they speak of thy name in praise.

God will bind thy children towards thee as the ivy entwines the oak and although some of them may be wayward yet he will check them that none of them be lost. God hath made a covenant with thee and will make covenants with thy heirs forever, for thy generations will never perish, nor the birthright ever depart from thy house, nor thy children forsake thee.

Thy intelligence is higher than that of many, and as the branches of a tree receive light and warmth from the sun in heaven, so shall God give light unto thee.

Treasures of wisdom will be laid up in thy mind as the treasures are laid up in the earth, and the power of language be given thee to express thy thoughts. Thy words will be as precious gems shedding light around thee where darkness dwells.

The downcast and the sorrowful will rejoice in thee and the widow and fatherless lean upon thy arm of mercy.

No blessing will be withheld from thee and every ordinance ever given to woman in the flesh shall be given unto thee, for by thy wisdom thou shalt redeem many and in thy mercy the distressed shall rejoice for thou art like Mary of Old and thy soul is full of compassion.

Thy trials may be severe; Angels have born witness of thy patience. All will be well with thee and the Lord will exalt and deliver thee.

Thy name shall be written with the elect. Thou shalt live in a day of vision, a day of miracle, and as an open landscape before thee, yea, thou shalt have eternity laid open unto thee for thou wilt read the heavens and a portion of the glory of the Father be shown thee.

I bless thee with the gift of faith and of patience for all shall be well with thee.

The blood flowing in thy veins has descended from Ephraim.

It is easy for thee to believe the word of the Lord, who will exalt thy generations, and leave thy name on earth. Thine inheritance will be sealed in earth and in heaven.

Despair not for thou shalt see Zion redeemed, and the Lord's holy temple in the sacred center stake and his glory upon it.

Thy sons shall have inheritance and build the waste cities and thy joy will be full. The Lord will call thee up and place a crown above thy head, and thou shalt walk the street of the holy Jerusalem arrayed in royal robes, and I seal thee up to come forth in the morning of the First Resurrection with all thy worthy kindred in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

CHARLES D. EVANS

(Recorded in Book B, Page 427, No. 1318.)

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Provo, Utah
February 2, 1920

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

A blessing given by Albert Dellorma Clark, Patriarch, upon the head of MARIA DIXON TAYLOR, daughter of Henry A. and Sarah DeGrey Dixon, who was born in Provo, January 5, 1872.

Dear Sister Maria:

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I seal and confer a blessing on your head.

Thou art of the choice spirits that constitute the House of Israel, a descendant of Joseph through the loins of Ephraim, born of goodly parents to perform a special mission among thy Father's children on earth.

Out of choice thou wast retained in Heaven to come to the earth when the Gospel was shedding its light among mankind and choice spirits hath been given unto thee, heavenly messengers realizing that thou art fully capable of rearing them in fear and admonition of our Heavenly Father, and they shall prove to be jewels in a crown of righteousness and eventually the family ties shall not be broken but through thy fidelity and thy faith in the principles of the Gospel thou shalt lay a firm foundation in their hearts for the Plan of Life and Salvation.

At some times thou wilt think that there is disobedience but the teachings that thou shalt impress upon their minds by example as well as precept shall bear fruits and thou shalt establish them upon the rock of revelation and the Gospel shall make an everlasting impression upon their hearts and souls. The family ties shall not be broken, and through the Everlasting Priesthood together with thy husband thou shalt be sanctified to the renewing of thy body and through thy faithfulness become one of the Elect of our Heavenly Father.

Thy Guardian Angel shall not desert thee, causing thy latter days to be full of happiness and joy for thou shalt rejoice in thy offspring; live to see them pillars of strength in the Church and Kingdom to which you belong, and they will praise the name of their parents for their examples and precepts. Rejoice for thy name is already recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life and through a continuation of thy fidelity it shall remain there through the endless ages of Eternity.

When the responsibility of thy family has grown less, thou shalt take great joy in laboring in the House of the Lord for the salvation of the dead. Thou shalt assist with thy means in building up the Centre Stake of Zion and in preparing the hearts of the children of men for the ushering in of the Millennial Reign and thus thou shalt be greatly added upon for the living for these blessings will open up the way for every blessing that the Father enjoys. These facts will bring joy and happiness into thy life for thou shalt be so susceptible to the influences of Truth that thou shalt enjoy an assurance of exaltation in our Father's presence.

Because thou hast been willing to fulfill the righteous commandment of our Heavenly Father to bring souls into this world, it will prove to be laurels added to thy crown of righteousness. Thou hast great cause to rejoice, at the present moment, for thy standing in the Church before our Heavenly Father and of that work that hath been mentioned in laboring for the salvation of the dead. The windows of heaven will be opened unto thee and the records and genealogies that will come to thee through divine guidance will cause thy heart to swell with joy and thou shalt praise thy Heavenly Father.

I feel to bless thee in thy body that thou shalt live to fulfill the measure of thy creation in righteousness upon the earth and this I seal thee up with the redeemed and sanctified of Israel and seal thee up against the power of the destroyer in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ALBERT DELLORMA CLARK

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Stories About "When Mama Was a Little Girl"
By Grace Judd Doxey Allen

When Grace's mother, Margaret Lewis Judd, visited her, she would request her mother to do some reminiscing. From her notes she recorded this account of her mother's childhood while in the friendly little Mormon town of Provo, Utah, which she entitled, "Maggie and Her First Store-bought Doll."

Once when Maggie (Margaret Lewis who later married George Judd) was a little girl, she and Maria Dixon, her closest friend (who was called "Rye," later married Arthur N. Taylor), both wanted a "store doll." Oh! How they wanted a real doll with flaxen hair. Now their mothers had made them some cute

little cuddly rag dolls, painting eyes and a mouth on them, but both girls dreamed and talked about having a real "store doll." So they both decided to pray for them. Which they did.

Christmas was approaching and a party had been planned for all of the children of the ward. They were to have a wonderful Christmas tree with a present for each child, something very special for these little ones.

Now, Maggie wanted a blue-eyed, black-haired doll just like her little friend Maria. And Maria said she wanted a light-colored hair and brown-eyed doll just like Maggie, her little friend. So the little girls got together often and anxiously took turns praying for their dolls. Each day they would meet and discuss whether there was any chance for such a wonderful thing to be had--a real "store dolly."

Just before Christmas, the party preparations at the church went forward. At two o'clock the doors were to open for the party.

Maggie and Maria were at the doors good and early, and at eleven o'clock they left home to wait at the church for the doors to open. They wanted to enjoy each moment at the party. Finally two o'clock came and the big doors opened and the children tramped into the hall where the party was to be held.

There--there in the corner stood the tallest Christmas tree they had ever seen with tinsel, strings of popcorn, cranberries for decorations, and a huge gold star was on the very topmost branch. On the tree were many wrapped packages, and those that could not be put on its branches were piled up underneath its branches. But Maggie and Maria never noticed the packages for near the top of the tree, tied to a stout branch on each side of the tree were two of the most beautiful dolls they had ever seen. One was blue-eyed with black hair and dressed in a blue dress, and the other was a brown-eyed doll with light hair, dressed in a pink dress. It just couldn't be!! They held their breath and both girls gazed up at these two visions of loveliness--two "store dolls"!

But all at once the thought came to Maggie--maybe--just maybe--the two dolls would go to someone else. Both girls gazed at each other in horror; and then, as if by spoken consent, they knelt down and prayed hard and earnestly for those two dolls. They would be good all year; they wouldn't chase the chickens; they would try and let their little sisters and brothers play with all their toys; they would be good to the Noon kids when they came over to play, even if they did break up their playhouses and pull their hair. Oh! If only they would get those dolls.

Well, the party progressed. There was a children's dance, and then a picnic lunch was served to all the children. Each was given a sack and in it was some hard candy, and an orange--a real orange--to hold and keep for a while before eating it and enjoying its sweet slightly tart flavor.

At five o'clock it was time for the children to gather around the tree for their gifts. In came Santa Claus (it being Uncle Alf Harding's father) jingling his rope of bells and laughing and calling out a "Merry Christmas" to all of the children. He went up onto the platform. The tree was so tall it reached the rafters of the building. He first called out one of the Dixon children's name. She got a little tin dish set. He then called out "Margaret." Maggie's heart almost stopped because her name was Margaret though nearly everyone called her "Maggie." In Santa's hand was a picture book--no doll! But he called again, "Margaret Loew." She got a tin kitchen set, and she held it up for all to see, smiling happily. Then he called, "Mary Lewis"--"No, Maggie Lewis," and held up the doll with the blue dress. Her doll! Oh, the rapture of that moment when she walked up and gently took the doll in her arms and walked back to Maria, her little friend. Her feet felt so light they scarcely touched the floor in her happiness. But Maria's chin was quivering with unshed tears. She didn't have anything yet. Maggie and Maria put their arms around each other--the doll between them, and they stood and prayed that Maria would get the other doll. It just had to be that way or they couldn't bear it. "Maria Dixon," called out Santa Claus, and with a smile he lifted up the other flaxon-haired, beautiful "store dolly" down from the tree and with a hearty laugh he said, "Merry Christmas, Maria, here is your doll." And he put the lovely creature in Maria's eagerly awaiting arms.

As Maria walked back to her friend Maggie, they smiled blissfully into each other's eyes, and with one movement went into the little cloak room and knelt down and said their childish prayer of thanks for their beautiful "store dollies" which they tenderly held while they thanked their friend, a loving Heavenly Father, for making it all come true.

CHAPTER 3

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN OF ARTHUR N. TAYLOR AND MARIA D. TAYLOR



Arthur N. Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon at the time of their marriage on May 9, 1894.

Mother included the following history in her autobiography concerning her marriage and her children:

I was married to Arthur N. Taylor on the 9th of May 1894, in the Salt Lake Temple by President John R. Winder, counselor to President Joseph F. Smith.

Our mode of transportation in those days was much slower than now. We left home on Tuesday morning on the Union Pacific steam line train in order to be in the temple on Wednesday morning. We went in the temple at eight o'clock in the morning, getting out late in the afternoon. There was only one session a day then. Now there are about seven. Then we had to wait until Thursday to get home again. There was only one train a day. Now you can make the round trip in just a few hours.

Before this time my brothers built my Mother a nice home, at 270 North 5th West. It is now owned by my eldest son, Arthur D., and family. We did enjoy our new home with its large spacious rooms, after having been so crowded in our little home.

My brother John worked as book- and timekeeper for Samuel Liddiard. He also was bookkeeper for Smoot Lumber Co.

Arthur and Ernest worked as water carriers for Samuel Liddiard, and they finally learned the mason trade from him. They did the brickwork for Mother's home. John traded one of our teams to Tom Patten for his services to do the carpenter work on the house. Mother took boarders to help get money to pay for the materials. Her farm furnished produce for the table. By planning and hard work, our home was built.

After our return from Salt Lake, in preparation for our wedding reception, all the beds and furniture that could be spared were moved out of our house to make room for guests. One hundred and forty-eight guests and relatives sat down to a real banquet.

Our first home was on First North between Second and Third West, just north of the Taylor Bros. Co. Store, where my husband worked. We lived in this little home and were very happy. I used to say it was like playing house, when only two of us sat at the table, after being used to such a large family at home.

Some time later we moved into my Mother's old home. We had it renovated and cleaned throughout. It was very comfortable. In this home our first child, Arthur D., was born on the 4th day of October 1895. A year later we moved into our own home, which was built on part of my Mother's lot. She was very anxious to have me near her. As we had little money, we built two rooms first; then we added other rooms as we were able to pay for them. Although not the most modern with all conveniences, still it holds many fond memories for me. Our children, all but one, were born there: Lynn D. was born on the 6th of May 1898, Elton LeRoy on 22nd of June 1900, Henry D. on the 22nd of November 1903, Alice L. on the 18th of November 1906, Clarence D. on the 11th of May 1909, Orson

Kenneth on the 3rd of November 1913, and Ruth Elaine on the 20th of March 1917.

(There was a great day of rejoicing in the Arthur N. Taylor household when their fifth child was their first girl. Now the four boys could look forward to the time when they would have a sister to do the dishes and other household duties, which so often had become their duty.)

My husband's parents were pioneers who crossed the plains and endured the hardships of the early pioneers. They had barely enough money to pay for their passage. They buried two children before reaching the valley.

Eliza Nicholls Taylor suffered many trials that would ordinarily have crushed a much stronger woman. She was physically weak, but spiritually strong. She trusted in her Heavenly Father and came through victorious. I have never seen a person with such strong faith. I remember on one occasion we were all camped at South Fork, Provo Canyon. A terrible flood came down, and the creek near our tents was in danger of overflowing and washing us out. The women gathered their children ready to rush to the nearby mountains. Grandma Taylor said, "Girls, where is your faith? Did you say your prayers and ask your Heavenly Father's protection? If you did, cover up your heads and be quiet." She told her son Tom to go to the river bank and watch. She would pray. That had the desired effect and all was well.

My Mother and she were very dear friends and loved each other very much. For about sixteen years they looked forward to several weeks' visit with us at our summer home in "Wildwood," Provo Canyon. It was a joy to us all to have them with us. It meant so much to our children partaking of their sweet, uplifting influences. My husband purchased two easy wicker rocking chairs, just alike, and placed them on the front porch of our cabin, and they sat in "State," as it were, to receive homage from all the campers as well as guests who came to our resort. For they were both loved by everyone. The chairs are still placed on the porch when we are there, but the two noble women who occupied them have passed on to a great reward which they so richly deserve.

Some time after our marriage, my husband was called to preside over the YMMIA in the Third Ward. He held this position for seven years. Then he was called into the mission field. At times, after the babies came along and tusseling with them all day (for they were cross due to colic), I felt at night how soothing it would be to have my husband sit by my side and tell me things that would take my mind from such a strenuous day. But alas! My hopes were gone when he came in and said, "Mother, will you please hurry with supper while I wash and prepare to go out"? I knew it was not Mutual night, but he said, "You see it is Mutual League tonight." I said, "But why do you have to go? You have spent months of time and a lot of money (for I know) getting the hall and equipment ready. Can't they get along without you"? He would look at me in a wistful way (for he loved his home and family) and say, "You

know I would love to stay with you, but we have just got to make a success of this physical education program. If we get the boys interested there, we can get them interested in our Mutual meetings. You know, Mother, if I say come on boys let's go, it will have more weight with them than if I say, go on boys and have a good time."

As usual I could see his point of view. I let my mind run back a few months to the times when the boys were not coming out to their meetings as they should. They were seeking amusements and other things which were not of the best environment. The officers talked it over. They thought instead of trying to preach them to Church, it would be better to lead them in a different way.

They rented the Horton Building (where the Superior Motor Co. stands on the corner of Center Street and Fifth West). They took out the partitions and made a large room upstairs for a gym. The next thing was to find money for the equipment. My husband and William P. Silver took the delivery wagon and a span of mules from Taylor Brothers Company and went to Salt Lake City to a secondhand store where they paid three hundred dollars, cash, for the apparatus. I know how hard they had worked, and I concluded I would make it just as easy as possible for him even if it did mean three nights a week being without his company.

One thing we women did do. We got together and said the women need a little relaxation as well as the men. We made us gym suits. Mine was of wine colored flannel from the Woolen Mills, with a black water wave ribbon sash, a bow tied at the back. We hired Miss Mame Gates, the gym teacher at the Academy, to teach us. One night a week was hubby's turn to stay at home and take care of the children. What fun we did have. First swinging the dumbbells and Indian clubs, then on the giants ride, and last but not least going over the vaulting pony (or trying to) then through the exercises. Some of the older ladies, when they were on the floor flat on their back and told to get up without touching their hands, found difficulty in doing it which caused a lot of fun. It made the women more contented to stay at home alone three nights a week if they had one night out.

Our children, all but Alice, attended the Timpanogos School. She went to the BYU Training School.

After Arthur finished high school at the BYU, he worked in the office of Taylor Bros. Co. for one year, then he was called to fill a mission to Australia. He celebrated his twenty-first and twenty-fourth birthdays there. He was gone for four years. He acted as president of the New South Wales Conference, also mission secretary for sometime. About a year after his return home, he married Maurine Goodridge. They have the following children: Elayne, Kent, Nancy, and Dixie.

A short time after Arthur's return home, Lynn was called as a missionary to the Northwestern States. He served as conference president part of the time. He was released after serving about

twenty-eight months. After his return home he graduated from college and married Celestia Johnson. They have the following children: John Arthur, Janice, LynnAnne, Kathryn, and George Terry.

Elton followed Lynn into the mission field, going to the Eastern States. He was appointed president of the West Penn. Conference, where he labored for about two and one-half years. On March 31, 1926, he married Ethel Scott. Their children are: Julia, James Scott, Paul, and Louise.

Henry went into the same mission as Elton, the Eastern States, and was there for nine months before Elton's release. Henry served as mission secretary under President B. H. Roberts, with headquarters in New York City, for about one year. He was transferred to Connecticut, where he became president of that conference. After his return he went to college where he graduated and later married Alta Hansen. They have the following boys: Henry D., Anthony, Stephen, and David Arthur.

Alice graduated from the BYU where she acted as secretary and historian of the college her last year. She spent much time and study in oil and watercolor painting and made some very fine pictures. After graduating she went into the interior decorating department at DTR Co. to help her brother Lynn. She worked there until her marriage to El Roy Nelson. They went to Troy, New York, to live, where he had a position to teach at the Russell Sage College. They have the following children: Arthur Taylor, John Christian, Christina Louisa, Henry Aldous, and James. They had a nice home in Denver where he taught at the Denver University. They then moved to Salt Lake City where he taught at the University of Utah and later became a vice-president at the First Security Corporation.

Clarence filled a mission to South Africa, the birthplace of my Father. He acted as mission secretary for over a year and one-half. Then he was sent to Port Elizabeth to act as president of that district. He labored for twenty-eight months and was then released. He came home by way of the East Coast of Africa and the Holy Land, where he saw some very interesting sights. After his return home he worked at DTR Co. and graduated from the BYU.

Kenneth, the last of our six sons, was called to labor in the British Mission. He first went to Portsmouth, later to the Birmingham Conference to be the president, the office his Father held in the same conference thirty-six years before. After two years he was released to return home. At Christmas time he started school and graduated from college in the spring of 1939, after which he went to work at DTR Co. He later married Ethelyn Peterson.

Ruth graduated the same day as Kenneth. She had signed a contract to teach at the Franklin School, where she has taught for three years. She is very much interested in oil and watercolor painting and has made some very fine pictures. She later married Fred D. Kartchner.

My life has been a very happy one although any mother raising a family has a few strenuous and anxious moments and years, especially during sickness. None of our children had any severe illness. All have grown to adult man and womanhood.

My husband worked at Taylor Bros. Co. for thirty years, and proved to be a very successful businessman, and was loved by those working under him. Some of the boys felt they had been working for others so long and would like to go in business for themselves. They wanted Art to join them. We borrowed the money to erect the building where DTR Co. is located. It was quite an undertaking for none of them had but very little money. They all worked very hard, and we all had to make sacrifices. After twenty years we are all proud of the progress made. At this time, July 1941, they have seven stores with workmen doing a very efficient work.

My husband worked day and night, as did the others, to make it a success. The responsibility was just too great and his health began to fail. In 1930 he had a severe hemorrhage of the stomach and was never entirely well after, although he kept up his part of the work. The depression added to his other worries. He had a slight stroke, which took the use of his limbs and speech. On the third day I called the older boys and had them administer to him. After that he was able to get around and talk, but was never as active again.

On December 13, 1934, the doctor thought if we took him away from the business the change would help him. We went to Mesa, Arizona, as the climate in the winter was mild and dry. We spent three months there, with little improvement in his condition. After returning home we took him to the clinic in Salt Lake. After a thorough examination we were told there was no cure for him. He had high blood pressure which brought about hardening of the arteries and his stomach trouble came back again in a severe form.

Clarence had a bathroom put in our cabin at Wildwood, Provo Canyon, and I stayed there with him until two weeks before his death, which occurred September 10, 1935. His loss was felt keenly by all, but I felt reconciled because my religion teaches me that after our spirit leaves this earth it returns to the home it lived in before coming to this earth and progresses on.

I was left with a family any mother could be proud of. All of my children are thoughtful and considerate of me and my happiness.

Art's funeral services were held in the stake tabernacle on September 14, 1935, attended by over one thousand people. The stand was banked with beautiful flowers.

Five years later I was called upon to part with my sixth and youngest son, Kenneth, one of the sweetest and most angelic spirits ever sent into a home. He was loved by everyone. In fact many remarked it seemed he was almost too perfect for this world. I feel very thankful he was permitted to remain in our home for twenty-seven years.

When he was fourteen years of age, he had rheumatic fever which affected his heart. On June 27, 1940, he married Ethelyn Peterson. They went to New York where he took a six week's course in Home Furnishings. He studied too hard which overtaxed his heart. On their return home they came to our home, but it seemed he couldn't regain his health. After an illness of two months, he passed away in the Utah Valley Hospital where he was taken the week before, on October 31, 1940. He was buried on his twenty-seventh birthday, November 3, 1940.

Again I had to hide my grief with assurance it was the will of our Heavenly Father, who had a greater work awaiting him. His works and records recorded on earth will be approved, and a royal welcome would be awaiting him by his Father and other loved ones.

It is hard to part with any of our loved ones, but I am so grateful I have seven of the kindest and dearest children anyone could wish for, left to bring joy and comfort in my declining years, in fact I feel that I am one of the most blessed women in the world.

My Mother was nearly eighty-two years of age when she died. I have lost six brothers, most of whom were very outstanding citizens, Church workers, and community builders.

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Her son Clarence added the following in his book:

The greatest part of the next few years was devoted to genealogical research work and the writing and compiling of individual pioneer histories. Being historian of her local Daughters of the Pioneers Camp, she was the means of accumulating and having bound a volume of pioneer histories, which is now in the possession of the camp officers.

She has searched out thousands of names bearing the names of her ancestors, submitting them to the Index Bureau and on to the temple for baptism, sealing, and endowments.

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I (Henry D. Taylor) remember the following incidents that happened during our growing-up years:

Early Christmases

I recall with nostalgia the memories of early Christmases. Just through the block from us on Fourth West lived Professor Robert Sauer. He was a German convert and was an instructor of music at BYU and leader of the band. He had composed the music for the beautiful number, "When It's Springtime in the Rockies." The lyrics were written by Mary Hale Woolsey, a student attending the "Y" at the time.

In the early dark hours of Christmas morning, Brother Sauer would arise, stand on his front porch, and play "Silent Night,

Holy Night" and "The Holy City" on his trumpet. Over the years the thrill of these experiences has never been repeated.

Father and Mother went to great lengths to make Christmas a happy time for us. One Christmas from each of our hung stockings there was a piece of string which, if followed, would lead to our major present. They spent hours making these preparations. We boys arose before we were supposed to and in the dark broke the strings. Father and Mother were required to spend the remainder of the night in repairing the damage.

When Father was connected with Taylor Bros. Co., Christmas Eve was a busy time. Shortly before dark we would start making deliveries. The company had a team composed of a wiry, nervous little black horse called "Nell" and an animal, half mule and half horse, called "Jack." It would require most of the night to make the deliveries. Later when we were at DTR Co., we used several trucks and could be through with the deliveries around midnight.

Sandy Alley--The Dixon and Taylor Families

The Dixon and Taylor families were an important part of the Provo Third Ward. They lived in an area within five blocks of our home--16 families of them. Fifth West was nicknamed "Sandy Alley" because there were so many people residing there who had red hair. Uncle John Dixon's family had Aldous, Rulon, and Maud. In Uncle Roy Dixon's family there were Paul and Maurine. Uncle Tom Taylor had red hair as well as his children Sterling, Ethel, Alden, Marion, and Victor. Father was red haired as were his sons Arthur D., Lynn D., Elton L., Clarence D., and O. Kenneth. I was our "black sheep."

Sleeping Porch

One of the "fads" in earlier days was to have outdoor sleeping areas. In the rear of our home, Father had a sleeping porch built. It was a building approximately 12' x 12' with a wood floor boarded up about five feet, with screen another four feet, and shingled roof. This would hold several beds. We children slept in this facility the year round. In the winter after a snow storm, in the morning there would be a foot of snow that had drifted through the screens during the night onto the beds.



George Taylor Sr.,
my grandfather,
shown in portrait



George Taylor Family. Seated -- Eliza Nicholls Taylor (my grandmother), and Harriett. Standing -- Ashted, George Thomas, Thomas Nicholls, Walter George, and Arthur Nicholls Taylor.



Taylor Brothers Company personnel about 1904. From left to right are: First row -- Albert F. Dixon, Ashted Taylor, Bert Mitchell, and Sterling Taylor. Second row -- Joseph Johnson, Fredrick J. Pulham, Miss Stallings, Eliza N. Taylor (President), Ethel Rogers, Andrew Sward and George Burles. Third row -- George Choules, Mitchel Strebel, Orson G. Bird, Arthur N. Taylor, Thomas N. Taylor, Walter D. Dixon, John L. Russell, and Antone Strebel. Top row -- William A. Dixon, H. G. Heindselman, John Johnson, Mr. Madsen, and Albert Southwick.



Grandmother Eliza Nicholls Taylor. Photograph at left was taken at age 40 by her husband, George Taylor.



Eliza Nicholls Taylor and her grandchildren. Picture taken in 1904 at her home on First North between Sixth and Seventh West. From left to right: First row-- George, Marion, Leona, Grandma Eliza Nicholls Taylor holding babies Fred and Henry, Fontella, Lynn, and Elton. Second row-- Alden, Ethel holding baby Leo, Vesta, Clarissa, and Nellie holding baby Victor. Third row-- Lester, Walter, Sterling, Edith, Arnold, Melvin, Bacle, and Arthur.

CHAPTER 4

ARTHUR N. TAYLOR'S MISSION TO ENGLAND

The following are excerpts from the Missionary Journal of Arthur Nicholls Taylor:

Provo, Oct. 19, 1900. After bidding my friends and relatives good-bye, I took the Oregon Short Line train at 8:00 a.m. On arriving at Salt Lake City went to the Pres. Office to report. Made arrangements for transportation, then went over to the annex of the Temple where I was set apart under the hands of Apostle Lund, Golden J. Kimball, and Seymour B. Young. Brother Young being mouth. I stayed with Bro. James Poulton that night, leaving Salt Lake at 6:15 a.m. Saturday.

October 20, 1900. Arriving in Ogden with a company of twelve, nine Elders and three Sisters, we changed onto the U. P. Ry. Leaving at 8:00 a.m. arriving in Omaha Sunday evening on the 21st. Only a ten minute stop, here the balance of the Company changed onto the C. M. & S. Paul line while I having made previous arrangements went on over the Chicago, Northwestern, arriving in Chicago at 8:45 a.m.

Monday - 22nd. Took a carriage from there and drove over to the Pen. Ry., going out at 9:30 a.m. the same morning. Arriving in New York Tuesday afternoon, having traveled a distance of many miles. We stayed at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, Chamber St. and West Broadway.

While in New York I visited the New York World Bldg. Stock Exchange, Aquarium, Statue of Liberty, Tomb of U.S. Grant, Museum of Natural Art, and the Navy Yard, going back to Philadelphia 25th. Having passed through the states of Wyoming, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Penn., New Jersey, and New York. While in Philadelphia I visited the U.S. Mint, Independence Hall, Benjamin Franklin's Grave and Statue, and Fairmount Park.

On the morning of Oct. 27th, went down to docks after looking around some, went on board our ship the Belgenland, American Line, at 11:30 a.m. She moved out into the Delaware down to the mouth, a distance of 90 miles, passing Cape May and Cape Linlopen at about 8:00 p.m., then out into the briny deep striking a very rough head wind which caused the ship to pitch and toss something terrible; so much so that nearly all passengers began to "feed the fishes" on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and some longer, but along to the close of the week all of the passengers began to show up at the table and think that life was worth living after all.

October 28, 1900 - Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday -
SICK - SICKER - SICKEST!

What is the good of anything? Nothing, nothing good to eat; nothing good to look at. Everything is on the whirl. Oh! If one could only step off onto the ground for just five minutes, but it cannot be, the waves still roll and the ship continues to pitch and toss while one is trying to turn inside out to get relief; but all to no avail. At first one thinks they are sick--then they know that they are sick--then they think that they are going to die--

then they are afraid they won't die--but then they say that there is nothing so bad but what it might be worse, and I guess that is right.

November 8, 1900 - Thursday - Arrived at Queenstown where a number of passengers got off, being met by a small tug boat. The mail was also taken off here. It was here we received word that Pres. McKinley had been re-elected, for which the English people seemed very much pleased. We now turn back and put to sea once more, headed for Liverpool.

9 - Friday - We arrived at Liverpool at 10:00 a.m. after a 14 day voyage. On landing we went to 42 Islington the Mission Headquarters and received instructions from Pres. Plat D. Lyman. We were then given our appointment and our little company was scattered. Some going to Scandinavia, one to Germany, others were appointed to labor in Eng. Being appointed to labor in Birmingham, I took the 2:40 p.m. train and arrived in New St. Station that evening.

10 - 21--Friday to Wednesday - Being met at the station by Uncle Ebb., Aunt Harriet, and Cousin Eliza Hands, I went to their home, 182 Wilton St., with them and spent ten days visiting relatives and then settled down to work.

22 - Went out tracting today for the first time and there is no one that will know the feelings of an Elder on his first days tracting until they have tried it. It is one of those lessons we learn by having the actual experience. One seems to have such a dread of this work at first. I know when I would knock at a door I would be praying that no one would come to answer the call so that I could push the tract under the door and go. But it is surprising how soon one gets over this feeling and the prayer soon changes and one feels very much disappointed when no one comes to the door to take the tract and give opportunity for conversation.

Sunday, November 4th. Being Fast Day, our little Company being 10 in number, kept the Fast, holding a Testimony Meeting and partaking of the Sacrament in the morning and holding a public meeting in the afternoon, having a good attendance and making a good impression on those not of our faith and which led to many social and interesting chats in regard to our people and Gospel.

November 6th was a bright and beautiful day; after breakfast all passengers came on deck, it being Election Day. We prepared a ballot box and ballots and held an election, which created some sport. In the evening we had a concert which was very interesting and was enjoyed very much by all. Arrived at Queenstown 11/18/00. After a short stop we sailed out for Liverpool, arriving at 10:00 a.m., about a 14 day voyage.

11/9/00 - Leaving Liverpool at 2:00 p.m. by rail, same day, arrived in New St. Station, Birmingham 11/9/00. Spent two weeks visiting friends and relatives at the expiration of which time I

received my appointment to labor in Birmingham, going out for my first days tracting 11/22/00. There is no one that will know the feeling that an Elder has when he first starts out tracting, until they have tried it.

However, on the 23rd. I went out again having a feeling of dread hanging over me, but through the mercy of God, met with a little success, having two good conversations which caused me to feel much better.

Sunday 25th. I was called upon to address the Saints, this being my first attempt in Eng. I assure you my remarks were very limited.

12/12/00 - Called on Mr. Green, had a very pleasant conversation. He seemed sincere in his investigation, also called on a lady in 19 Croquette Rd. She seemed to have changed very much in her opinion since I called on her before when tracting. But after talking with her a while, I learned that her husband had been talking with a minister and had tried to poison them toward us by telling false stories in regard to the Book of Mormon. She finally took a tract and promised me she would read our works.

Monday - 31/00 - Have spent one week with Uncle and Aunt Hands and family, eating (plum pudding) or the famous English Pudding, playing games, singing songs and amusements of different kinds. Tonight in company with Elders Frisby, Startup, Sperry, Dowding, Daynes (Joseph A. Daynes was President of the Birmingham Conference), and Jenkins. I will attend the Catholic High Mass at their Cathedral on Bath St. at 11:45 p.m.

Street Meeting Experience:

My first night talk.
Elder Startup on Steel House Lane
My talk on Unit St., front of Hotel
Elder Startup on Gosta Green
Elder Roberts on West Bromwich
My talk on Ky Hill, 2 drunks fight
At Spring Hill with Elder Spoks - dog
Elder Startup - Monument Rd.

January 22, 1901 - Tuesday - Bro. Sperry and I called on Cousin Cockrell and family. Spent a very pleasant evening. An extra came out announcing the death of Queen Victoria, having passed away at about 6:30 p.m. Today all theatres closed, refunding money. It has cast a gloom over all England.

February 6, 1901 - Wednesday - In company with six other Elders, I visited Bro. & Sis. Arthur Salt. They had some of their friends in and we spent an enjoyable evening with games of pastime and amusement, leaving them in the best of spirit.

February 25, 1901 - Monday - Had the pleasure of leading Cousin Leslie Russell Cockrell and his wife, Cousin Rebecca Hands,

down into the waters of baptism. In the evening called on Uncle James Hickman and family. Had a good Gospel conversation.

March 14, 1901 - Thursday - Went out tracting, was called in to a house where a woman was very ill. They were in extreme poverty and unable to buy medicine or get a doctor, so I gave them money to get medicine with, for which they were thankful.

April 20, 1901 - Saturday - Went up to Uncle James Hickman's. Held service over the remains of Aunt Mary. Pres. Daynes being the speaker.

June 5, 1901 - Wednesday - Before leaving Bro. Walis this morning, had the pleasure of blessing their baby boy, giving it the name of William Everett. We then took to the road arriving in Coventry at 12:30 p.m.

June 9, 1901 - Sunday - In company with Bro. Cockrell, went out to Maxtoke District. Held Sunday School at Coleshill and meetings at Maxtoke. Had the pleasure today of baptising and confirming Sister Nellie Gertrude Phillips in the River Blythe. She was born October 24, 1884, in Tamworth, Warwick, England.

June 23, 1901 - Sunday - Morning, afternoon and evening meetings, a spiritual feast, this is my second conference here.

June 24, 1901 - Monday - Priesthood meeting this morning and it was a rare treat to hear the reports from the Districts. After reports were in, Apostle Lyman (Elder Francis M. Lyman, a member of the Council of the Twelve and President of the European Mission) gave us some valuable instructions which we all enjoyed very much. In evening we had an entertainment and lecture. The house was crowded. We have had a spiritual feast all during the Conference.

July 4, 1901 - Thursday - (Red Letter Day) Bro. Startup and I left Conference House at 6:00 a.m. for Warwick on bikes. While there visited the Warwick Castle, Lady Warwick being on a trip to Paris we were permitted to go through the Castle and view the beautiful furniture and decorations, paintings, etc., also the bedroom where the Queens and Kings have slept. The furnishings are something gorgeous. Went from there to Gray's Cliffs, and old mill which is also a grand sight, then called at Kenilworth and Coventry then home, traveling 60 miles. In the evening we held special meetings and organized Mutual Improvement Class. Was called as President of same.

July 5, 1901 - Friday - Pres. Daynes and I took a run, on our bikes, out to Earls Wood, 10 miles out, to look up a place to take the saints on the 24th. In evening we went down on to Steel House Lane and held street meeting. Did not get a very large crowd, so we went up to Key Hill and held meeting. Had a good, large crowd and enjoyed ourselves very much.

July 10, 1901 - Wednesday - Tracting on Grove Lane. The weather is very hot; the people seem very cool. In the evening

we held meetings on Key Hill and Spring Hill. Had a good crowd. Was called to speak on Spring Hill.

July 22, 1901 - Monday - Bro. Crump and I went down town to buy prizes, balls, bats, etc. for our Pioneer Celebration. In the evening we went to Steel House Lane and held street meeting. Met with good success.

July 24, 1901 - Wednesday - The great Pioneer day, but it is stormy, however, we all went out to Sutton Park, but on account of the storm we could not get out much. We got into a house and passed a merry day all enjoying themselves very much.

August 14, 1901 - Wednesday - Went out tracting today and got what we call a warming up. On ringing bell at #82 Brunswick Rd. an elderly lady came to the door. I gave her a tract, she then wanted to know if I was a Mormon. I assured her I was. She then opened up on me and called us all the bad things she could think of. I did not want to say too much until she cooled down, then I reasoned with her showing her that she had no proof for the charges she made. Seeing her position she melted a little and invited me in and we had a pleasant conversation. I left her feeling much better towards us, giving me a pressing invitation to call again Friday evening.

September 1, 1901 - Sunday - Elder Startup and I went out on bikes to Maxtoke. Found the saints all well and enjoying the spirit of the Gospel. Held Sunday School and evening meeting with them. On our way back from meeting, it being dark, and in turning a short corner I ran into a truck or cart, bruising myself quite badly, but nothing serious.

October 3, 1901 - Thursday - President Daynes and I went down to station to meet Elder Francis Cox of Manti. Just arrived from Zion. In evening went to Mutual. We had a good big turnout and an enjoyable time.

October 9, 1901 - Wednesday - In company with Pres. Daynes, his wife, and Hattie Hands, visited Dudley Castle. Had a very enjoyable time, getting home at 5:00 p.m. In evening Pres. Daynes and I called on Mrs. Busby, Mrs. Grogan and family, and Mrs. Joseph Penn. Enjoying the evening visit very much.

October 31, 1901 - Thursday - This is a real red letter day for me, for when I came down to breakfast, Pres. Daynes handed me a long sleeved letter from Apostle Lyman appointing me President of the Birmingham Conference (succeeding President Daynes, who was being released after filling a very successful mission). We held singing practice in the evening, preparing for coming Conference. Went tracting in the afternoon.

November 10, 1901 - Sunday - Attended meeting in afternoon and evening. Elder Crump and Pres. Daynes gave their farewell address.

November 15, 1901 - Friday - A very sad day as our President, Bro. Daynes, his wife, Elders Crump and Williams, Cousin Hattie Hands and Sister Wills leave today for Zion. Are to sail tomorrow on the Commonwealth of the Dominion Line.

December 2, 1901 - Monday - In the morning we met at the old Hockley Chapel for priesthood meeting. There were present 18 traveling Elders of the Birmingham Conf. and two from the Sheffield Conference and Apostle Francis M. Lyman, President of the European Mission. The Elders gave in a report of conditions in the respective districts bearing a strong testimony to the work and the love, joy and satisfaction they received in their labors. Pres. Lyman then occupied the balance of the time giving us general as well as special instructions in regards to ourselves and the work in which we are engaged. The instructions here received will have a lasting impression on me, given as they were in the spirit of love and affection by one of God's Holy Apostles. Among other things we were instructed that we should not spend too much time with saints, leave the work of visiting saints to the local priesthood. Transgressors should be dealt with, and if they do not humble themselves and repent they should be excommunicated. Elders should make a record and give certificates to all whom they baptize or ordain.

Men must leave off smoking and drinking before they are baptized. (See Doc. & Cov. Sec. 20 v 7)

All should work to get new subscribers for the "Star," the organ of the mission.

In distributing tracts and books, be careful and do not waste them and yet be liberal with them in directions where good may be done.

Elders should be neat in their dress and in their lodgings and in all their work. Dress well, wear a white tie, or a black one; it is more in keeping with your calling. If you wear whiskers, keep them well trimmed. If you shave, keep clean shaved that you may always appear well.

Help, correct, and sustain each other in all love and kindness.

At the close of his remarks we all covenanted with him with uplifted hand that from this time on we would look after each other and help one another to overcome all weakness that we discovered in each other that we might overcome the weakness of the flesh and fulfill our mission here on earth.

December 23, 1901 - Monday - We visited a number of the saints and investigators this morning and took dinner with Pres. Heath. After a pleasant chat with him we set out for Cradely. On our way we stopped at a brickyard where 60 girls and women were employed making brick and carrying them to the kiln. The girls offbearing were all bare footed and all of them were thinly clad. They carry

from 50 to 75 pounds in the kiln at a time, a distance of about 100 yards. They receive from 35¢ to 60¢ per day. Many of them are married women. In arriving at Cradely and Cradely Heath we visited the chain makers. This is a line also taken up by the women. They make the small chains while the men make the large. Along to the close of the afternoon it began to snow and blow, so we made for home, taking train at Old Hill Station. We reached Handsworth at about 5:30, it's still blowing and snowing. It threatens to be a very rough night.

January 12, 1902 - Sunday School this morning. We had the largest turnout we have had since my arrival in the mission field. All seemed deeply interested. We are taking up the study of the Book of Mormon. Our meetings in the afternoon and evening were well attended. In the evening I spoke on the Restoration of the Gospel. Was followed by Elder Roberts who spoke on the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. Took tea with a Mr. Adams, living in Summer Lane, who invited us to come back after our evening meeting and spend the evening with him, which we did. He is a well-to-do shoe manufacturer. We spent a very pleasant evening chatting and singing hymns.

January 25, 1902 - Elder Startup and I left New St. Station via L.N.W. Ry. at 1:20 p.m. for London. Arrived at Euston Station at 3:40 p.m. Met Cousin Ebb at the Station, went up to Mr. Tripps, the tailor, and tried on a new suit of clothes which he was making for me. Then went to a restaurant near the Angel, had supper, then took a stroll down town and at 7:30 p.m. entered the great Drury Lane Theatre to see the Pantomime of the world, Blue Beard. It was produced in all grandure, the most elaborate stage setting and scenes that have ever been produced by man. It was far beyond my power to describe. After the Pantomime we made our way by bus back to the Station, as we were on what is known as a half day trip, 5 shillings. Our train started at 1:20 a.m., arriving at New St., Birmingham at 4:30 a.m. As there are no trams running this time of the morning, we had a three mile walk to make, getting home at 5:15 a.m., tired out as the railroad carriages are not at all comfortable.

February 18, 1902 - Went to Victoria Baths, witnessed the baptism of Janet Poole, Edith Jones, and Gordon Garrott. Elder Arthur D. Challis officiated. I had the pleasure of confirming Sister Jones. In the evening Elder Ford and I called on Mr. & Mrs. Eves. Had a pleasant Gospel conversation with them.

March 10, 1902 - Leaving Lemington at 10:00 a.m., I made for home, getting into Birmingham at 12:30 noon, having ridden on this tour on my bike 237 miles and have had a very enjoyable time. The work in those parts going on nicely.

March 11, 1902 - Elder Challis and I called on Mr. Eves and wife. Spent a very pleasant evening with them. They are deeply interested in the Gospel.

March 22, 1902 - Elder Startup, Kelly, Smith, and I visited the Royal Worcester Works. It was very interesting and instructive as the guide was very kind and explained everything so nicely and clearly that one could appreciate the work. In the afternoon we went over to Malvern Link and visited saints. Had a very pleasant time.

May 1, 1902 - Elders Sperry and Lewis and Sisters Jones and Pool and I called on Bro. & Sis. Arthur Salt. Spent the afternoon with them. They are selling up preparing to go to Zion. Attended choir practice in the evening.

May 6, 1902 - In the evening Elder Spokes and I called on Mr. & Mrs. Eves. Had a very pleasant and profitable conversation with them.

May 14, 1902 - Bro. & Sis. Arthur Salt came up and took tea with us. They sail for America tomorrow. We are pleased to see such faithful saints go to Zion.

May 31, 1902 - Elder Sperry and I met Pres. Frances M. Lyman and Elder Joseph Eckersley at New St. Station at 2:00 p.m. Went to the restaurant and had dinner, then came up to Hockley Chapel to a local priesthood meeting at which Apostle Lyman gave very valuable instruction. In the evening we held a social in the Handsworth Assembly Rooms, at which we had a most enjoyable time.

June 26, 1902 - Thursday - CORONATION DAY. In the morning Elder Lunt and I mounted our bikes, rode over to Sutton Park. Had a very pleasant time, returning about 2:30 p.m. Received telegram that Mrs. Eves was very ill and wanted to be administered to. We reached her home about 3:30 p.m., found her in terrible pain. We attended to the sacred ordinance and felt that she would soon recover. She is a woman of much faith. In the evening we went down into the town. The decorations were beautiful, but the crowd was terribly rough. It seemed to me that all the loose and fast girls in creation were turned loose, for of all the sights and actions that I ever saw among women, this was the worst. I always thought that a drunken man was a ridiculous specimen of humanity, but a drunken woman is ten times worse, but there they were. The streets were crowded with men and women dancing and singing, kicking up their heels and yelling like a lot of savages at a war dance; husbands and wives with their children in their arms almost too drunk to waddle along. I never will forget to-night's experience. Elders Lunt, Brough, Stayner, and I were out together, and we had to keep on the move for if we stopped for a few minutes, there would be a crowd of girls circled around us, dancing like so many imps. However, we managed to get home O.K.

July 4, 1902 - Friday - (Red Letter Day) THE GLORIOUS FOURTH. All being well this morning we went out to Sutton Park to celebrate and we had a grand time. We played baseball, Danish ball, football, and almost every other kind of ball. Then we had foot races of all kinds, ending with Elders Brown and Marshall getting

on a couple of donkeys and running a race. This was very amusing. To wind up the days sport we went down to the large pool, matched up in pairs, hired boats, and went boat racing. We reached home tired and sore, but have had a days pleasure long to be remembered by all.

August 1, 1902 - Friday - This is one of the bright and happy days of missionary life, all the Elders of our Conference having come in for priesthood meeting. We have had a day of rejoicing, all enjoying the spirit of their mission. The varied experience given by the brethren today has been amusing. In the evening Elders Brown, Payne, and I went over to Smethwick, held street meeting. Did not get a very large crowd.

August 2, 1902 - Saturday - Elder Lunt and I went to Small Heath and held street meeting. As we were going down through the Bull Ring, we saw a deplorable sight. Within 300 yards we passed 3 "bobbies" each of them had a young woman taking them to the police station. We met many others drunk, staggering along. It is a deplorable and heart rendering sight. This is a regular Saturday night occurrence.

August 10, 1902 - Sunday - This is another of those blessed and joyous days in the missionary life when the fruits of our labors are seen. I had the great pleasure of leading nine honest souls down into the waters of baptism. Their names are as follows: Ann Reynolds Knight, Alfred Ernest Eves, Beatrice Ethel Garrott, Elsie Daisy Garrott, Hannah Elizabeth Dugmore, Emelyne Roysten Dugmore, George Oakley, Fredrick Geo. Cureton, Elizabeth Holling Cureton. They were all confirmed at meeting the same day. I had the pleasure of confirming Sis. Elsie Daisy Garrott and Geo. Oakley. We have had a good attendance at our meetings today and feel to rejoice and thank the Lord for the success and advancement of His work.

August 20, 1902 - Wednesday - Expecting my wife tomorrow. (His wife, Maria Dixon Taylor, was called "Rye" by her family and friends.) In company with Elder Smith, whose wife is coming also, went to Liverpool to meet them. Called at 42 had a nice chat with Elders Eggersley, Cannon, and others. After supper we attended meeting, which we enjoyed very much.

August 21, 1902 - Thursday - We visited the Botanical Gardens and other parks this morning. Went down to the docks at 2:00 p.m. The boat Commonwealth arrived with its precious charge at 2:15 p.m. Those that have had the experience of meeting their Dear one in a foreign land can imagine our great joy and happiness. We went up to the Stewart Hotel and after a rest, refreshments, we took the 7:00 p.m. train for Birmingham, arriving all O.K.

August 22, 1902 - Friday - Spent the day in study. Elder Kimball Bascom of Vernal, Uintah Co., came into our Conference to labor. In the evening Elder Kells and I went out to Small Heath, held street meeting near the "Ship."

August 23, 1902, Saturday - Rye and I called on Uncle Ebb and family this afternoon. In the evening in company with Elder Stayner and Rich, held street meeting on Key Hill.

August 24, 1902 - Sunday - Attended Sunday School this morning, meetings in afternoon and evening. We have had a very good attendance today.

August 25, 1902 - Monday - Rye and I went to West Bromwich this morning, paid the rent on Hall. Put in the afternoon in writing and study. In the evening Elder Stayner and I held street meeting at St. George's Place.

August 26, 1902 - Tuesday - Called on Sis. Dugmore, had a pleasant visit with her. Also called on Mrs. Green. In the evening Elder Stayner and I held street meeting at Windmill Lane.

August 27, 1902 - Wednesday - Called on Sis. Cockrell & family today. In the evening Elders Smith, Bascom, and I held street meeting at West Bromwich. A good crowd gathered around us and we had a good meeting. Called on Elder Bascom to speak, this being his first attempt on the street. He was pretty badly frightened, but there is consolation in knowing that he will feel better when he gets used to it.

August 28, 1902 - Thursday - Went into town on business. In the evening attended MIA, which was enjoyed very much, as we have a goodly number present tonight.

August 29, 1902 - Friday - Visited saints today and as it was a very stormy evening we did not go out but spent the evening in study and social conversation.

August 30, 1902 - Saturday - Called on Uncle James Hickman and family. Found them all well. In the evening Elders Smith, Lunt, and I held street meeting at Spring Hill on Monument Road. Had a good crowd and an enjoyable time.

August 31, 1902 - Sunday - Attended school in morning, meetings in afternoon and evening. The attendance has been fair today. Rye and I took tea with Cousin Cockrell.

September 1, 1902 - Monday - It has been a bright, sunshiny day so Elder Smith, his wife, Rye, and I went out to the Botanical Gardens. Spent the afternoon there. In the evening Elders Smith, Lunt, Bascom, and I held street meeting at Icknold Green.

September 22, 1902 - Monday - Has been a wet, miserable day. So put in the day at study. In the evening I went to Smethwick, called on Sis. Mason and husband. Spent a very pleasant hour with them.

September 23, 1902 - Our housekeeper having gone home ill, I went to Maxtoke to get another. Called on Bro. Wells and family.

Found them all well. Also called on Sister and Bro. Nash. Took tea with them. Had a very pleasant chat. Made arrangements for Maud Nash to come to keep house for us. Returned home and in the evening called on Uncle Ebb and family, also Bro. Cook and family.

September 24, 1902 - Wednesday - It being a clear, pleasant day, Rye and I went to Dudley. Visited the old Castle and grounds; also visited the Great Bridge Market. In all we had a very pleasant time. On reaching home we found Sister Nellie Green waiting for us. We spent a pleasant evening. All being well.

September 25, 1902 - Thursday - Called on Sis. Dugmore, also Mrs. Garrott and family. They had some persecution over the newspaper reports of the Hooper Young murder case; it being headed The Mormon Murderer. In the evening I attended Mutual Meeting. We had a very good attendance.

September 26, 1902 - Friday - Elder Smith, his wife, Rye, and I took the 8:00 a.m. train for Coleshill Station, where we met Bro. Wells and family. We had breakfast with them. Took a stroll through the garden then went up to Sis. Woodfield. Had a short chat with her then went back to Bro. Wells'. After dinner Bro. Wells took us over to and through the Maxtoke Castle. This was a rare treat as it is not open to visitors, but Bro. Wells being well acquainted with the caretaker he succeeded in getting us through the whole building. It was built in 1346 and is in fair condition. The furniture and fittings inside are well preserved and are in a fine condition. The most noted article is the old Oak Arm Chair, in which King Henry the Seventh was crowned in 1385. The Castle wall is surrounded by the old mote which is still filled with water. The only changes having been made is a stationary bridge across the mote to the entrance tower, in the place of the old draw bridge. After having visited all parts of the castle we took a stroll through the kitchen garden where all sorts of fruit, vegetables, and flowers are raised. Then we went through the park and viewed the deer, wild rabbits, wild chicken, and game of various sorts. In our visit today we gained some idea of the wealth and grandeur of the English nobility of the past as well as the present time. Returning to Bro. Wells we had tea and soon after set out for the Forge Mills Station where we took the train for home, having spent one of the most enjoyable days since my arrival in England.

October 10, 1902 - Friday - Today has been one of great joy and pleasure to me, having had the privilege of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Green, my first hope in the mission field, go down into the waters of baptism.

October 14, 1902 - Tuesday - In the evening Rye and I called on Bro. & Sis. Eves. Had a very pleasant time with them. Our main subject being the blessings of healing through administration. Sister Eves is a living testimony of this gift having received this glorious blessing, being raised from her death bed, as it were, unto life.

October 31, 1902 - Friday - Another of those happy and joyous days. A gathering of the Elders for Council Meeting, at which the experience and labors of the past month is reported. It is gratifying to hear of the advancement of the work in the various districts. All are well and return to their field of labor with renewed determination to continue the good work.

November 29, 1902 - Saturday - At 10:30 a.m. met Apostle Francis M. Lyman at New St. Station. Brought him up to the Conference House and Council Meeting. Convened at 11:30 after the Elders had given in their reports. Pres. Lyman gave us some good and most valued instructions. Among other instructions was a most remarkable statement that panics came every 20 years, the next one would be in 1913. All Latter-day Saints should get out of debt that they might not be crushed when the hard times come on. In the evening we had a social in the hall. We had a good program and all enjoyed themselves very much.

November 30, 1902 - Sunday - The first session of our Conference convened at 10:30, the weather being very wet and miserable. The attendance this morning was small; in the afternoon the attendance was still quite light; but in the evening, notwithstanding the rough weather, we had a big turnout, the largest gathering of the Latter-day Saints in Birmingham for many years, there being over 200 present. Everything went off lovely, and I feel that our Conference has been a Royal Success.

December 8, 1902 - Monday - Went to New St. Station and met Pres. Lyman at 11:45 a.m. Had a pleasant instructive talk with him until 12:25 p.m., when he took the train for Liverpool. In the evening Elders Smith, Spokes, and I went over to Saltley to Elder Rich's Lodgings, where we met 3 Christadelphians. We had a splendid evening with them. While they would not admit that we were the true Church, but stated that we were the deepest and most logical reasoners they had met among Christendom.

December 21, 1902 - Sunday - Attended School this morning. Elder Brough having been released, it was necessary to install new officers. Bro. Leslie R. Cockrell was chosen as Supt., Alfred E. Eves as 1st Assistant, and Harry Oaks as Sec. At our afternoon meeting we had a fair attendance and at evening meeting we had a good large turnout.

January 4, 1903 - Sunday - I had the pleasure of ordaining Bro. Herbert Green a Deacon and in the afternoon meeting, I ordained Bro. A. E. Eves a Priest in the Aaronic Priesthood.

January 19, 1903 - Monday - This morning we set out to find a hall to meet in. One less expensive than we are now using. We called and had a look at the Friendly Hall on Castle St., it being nicely situated and a nice pleasant room. We made arrangements for it at a monthly rental of 10/0 heated and lighted, less than half what we are paying for our other hall. I paid the caretaker, Mr. Payne, ten shillings for a month's rent in advance.

Our contract with them to commence the latter part of April or the first of May/03. After fixing up everything, I bid all goodbye and took the train back to Kingswood. Found all well and after a short visit, my wife and I set out for Birmingham. It was somewhat foggy so all trains were late being compelled to run slow. We reached home all O.K. Found all well at Conference House.

January 23, 1903 - Friday - Went down town with my wife. Called on Dr. Priestly Smith of 95 Cornwall Street, B'ham. and had her eyes tested. He said she must wear glasses for reading or sewing and if those nervous headaches did not stop, she must wear them all the time. He gave us an order on Bailey, the optician on Bennets Hill.

January 30, 1903 - Friday - Again, another day has rolled around for our Priesthood meeting. The Brethren are coming in. It is a pleasure to see the Brethren meet and tell their experiences of the past month. Our meeting commences at 2:45 p.m. every District being represented. The first business attended to was the hearing of the cases and the evidence given for the excommunication of Sis. S. Robotham, Bro. Mark L. Hindley, Benjamin Shaw, Thomas Whitehouse of Wolverhampton. After the evidence was all in, a vote was taken and by unanimous vote they were disfellowshipped for apostacy, and unchristianlike conduct. They themselves having signed a document asking that their names be removed from the records. The Brethren then gave in their reports, and it was gratifying to hear and see the improvement that is being made throughout the Conference generally. All felt well, and we did have a spiritual feast. After the close of our meeting we had some lunch and then was the scene of parting for another short month. All go back to their field of labor in the best of spirits with renewed determination for future work.

February 4, 1903 - Wednesday - My wife and I took early train for Maxtoke. Spent a very pleasant day with the Saints. Wishing them goodby we returned in the evening.

CHAPTER 5

WILDWOOD

In 1906 "Wildwood" in the North Fork of Provo Canyon was purchased. My Mother, Maria D. Taylor, gives an interesting story of its development in the following words:

The main reason for our becoming a stockholder and building a cabin at Wildwood, Provo Canyon (North Fork as it was then called), was because of our love for the mountains and out-of-doors. Every summer our vacation was spent either in Strawberry Valley or Provo Canyon. Our family was increasing, and it worked a hardship on me caring for the small children in a tent pitched on the hillside or near a stream.

The summer of 1904 or 1905, T. N. and his family and ours, together with some young girls and boys, planned a trip to Bunnell's Fork in the South Fork of Provo Canyon. Maud and I got together and decided we would not venture on this trip unless the boys built a tent, boarded on the sides and a wooden floor. This would protect us from the wild animals and those horrid rattlesnakes that infested South Fork.

A few years before we were camped near the South Fork Creek, and a terrible storm arose which resulted in a cloudburst. We were afraid of being washed away, but that was not the worst. One day my sister Alice and I were across the creek visiting Edith Holt. When Alice came back to our tent she saw a huge rattler coiled on our sack of coal, and my baby was asleep in the hammock. By this time our shrieks brought our friend Al Davis to our rescue. Mr. Snake was crawling over a log underneath the hammock where my baby slept. Al disposed of the snake in a short time, but every woman in camp vowed she would not wait until the husbands came up at night. We bribed Al to crowd all the women and children into his covered wagon and take us to Slick's (Vivian Park) in time to catch the train for Provo.

When we arrived at Smoot's Station, Provo, and telephoned the men, they were certainly disgusted to think a poor snake would cause such a lot of trouble. The men had to make a special trip to the canyon to get all of our belongings which we had left behind.

So now I have told the reason for our demanding the protection, and I imagine the expense and effort of having all of the lumber hauled up the canyon and put together only to be torn down and hauled back again in two or three weeks. It had the desired effect on Tom and Art for seeking a permanent spot where they could build permanently and not have to tear down and build up each season.

When the proposition of buying the Taylor Ranch in North Fork came along, they readily accepted. (It was later called "Wildwood.")

In June of 1906 a group of men and some women met at the George I. Taylor Ranch in North Fork, Provo Canyon, to select lots on which to erect tents and later cabins as summer homes for their families.

I think Alfred Osmond and Eddie Holt were responsible for the idea of purchasing this ranch for summer homes for the use of their

families and friends. They enjoyed fishing especially on the North Fork Creek which brought them in contact with Mr. Taylor. When he was approached about selling, he was agreeable and willing, so a company was formed and secured the rights and title to about two hundred acres of ground, as I remember correctly. A portion was selected to be divided into lots. Each lot was numbered and the number placed in a hat to be drawn.

This drawing took place on a Sunday in June. I was unable to be present, but my husband, Arthur N. Taylor, drew lot number one where our cabin now stands. All property below that was to become a recreational ground. Edith Holt was there, and she arrived home before my husband and phoned to me and said, "Rye, I don't want you to have the lot Art drew; it is nothing but a river bed with big boulders as big as a range on it." Of course when my husband came home I was furious for keeping such a lot. He only laughed and said not to get excited for he had already hired Bro. Kofford to take his team and wagon and haul the big rocks from the place, adding that he was sure I would be delighted with the location when I saw it. I have always been glad we kept it, for I think it one of the choicest spots in the canyon. It has taken many, many years of expense and labor to make it what it is.

Before Clarence went into the mission field, he used a little truck and hauled over a hundred loads of soil onto the front yard, filled up a deep ravine, and when it was level enough he planted lawn.

We built a 12 x 14 ft. frame and put a tent over it. In the front of the tent we laid a large platform. At the west end we had a small sheet-iron stove which had an oven, but not very desirable and reliable for good baking. We had a crude table made from a packing box with two long benches on each side. This was our kitchen. The tent served as a bedroom with two sanitary couches, which took the place of beds since there was no room for chairs. Our flour and provisions were kept under the bed. In case of rain, anyone touching the tent often caused it to leak.

I came up the canyon in July and stayed into September as I was expecting a baby and my home was being remodeled. I was very glad to have my "mountain retreat" where I could be away from the confusion.

During August the Tabernacle Choir, under the direction of J. R. Boshard, had an encampment here for nearly a week. They brought the removable floor from the parquet of the Opera House (now the Armory) which was placed over near where the duck pond is now. Here they gave concerts each night and also dances. As there was plenty of wood close by at that time, they made huge bonfires for light while the entertainments were going on.

One morning the children of the camp were playing, jumping off the platform, barefooted. My little boy Henry was about three years of age, and he was trying to do what the others did; but he

jumped into the hot ashes of the bonfire, and his feet were badly burned. Large blisters hung from the soles of his feet. One of the women in camp grabbed a bucket of molasses and put his feet in it. She said we must keep the air from the burns. Well, if it didn't help it did no harm.

The transportation was quite a problem. The first time we came up was in a wagon which was heavily loaded. We had to bring every thing we expected to use during the summer. There were many steep, rocky dugways. I think Springdell dugway was the most dreaded. It was not only steep, but big boulders made it hard for the horses to pull a heavy load.

There have been many changes in the thirty-nine years I have been here. The first year and some time after, the road came across from where the bridge now crosses the North Fork Creek, over and near the Rock House, then around the hill to South Fork. The pasture ran down to the river bank. Near Claude Ashworth's cabin, the creek separated and formed a small island. Some of the young boys with their 22 rifles shot some rattlesnakes near there. On the hill to the east they saw many rattlers, so they named this hill Rattlesnake Hill. On this same hill we used to gather choke cherries. The road up North Fork went through the center of this resort.

George Scott, Sr. had a cabin and worked a mine about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles up the creek. It was necessary for them to drive their teams right up the stream, over the large rocks and over very rough roads. There were more horseback riders than teams going up. We found this condition very dangerous; many times our children, playing out, narrowly escaped injury from these reckless riders. The company, realizing the danger, petitioned the County Commissioners to make a public road around the hill, which wasn't too good at first, but since the Timpanogos Hikes, the Alpine Summer School, and the scenic loop through American Fork Canyon, a very good road has been made.

The first year I stayed here until late in September, never going home once during the entire summer. When I arrived home I was very happy to find many improvements. The most appreciated was a modern set of indoor plumbing.

On the 18th day of November, our family was overjoyed to welcome a baby girl. The four boys now had a baby sister, who they had wanted so long to welcome. We named her Alice Louise.

One of the problems of this canyon home was the milk situation. Every family had small children, which needed fresh milk daily. I decided the only thing to do was bring a cow, although I had never learned to milk one. We had a small Jersey cow, which was quite a pet and very gentle. After many attempts I finally decided I could do the job even if I was no expert. When it was time to move to our summer home, two of my small boys or a friend were called at four o'clock in the morning and with a lunch put in a flour sack and a rope around the cow's neck, they started on their long trek. On one of these occasions Clarence and his cousin Donald Dixon were

making the trip and when they got to the Springdell dugway, the cow made a bolt over the dugway; both boys hanging onto the rope, and they went over with the cow.

We had a nice large pasture, and the grass was so fresh and green. This with the aid of a bran mash gave us a very good, rich milk.

The boys would go to the pasture with me and catch the cow and stand by while I did the rest.

There were many children in camp and many suffering from summer complaint. I couldn't give my own children the milk when I knew others needed it so badly. Many times I have measured it out in tea cups so that each could have a little.

When other cows came into camp and I had some extra milk, I put it in pans and saved the cream which was put in a fruit jar with a rubber ring and lid and shook until little balls appeared. In this way we had our own fresh butter.

After two years of living in a tent, we had our present home built. In the fall of 1908 my brother Charles hauled the lumber and slabs from the saw mill in Strawberry Valley. That fall the bedroom was closed in so that we were able to store our mattresses and other things.

The next spring on the 11th of May, my fifth son, Clarence, was born. I had what they called milk leg and was quite ill. I told my husband I knew if they could take me to the canyon, I would gain my strength much faster than what I was. By July I was walking with the aid of a crutch, and after we reached Wildwood my husband had to lift me from the buggy and carry me into my new home. My baby was only two months old, but no queen was more proud of her palace than I was of mine. For it was now all built up with slabs and screen all the way around. I knew no snakes or wild animals would molest me. But in a few nights I had another thought coming for I heard a terrible scratching noise; soon I heard it on the screen, and as the moon was bright, I saw a huge RAT trying to get in. I covered my head and tried to be brave (for my husband was not with me; he only came up on Saturday evening) and did not want to make the girl that was staying with me, nor the children, become frightened. But the torture I went through, no one will ever know. Only those who have had the same experience can realize my horror. I would chill, then perspire until daylight, then Mr. Rat would leave and find other quarters.

I had only been in the canyon for about a week when I discarded my crutches and soon got strong and well again. I have seen many people and children come up feeling sick and go home feeling well.

Each year our numbers increased. The first year we were here Bert Eastmond (later Prof. E. H. Eastmond, the artist) and his

mother lived in the Rock House, and he said he would like to buy a lot if they would let him have his choice. He wanted to be where he could look down the canyon and see the wonderful view of the mountains from his door. This ground had been set aside for recreational purposes, but they granted his request and since then have sold two other lots to Ashworths and Dr. Calderwood.

Another thing that worried me was thunder and lightning. I would be so frightened I could scarcely speak, when the children would cling to me and say, "Mamma will we get struck? Are You frightened?" I put on a brave face and said, "What is there to frighten you? Don't you remember what our caretaker, Mr. Noon, told us; that as long as we had screen near us, lightning would never come through." (I think he told me that as he knew how I felt not having my husband or any older person around.) But it had the desired effect, and my children have often boasted to others that their mother was not afraid of anything.

Most people lived in tents for the first year or two. T. N. Taylor had the first cabin. When we built our cabin, it was the largest place in camp. When it rained hard, I could not go to sleep and feel comfortable, for I knew so many people in the camp were in leaky tents. I had a large old fashioned umbrella I kept for emergencies. I usually took the umbrella or sometimes a quilt, and went to the different places. Where the families were getting wet, we would roll the children up in the bedding and bring them to my cabin and put the children's beds on the floor; and the mother on the old sanitary couches. There was very little sleeping; we laughed, sang songs, or told stories, and made a joke out of the stormy night.

When I look back through the years, I can see so many amusing things, I think I could write pages. One incident is very outstanding:

I had a very dear neighbor. She was a great deal larger than I and should have been braver, but that was not the case this time. I had been in bed some time when I heard a voice calling, "Aunt Rye, are you awake?" I said, "Yes, what is the matter?" She said, "I am sure there is an animal trying to get in this cabin." I lighted the coal oil lamp and stepped out onto the porch, but could see nothing. I told her to get ready and come over. I held the lamp and one of the funniest sights I think I ever saw came into view. First Maud in her night clothes with bare feet, which made it hard for her to walk, came carrying her large feather bed in her arms, and behind her was a very tall, lanky girl (Ethel) with her hair in two braids down the back. Then came Mary and Delenna, all carrying pillows, quilts, etc. I insisted on Maud taking one of the beds, but she said, "No, just let me lie on the floor where I can be safe, and I will not envy the queen on her throne." Words can never describe these little incidents, but I can still see them and have a good laugh anytime, all to myself.

We all had children, that was one reason why we loved our summer homes so much, we did not have to be on a nervous tension about

keeping them spic and span. They all played together and were very congenial and happy. I never heard any of them use bad language nor have I seen a very bad fight.

I think that one of the most outstanding things about the people of Wildwood was their willingness and desire to want to share with each other. In case of sickness or trouble, they were right there to assist in every way possible.

During the thirty-seven years I have been coming to Wildwood, I have seen many persons who were ill regain their health again. One of the first good examples was my brother John.

One time while we were yet in the tent before our cabin had been built, my sister-in-law Sarah phoned from Salt Lake and asked if they could come up the canyon. John had typhoid fever and had suffered a relapse. They were living in Salt Lake at that time, since John had been elected State Treasurer. Even though he was ill, he had so many callers, including the Governor and other State officials, that it was getting too much for him and the Doctor advised Sarah to take him right away from the city where he would be quiet. I told her how we were living in this tent, but if they could manage I could.

The morning they came on the Heber Train, it was pouring down in torrents. One of the campers said he would meet the train and help them to the tent. It was only a short distance, and with the aid of umbrellas and blankets they made it to the tent without getting too wet. We put John to bed and tried to make things as comfortable as possible in our crowded quarters. After a few days he was able to be up and became extremely hungry, having been denied food for some time.

One day we were cooking nice slices of ham and corn on the cob. While we were eating he came to the table and took a helping of both. Sarah and I expected him to die, but nothing happened. In fact he began to gain from that time, and in seven days time he had gained seven pounds.

Sometime before buying our share of stock in Wildwood, my husband had been speculating in mining stocks. I was very much opposed to it, as we had no money to lose. So after buying into Wildwood, he promised if Iron Blossom paid a dividend he would build me a cabin, so that the children and I would be comfortable in the canyon. The mine did pay a dividend and I got my comfortable cabin in the mountains, one of my most cherished possessions.

* * * * *

The following are some of the memories of Henry D. Taylor regarding Wildwood:

One of the most memorable spots in the lives of the Taylors was Wildwood. Located in Provo Canyon, 13 miles northeast of Provo, it was a pleasurable spot in the summers.

Early organizers and settlers of Wildwood were the families of E. H. Eastmond, Dr. William Calderwood, Arthur N. Taylor,

T. N. Taylor, Alfred Osmond, William S. Rawlings, E. H. Holt, John C. Swenson, E. D. Partridge, Caleb Tanner, John Saxey, Joseph B. Keeler, LeRoy Dixon, Moses Gudmundson, John E. Hayes, Jabez W. Dangerfield, Arthur Dixon, Arnold Dixon, John D. Dixon, and Clarence Hawkins.

Mr. Noon, who was supervisor of maintenance for the railroad that ran from Provo to Heber, lived in the Rock House with his family and had supervision of the resort.

My first memory of our facilities at Wildwood was a cabin consisting of a framework, boarded up about four feet with canvas stretched over the top. Later, the present cabin was built by Charles Miller, a dependable Provo carpenter. It was covered with pine slabs, and the initials ANT placed in the front gable. A porch extended around three sides of the structure. Later this porch was enclosed and provided additional sleeping quarters.

There were no plumbing nor toilet facilities, and a wood privy was some distance from the cabin. Culinary water was obtained from the North Fork Creek, which was hauled in buckets. When dark clouds appeared and a storm seemed imminent, we would get a good supply of water on hand. Following a rainstorm, the water in the creek would be very muddy.

Mother would be moved to Wildwood in the early summer with the children where she would remain until fall. Father would drive back and forth daily by horse and buggy.

On the day that Mother was moved to Wildwood, two of us boys would arise early, leaving Provo between 3:30 and 4:00 a.m., leading one of our fine Jersey cows. Our objective was to reach Olmstead at the mouth of the cool canyon by the time the sun came up. It was very hard on cows (and boys) to walk in the heat of the day. We would reach Wildwood before noon and turn the cow into the pasture. Many others would also bring their cows; and when we would all gather at milking time, morning and night, it was a very sociable occasion.

Bonfires in the evening were a highlight of our lives. A night would be determined, usually by Brother William S. Rawlings. Young people would travel through the camp shouting, "Bonfire tonight!" Available men, boys, and even some girls would then go on to the mountains and through the camp gathering wood and dead trees, and a pile would be prepared.

When dusk arrived, the people in camp would assemble. Programs would be presented around the lighted fire. Many of us will never forget Brother Alfred Osmond's recital with gestures of such poems as "How the Waters Came Down at LaDore" (by Southey). Stories were told, songs were sung, and musical numbers rendered.

One night a dance had been held by the Provo Tabernacle choir on a movable wood floor moved in for the occasion. Following the

bonfire, program, and dance, we children took great delight in standing on the edge of the dance floor and jumping into the ashes left by the bonfire. We assumed the ashes were cold. I was barefooted and jumped. The ashes still contained some red-hot coals. My feet were badly burned. Father picked me up and carried me to our tent-cabin located very near. Mother packed my feet in molasses. This was one of my earliest recollections.

One day father said, "Would you like to go fishing tomorrow?" As a lad, I knew nothing about fishing, but was delighted with the invitation to go. Father had made arrangements with Mr. Noon, who lived in the Rock House and was superintendent of maintenance for the railroad, for us to borrow a handcar. Early the next morning father, Brother Osmond, and his son, Waldo, who was my age, and I left Wildwood on the handcar and pumped our way up the canyon to Deer Creek. We lifted the handcar from the tracks, parked it, and hiked up Deer Creek Canyon. It was beautiful country, and we fished along the stream. Such an enjoyable day!

When I was ten years of age, father took me on my first hike up Mt. Timpanogos. Others with us were Fred W. Dixon whom we called "Buck," J. Hunter Manson, Victor R. Taylor, and Uncle Walter Dixon. This was before the annual "Timp" hikes were begun.

Over the years, I hiked Timp 17 times. In early times, the road from Wildwood to Aspen Grove was steep, narrow, and contained many very large boulders. Wagons drawn by horses carried bedding and food. The road was so steep that it was necessary for us to help push the wagons up the steep hills. The road wound back and forth across the North Fork Creek. Narrow, wooden bridges had to be crossed many times. These crossings were given numbers. Along the way we would pass Scott's Mine.

A major sport, and also a means of keeping clean, was swimming in Provo River. A diving board was erected on the left bank of the river. There was a fair current, and the water was deep enough to provide adequate swimming. The swimming hole was located above the point where the North Fork Creek emptied into the river.

Mother seemed to be the "patron saint" to the young people. She loved to paddle around in the shallow water. When children would ask their parents for permission to go swimming, they would be answered: "You may go if Aunt Rye Taylor is going to be there." They didn't know that Mother couldn't swim a stroke. Yet she took the young people by the dozens, and the parents felt that they had no worries.

The big event of the day at Wildwood was the arrival of the train (affectionately called "The Heber Creeper"), which came up from Provo each evening and terminated at Heber. It would bring mail, passengers, and food supplies. Long before train time, members of the camp would assemble down near the tracks. Women and men would visit in the shade. A narrow wooden bridge which spanned the river would be crossed by the children, who would walk on the rails and climb the steep incline from the tracks. Nails would be laid on the rails and empty gun (bullet)

shells. Later, these would be flattened by the train. As the train would approach and a warning whistle sounded, people would approach the tracks to greet new arrivals. It was an exciting event.

A favorite pastime was a walk down the canyon one mile from Wildwood to a resort. Originally it was called South Fork, then "Slicks." Later, John Carter bought and developed the resort. Grover Purvance, his son-in-law, was associated with him. The resort was given the name of "Vivian Park." Purvance's little girl was named Vivian, and I assume Carter wanted the resort named for his granddaughter.

An early recollection I have of Vivian Park: John F. Bennett was having an outing there for his employees of Bennett Glass and Paint Company. Some of us children had walked down from Wildwood and were watching the proceedings with interest and envy. Mr. Bennett was passing out dimes to all the young people. Observing us watching, he came over and included us in his gifts and remarked that he hoped we would have a good time also.

A trip from Wildwood to Midway was always an enjoyable event. There were two resorts that were referred to as "Hot Pots." Hot water came from underground sources. One was run by and called "Schneitters," later owned by the Whitakers, and now owned and operated by Alan Madsen and named "Homestead." The other was called "Luke's" and is now named "The Spa." Uncle John Dixon owned a horse called "Mike." His son Rulon, who was nicknamed "Abe," drove us to the Hot Pots one day in a small wagon. As Abe would touch Mike gently with the whip, he would observe: "Faith without works is dead."

At one time we owned a medium-sized native horse that we called "Sage Cat." The former owner had lived in Wallsburg. One morning as we were eating breakfast at Wildwood we looked upon the hill across the creek, which we called "Rattlesnake Flat," and someone remarked: "There is a horse up on the flat, and it looks like Sage Cat." Investigation was made and, sure enough, it was our horse, who had travelled all the way from Provo, evidently headed for Wallsburg.

These are happy boyhood memories of Wildwood. There are many others. Ralph B. Keeler mentioned some of them in a nostalgic talk he gave at the funeral of my brother, Lynn D. Taylor, July 6, 1967. He mentioned the annual building of a raft to float down Provo River, Huck Finn style . . . the weekly treks over mountain-side to gather logs for bonfires . . . the tall swing and thrilling leaps at high point to see how far we could jump . . . the hikes up Timpanogos with John Swenson or Uncle Walt Dixon leading the way . . . the rides on Frank Eastmond's donkey named "Damit," which had a way of "unloading" some of its young passengers prematurely.

There also was the annual hike up the east mountain, across the river, to post the Stars and Stripes on the flag cliff for the season. This important event was usually held back until all camp residents had arrived for the summer so that their hearts, too, could swell in patriotism upon seeing the country's symbol unfurled on the mountain peak.

WILDWOOD RESORT COMPANY

On the fifty year chart issued by the State of Utah in June of 1906 when the Wildwood Resort Company was incorporated, the following names appeared.

Edward H. Holt
Alfred Osmond
Thomas N. Taylor
Arthur N. Taylor
John C. Swensen
Joseph B. Keeler
John Saxey

William Rawlings
Caleb Tanner
Elbert H. Eastmond
E. D. Partridge
W. Lester Mangum
Alfred L. Booth
Clair Reid

The last three persons above listed did not build on a lot in Wildwood. Others who built cabins or tent frames soon after the company was organized were:

John D. Dixon
Arthur Dixon
George Startup
Mose Gudmanson
J. W. Dangerfield

John E. Hayes
Dr. D. K. Christensen
Dr. H. G. Merrill
LeRoy Dixon
Leslie Cockrell

Caretakers of the Wildwood Resort and who lived in the old Rock House included:

E. H. Eastmond and his mother.
Bro. Koffard and his family.
Mr. Noon and his family.
Mr. Brooks, section foreman for the railroad, and his family.
Y. M. Offret and his family who lived there for 36 years.

A plat of the lots in Wildwood as of July 7, 1959, is shown on Page 71, which also shows the original owners and subsequent owners. The lots outlined with a double line had improvements on them prior to 1920. All others have been built since that time.

WILDWOOD LOT OWNERS

A list of the original lot owners in Wildwood and their subsequent owners down to the present:

Commencing at the south end on the east side of the road:

Lot #1 A. L. BOOTH
William B. Ashworth
Claud Ashworth
Dean Ashworth

Lot #2 ELBERT H. EASTMOND
Dr. J. C. (Laura) Clark

Lot #3 DR. W. CALDERWOOD
Dr. Da Costa Clark

Lot #4 ARTHUR N. TAYLOR
Arthur N. Taylor Estate
Dixie T. Frampton

Lot #5 THOMAS N. TAYLOR
H. Rex (Delenna) Taylor

Lot #6 ALFRED OSMOND
Mrs. Alfred Osmond
Irene O. Spear & Nan
O. Grass

Lot #7 WILLIAM S. RAWLINGS
 Asael H. Fisher

 Lot #8 EDWARD H. HOLT
 Paul Holt

 Lot #9 CALEB TANNER
 Ida Tanner Hamblin

 Lot #10
 Albert F. Dixon
 Paul Ashworth
 Dr. Grant Y. Anderson

 Lot #11
 J. Clifton Moffit
 Robert L. Hamblin

 Lot #12
 Lester R. Taylor
 Phillip Taylor

 Lot #13 DR. H. G. MERRILL
 A. G. Brockbank
 Dr. Creed Brimhall

 Lot #14 J. W. DANGERFIELD
 Isaac Brockbank
 Helen Weech

 Lot #15 ARTHUR DIXON
 Arnold Dixon
 Monroe Paxman

 Lot #16 JOHN D. DIXON
 Fred L. (Maud) Markham

 Lot #17 GEORGE STARTUP
 Ernest Dixon
 Vern Whiting

 Lot #18
 Dr. Thomas L. Martin
 Dr. Stanley Clark

 Lot #19
 Victor J. Bird

 Lot #20 LESLIE COCKRELL
 Dr. L. Weston Oaks
 Ralph Reed Olsen

 Lot #21 DR. LLOYD CULLIMORE
 Orville Ellsworth

Lot #22 HARVEY R. STAHELI
 Chester Oliver

 Lot #23 IVAN W. YOUNG
 Merrill Christopherson
 LeRoy Johnson

 Lot #24 DR. MADISON W. MERRILL

 Lot #25 WAYNE BOOTH

 ROCK HOUSE - South end, West side.
 George I. Taylor ranch house
 Wildwood caretakers home
 G. Byron Done

 South end, west side of road:

 Lot #1 JOHN C. SWENSEN
 Fred C. Dust
 Ruby Clark (D. Spencer)
 Fae C. Cartwright
 Bruce Hafen

 Lot #2
 Jacob Coleman
 John Booth
 Wilson (J. J.) Booth
 Ruth T. Kartchner (Fred D.)

 Lot #3
 James Pierpont
 Thomas Cordner

 Lot #4 EDWARD D. PARTRIDGE
 Franklin J. Madsen
 Ruth M. Bracy

 Lot #5 JOHN SAXEY
 Marion R. Taylor
 Richard Taylor

 Lot #6 JOSEPH B. KEELER
 Jesse W. Johnson
 J. W. Dangerfield
 Sidney W. Russell
 Carol Gray

 Lot #7 DR. D. K. CHRISTENSEN

 Lot #8 LE ROY DIXON
 Verl G. Dixon

Lot #9 MOSE GUDMUNDSEN
Clarence Hawkins
Clifton Tolboe
Taylor Eastmond
Grant A. Fisher

Lot #10 JOHN E. HAYES
Fenton Miller

Lot #11 TRACY Y. CANNON
Frank Speckhart Sr.
Phil Speckhart
Mary J. Shipman

Lot #12 RONALD DIXON

Lot #13 ARNOLD BOSHARD

Lot #14 MAURICE DAVIS
Catherine N. Smith

Lot #15 FRANK SPECKHART, Jr.

Lot #16

Lot #17 DR. WENDELL VANCE

Lot #18 DR. J. WEIGHT - G. BALLIF
Dr. Jesse Weight

1. JOHN C. SWENSEN
 EBERD C. DILLI
 D. SPENCER CLARK
 VICTOR CARTWRIGHT
 BRUCE HAFEN
 2. JACOB COLEMAN
 JOHN BOOTH
 WILSON (J) BOOTH
 RUTH T. KARTCHNER
 3. JAMES PIERPONT
 THOMAS CONDIER

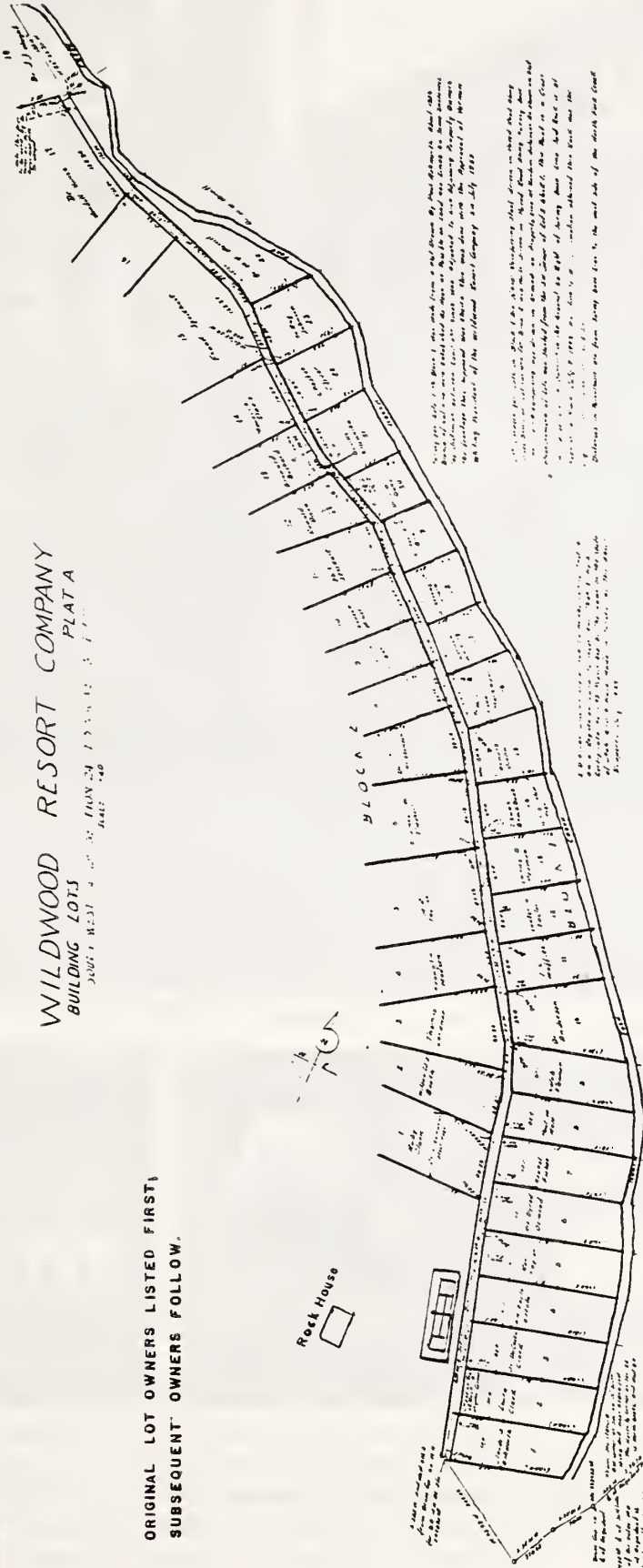
Rock House
 J. I. TAYLOR Ranch House
 COALBURN'S HOUSE
 G. BYRON DUNE

4. F. O. PARTRIDGE
 FRANKLIN J. MADSEN
 RUTH M. BRACY
 5. JOHN SAXEY
 MARION R. TAYLOR
 RICHARD TAYLOR
 6. JOSEPH B. KEELER
 JESSE JOHNSON
 J. W. DANGERFIELD
 SIDNEY W. RUSSELL
 CAROL O. OLSON

7. DR. D. K. CHRISTENSEN
 JOHN E. HAYES
 J. FENTON MILLER
 8. LEROY DIXON
 VERL O. DIXON
 9. MOSE GUDMUNDSEN
 CLARENCE HAWKINS
 CLIFTON TOLBOE
 TAYLOR EASTMOND
 GRANT A. FISHER

11. TRACY Y. CARHON
 FRANK SPECKHART & CATHERINE N. SMITH
 PHIL SPECKHART
 MARY J. SHIPMAN
 12. RONALD DIXON
 13. ARNOLD BOSHARD
 14. MAURICE DAVIS
 15. FRANK SPECKHART JR.
 16. UNSOLD
 17. DR. WENDELL YANCE
 18. DR. WEIGHT and G. S. BALLIE
 DR. J. J. WEIGHT

WILDWOOD RESORT COMPANY BUILDING LOTS PLATA



ORIGINAL LOT OWNERS LISTED FIRST,
 SUBSEQUENT OWNERS FOLLOW.

BLOCK 1

1. A. L. BOOTH
 WILLIAM B. ASHWORTH
 CLAUDE S. ASHWORTH
 DEAN ASHWORTH
 2. ELBERT H. EASTMOND
 DR. J. C. CLARK
 3. DR. W. CALDERWOOD
 JEROME O. SPEAR and
 DR. DA COSTA CLARK
 4. ARTHUR N. TAYLOR
 AL TAYLOR ESTATE
 DIXIE T. FRAMPTON
 5. THOMAS N. TAYLOR
 REX TAYLOR
 6. ALBERT OSMOND
 JEROME O. SPEAR and
 NAN O. GRASS
 7. WILLIAM RAWLINGS
 ALBERT E. DIXON
 PAUL ASHWORTH
 DR. G. Y. ANDERSON
 ASHAEL FISHER
 8. EDWARD H. HOLT
 PAUL M. HOLT
 9. CALER TANNER
 IDA T. HAMBLIN
 10. J. CLIFTON MOFFET
 ROBERT L. HAMBLIN
 11. LESLIE TAYLOR
 PHILIP TAYLOR
 12. J. W. DANGERFIELD
 ISAAC BROCKBANK
 JETEN WEECH
 13. DR. H. G. MERRILL
 A. G. BROCKBANK
 DR. CREED BEHRENS
 14. GEORGE STARTUP
 PRUEST DIXON
 VERNON WHITING
 15. ARTHUR DIXON
 ARNOLD DIXON
 MONROE FAXMAN
 16. JOHN D. DIXON
 FRED L. MARKHAM
 17. GEORGE STARTUP
 PRUEST DIXON
 VERNON WHITING
 18. DR. I. L. MARTIN
 DR. STANLEY M. CLARK
 19. VICTOR J. BIRD
 HARVEY R. STAHEL
 CHESTER OLIVER
 20. LESLIE COCKRELL
 DR. L. W. OAKS
 RALPH R. OLSEN
 21. DR. L. CULLINGBOE
 DR. M. W. MERRILL
 22. WAYNE BOOTH



A. N. Taylor Wildwood cabin, May 1938.



On Timp's saddle about 1913. From left, Arthur D. Taylor, John D. Dixon, Royden Dangerfield, Victor R. Taylor, Henry D. Taylor, Arthur N. Taylor (father), J. Hunter Manson, Fred Dixon, Walter Dixon.



Provo River at Wildwood. From left on board: Lynn D. Taylor, Verdun John, Truman Partridge, Rulon S. Dixon, Donnel Powelson, Victor Ashworth. In water, A. N. Taylor (my father), Henry D. Taylor, and Fred W. Dixon.



On front porch of cabin at Wildwood. From left: Front row, Alice (sister), Sarah Dixon (cousin), Edna Dixon (cousin). Second row, Grandmother Sarah DeGrey Dixon and Grandmother Eliza Nicholls Taylor. Back row, my brother Kenneth, mother, Maria Dixon Taylor, and my baby sister Ruth. Pictured at right in Wildwood pasture: Henry D. Taylor, left, and my brother Kenneth, with our Jersey cow in back.





WILDWOOD RAILROAD STOP

Left to right: Front row: Hattie Dixon West holding son Lynn, unknown, Fred Dixon, Henry Taylor, Alice Taylor, Leah Dixon, Mary Shearsmith, Mary Maud Taylor, Paul Dixon, Nancy Shearsmith McConachie, Donald Dixon, Royden Dangerfield.

Second row: Rhea Dixon, Erma Dixon, Maud Dixon, Victor Taylor, Doris Shearsmith.

Third row: Fanny Shearsmith, Rye Taylor holding son Clarence, and Ivy Baddley.

Back row: Albert F. Dixon, John D. Dixon, and Sarah McConachie.



A vivid boyhood memory concerns a Street Car System, with small yellow cars resembling the storied Toonerville Trolley which appeared in 1914 as part of the Salt Lake & Utah electric interurban service in Provo. Photo shows a lone streetcar blocked by a 1915 Center Street paving project. Note team of horses climbing ramp with slip scraper to load wagons with gravel. Taylor Brothers Store, with canopy, in background.



Did you know that Provo once had a train wreck at 200 West and Center? An engine of the Rio Grande "Heber Creeper," going south, smacked the fourth passenger coach of a Salt Lake & Utah RR Interurban train Oct. 4, 1918. Fourteen persons were hurt. The George Taylor home on Second West is visible over the top of the derailed Interurban coach.

CHAPTER 6

CIVIC, EDUCATIONAL, AND RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES OF ARTHUR N. TAYLOR



Arthur N. Taylor at age 61.

For a good many years, a group of young folks from Provo had spent many happy times hunting, fishing, riding, and vacationing in the South Fork of Provo Canyon. Some had even contemplated building themselves permanent summer cabins in the South Fork area.

There had been only three or four homesteads taken up in this area, and a group of these young men could see the great possibility of buying up two of the homesteads, one from Oscar Mann and the other from another person, thus opening up a large area for the grazing of cattle. The water rights were on the homesteaders land, and a vast area of government grazing land adjoined.

In the latter part of 1903, John, LeRoy, Ernest, and Charles Dixon, with Arthur N., Thomas N., Ashted Taylor, and others organized the South Fork Cattle Company. A beautiful young herd of bald-faced cattle was purchased and Charles O. Dixon was appointed manager of the company.

To supplement this summer range in the South Fork, eighty acres of land was purchased west of Spanish Fork, where enough hay could be raised in the summer to feed the cattle through the long, hard winters.

W. W. Ercanbrack and Thomas Lewis offered the South Fork Cattle Company a very good proposition for the purchase of their holdings. This offer was accepted, thus ending the existence of the company.

In the year 1907, the Riverside Hog and Chicken Farm had its beginning when Arthur and Ashted bought 35 acres of land from Raymond and E. D. Partridge and two acres from a Mr. Robinson. This acreage was located on the north bank of the Provo River about halfway between the railroad bridge and the main wagon bridge at the top of Fifth West. This land was all river bottom land and some was covered with a heavy growth of trees and tall grass. Other parts were nothing more than rock piles.

They planted several acres of potatoes, some beans, and 10,000 cabbage plants the first year on this farm. They also commenced to fence the property as well as to dig ditches and throw up dikes on the river bank.

Each evening after working at the store, Arthur, Ashted, and their boys would go to the farm and work until dark. On Saturday the boys always had a job on the farm waiting for them.

A farm is never complete without a house and someone to look after it, for both Ashted and Arthur were working full time at their jobs at Taylor Bros. Store. It was decided that if they could get a house built on the property, Lizzie and Peter Strebel, elderly parents of Ashted's wife, could move in and take care of the farm. Peter, an inexperienced carpenter and rock mason, volunteered to put in the foundation. The finished foundation was substantially built, but not true to being square. After Ernest Dixon laid up the brick, some corners hung over the edge of the foundation, others the foundation projected beyond the brick. The house was finally finished and Peter and Lizzie Strebel moved into the new one-room house on the farm.

Before the house was completed, Charles Westrope, a former resident of the Midwest, was raising pigs very successfully and making big money on a farm south of Provo. So naturally there was only one thing for Arthur to do--go into the pig business.

Arthur interested Ashted in the great possibilities of this project, but Ashted favored starting on a small scale and increasing the brood each year. This would provide them with the necessary experience to qualify them as hog raisers for neither of them knew anything about raising pigs, except what they had read in books, and that was not very much.

Arthur's philosophy of going into this venture in a big way, which would provide volume as well as keep down operating expenses, finally won out. Twenty sow weaners were purchased from Charles Westrope at that time. A little later they purchased a Poland China boar hog at Omaha and had it shipped in with the hogs purchased by Charles Westrope. The \$30 paid for this ten-week-old hog seemed a lot of money to Ashted, but Arthur thought it was all right for in the long run it was money well invested. The better the stock one had to sell, the higher the price you sold the offspring.

Up until this time the pigs had been kept in the rear of the old Taylor home on First North. They were now getting to the stage where they needed more room and more attention, especially in the spring when they would start farrowing. It was then decided that Ashted would quit his job at the store and move out on the farm and take care of the farming and raising the pigs. Up to this time, the heavy work had all been done by hired help.

On Washington's Birthday of that winter, Arthur and a group of the employees from the store, spent the day on the farm, helping to build the farrowing pens. Sixteen pens were completed that day, after which they enjoyed a big feed in the new farm house. The lumber for these pens had been obtained from the old poplar trees in the rear of Taylor Bros. store building. They had been cut down and hauled over to the saw mill located on the corner of Second West and Second North, where they were sawed into boards.

Soon the farrowing season commenced. Luckily only a few of the sows delivered at a time. Ashted didn't know how to take care of them, so Doctor Loveless came over to help. He was of no practical assistance, except to pronounce one sow dead that he had been working with. Finally by following the instructions of Mrs. Mitchell, an authority in the neighborhood on hogs, Ashted finished the farrowing season with a decided increase in the hog population on the farm, as well as a skill in hog raising that you cannot get from a book.

As the new hog population became weaners, the prospects of getting into the profits column rapidly disappeared. The going market price for weaners was only \$5.00 each, insufficient to bring much of a profit. Arthur decided then to feed the pigs and fatten them up and sell them over the block.

Hog feed was purchased and slops gathered from the residents in town to feed the pigs. For several weeks they were doing fine. The pigs were growing and putting on some weight. Then one morning when they were called to come and get their feed, no hogs appeared. So after breakfast Ashted went out to see what was wrong with them. He found nineteen of them had died.

From this sad experience it was concluded that they were not hog raisers, and until they learned more about them, they had better raise just a few on an experimental basis.

As Arthur looked over this Riverside property with two small spring creeks converging and forming one large creek, he realized the great possibility of an ideal trout farm. He could visualize a shallow rearing pond in the west creek for the pin heads, with larger and deeper ponds further down the creek for the larger fish.

This dream soon materialized with the appearance of Scott P. Stewart on the property with his surveying instruments. Arthur had employed him to make a survey and determine the number of rearing ponds that could be constructed as well as to know exactly the fall of ground, which would be a factor in providing the depth of the end pond for the big marketable trout.

The completed survey assured the owners of five or six ideal trout rearing ponds. The location for the dams and the elevations were determined. The cement dams with their proper screens were constructed under the direction of Ernest Dixon. The ponds were banked and cleaned and water turned in ready for the fish.

Upon investigation, the newly hatched pinheads could be purchased 50¢ cheaper per thousand by buying them in one hundred thousand lots.

On April 21, 1909, Ashted went to the Mountain Trout Co. at Midvale, Utah, where he purchased 100,000 pinhead trout for \$280.00. Thirty thousand of these were sold to Hite Smith. The seventy thousand remaining were placed in the newly constructed ponds at Riverside.

For a while everything was going along smoothly. The pinheads were ravenously eating the ground beef hearts and corn meal, which was their chief diet. But as the snow began to melt up in the tops of the mountains, the river and the creeks began to rise and fill to capacity. Some neighbors, like Gaffer Stagg, became excited over the possibility of the river flooding over again, so they dug channels from the various creeks to the river, as well as level the dikes and breakwaters that had been constructed along the river banks. The two creeks on the Riverside Farm became filled to overflowing and ran over the pond banks and dams. Most of the fish were washed out into the river, never more to be seen by the owners.

It was on February 11, 1908, that a large incubator for the hatching of baby chicks was purchased from A. J. Southwick and set up in operation. During the incubation period of twenty-one days, the temperature in the incubator had to be maintained and each day the eggs on long sliding trays had to be pulled out and the eggs turned over.

After the little, fluffy chicks were taken from the incubator, they were transferred to brooders for a few weeks until they were acclimated and had grown sufficiently to be transferred to the regular coops.

One large coop had been constructed on the Riverside Farm where Peter Strebel was caring for the growing chicks. By the forepart of April he was gathering a few eggs and selling them.

Later Arthur built a chicken coop at the rear of his house on Fifth West where it was close for the family to help take care of the chickens. Later when the family moved out on the Hillcrest Farm, chicks from the big incubator in the east room of the basement in the house on Fifth West were transferred to the small fireless brooders on the farm. As the chicks grew in size and appetite, they were put in the coops provided for the chickens.

Along about this time (1909) Arthur N. Taylor, T. N. Taylor, John F. Bennett, John D. Dixon, and William R. Wallace organized the Taylor Investment Company, a corporation for the purpose of acquiring and managing real estate.

On the east and adjoining the new Farmers and Merchants Bank building, this corporation constructed a two story brick building. The upstairs was converted into offices and the downstairs was rented to the J. C. Penney Company.

When the Provo Building & Loan Society was first organized, Arthur subscribed to a good block of stock. Some of it was put in his children's names with the idea in mind that when it matured it could be used to finance them in the mission field. It was understood and expected that each boy would go on a mission, and they all anticipated this opportunity to represent their Church as an Ambassador of the Truth.

Early in the spring of 1930, one hundred head of sheep were purchased at \$11 per head and placed on the Utah Lake farm. Here there was plenty of vegetation for their grazing in the summer, and in the fall there were sugar beet tops and the alfalfa fields to winter on. A new sheep shed was built on the bend of the river together with lambing pens.

The majority of this Utah Lake farm had been fenced with a net wire fence, making it an ideal setup for the running of sheep. That summer a "buck" pasture was built on the lake front just north of the two summer cottages, and three rams were purchased from a Mr. Hansen of Lake Shore, Utah, for \$40 each.

The damp, rockless soil caused a hoof rot to develop in the sheep, necessitating the taking them to higher range land during the summer of 1931. When they were brought back that fall, the herd was divided with the Ewell boys, and Arthur N. Taylor's herd was sold.

Educational and Civic Activities

On December 2, 1908, Arthur N. Taylor was elected by the taxpayers of his district as a member of the Board of Education of the Provo City Schools. He served as a board member for the next fifteen years during which time the new Central School and the new Provo High School buildings were erected. Many other improvements and innovations were made. During this time he served as president of the board for three different periods of time.

Fellow board members serving with him were such men as A. O. Smoot, John W. Farrer, W. Lester Mangum, Ole Olsen, Evan Wride, J. W. McAdam, and R. Eugene Jones.

School superintendents working with the Board of Education were Lars E. Eggertsen and H. Aldous Dixon.

The pressure and lack of time brought about by the organization of the new home furnishings store, Dixon Taylor Russell Company, required that he resign from the school board on July 10, 1923. At this time Mrs. Margaret P. Maw, whom he had defeated in the last election, was appointed to fill his unexpired term.

A. O. Smoot, a very close friend, stated that Arthur N. Taylor was a man of integrity. His three most outstanding characteristics in his life were his faith, his stability, and his ability.

Other community activities Arthur N. engaged in, besides that of being on the Board of Education, included a charter member of the Provo Chamber of Commerce, which carried on the work of the old Commercial Club, of which he was a member. In 1924 he became president of the Provo Chamber of Commerce and was also a director and officer for many years.

His interest in the civic and the educational welfare of the youth of the community is shown by the service he contributed in these positions of leadership.

Arthur N. Taylor was alert to the fact that new industries were necessary for this locality, so in the 1920s when feelers were sent out regarding establishing a steel industry in this area, he became one of the leading figures in raising the necessary money to buy the tract of land between Provo and Springville. This was a very desirable location for the erection of a steel industry, for it was at the railroad junction point where the iron ore from the extensive iron deposits around Cedar City converge with the unlimited coal deposits from Carbon County in Southeastern Utah. The Columbia Steel Company built one blast furnace in Ironton, which was the forerunner of the giant Geneva Steel Mills which was built at Geneva in 1945.

Arthur N. Taylor served as a director of the Provo-Springville Holding Company from the date of its organization to the date of his death on September 10, 1935.

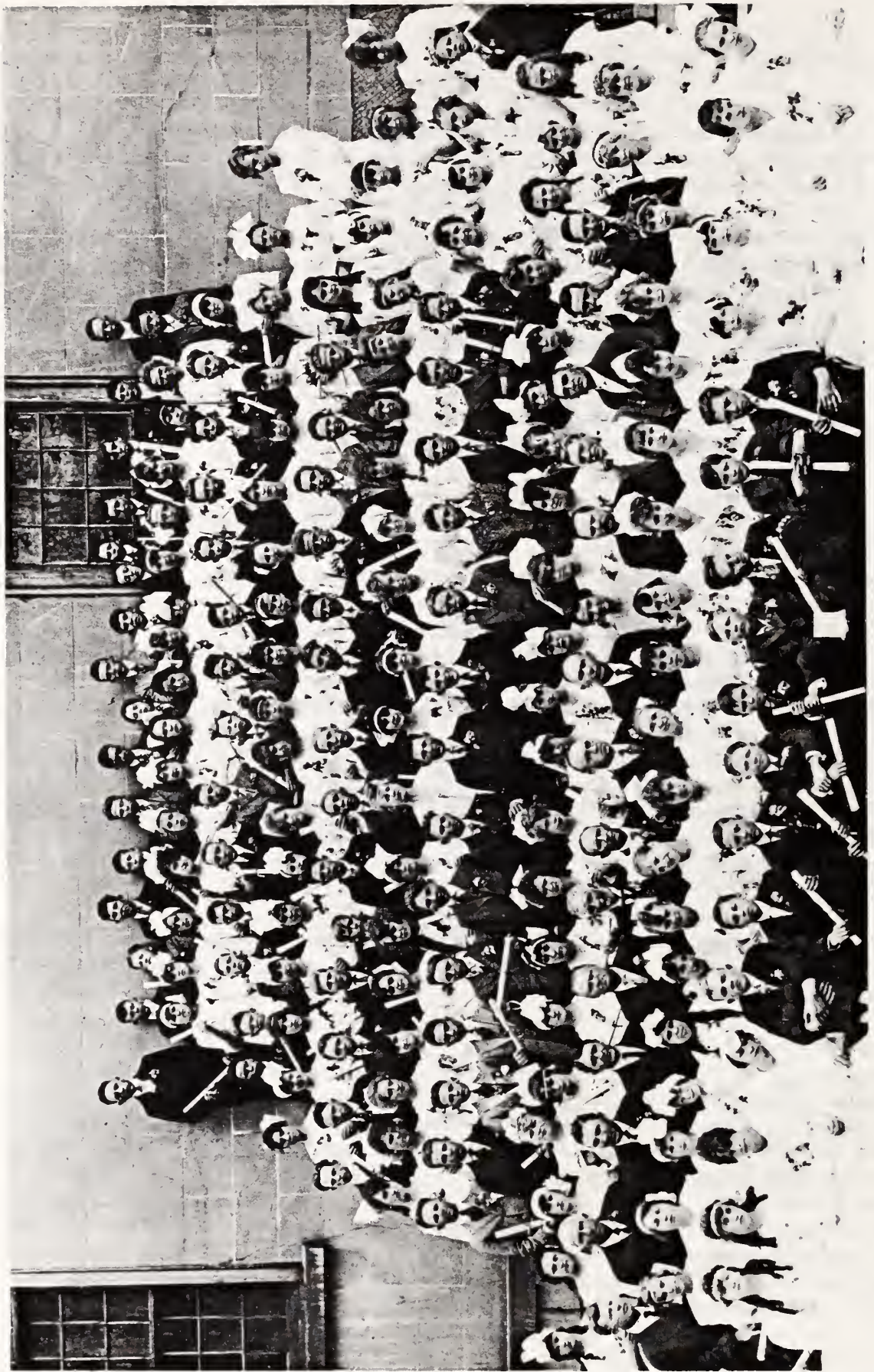


Photo of Central School Graduation Class, taken on May 18, 1917, at east side of old Provo Tabernacle (which was torn down in 1918-19). See next page for identification of persons on first three rows.

CENTRAL SCHOOL GRADUATION CLASS ON MAY 18, 1917

Picture taken along East side of old Provo Tabernacle

From left to right:

First Row:

Ireta Humpherys; Louisa Banks; Ruth Cox; Ruth Buckley, John I. Archibald; Clyde Van Wagenen; Norman Carter; Henry D. Taylor; Royden J. Dangerfield; J. Hunter Manson; Karl E. Young; Kilton R. Stewart; LaVar Penrod; Mabel Stubbs; Arvilla Singleton; Unidentified; and Veda Jensen.

Second Row:

Ethel Hansen; Verdi Slater; Estella Goddard; Kate Ellison; Ethel V. Luke; Sarah Wride; Katie Frahm; May Goddard; Elverda Jensen; Ruth Scott; Lyla Crawley; Rena Choules; Bernice Cluff; Unidentified; Elva Prows; Elfie Anderson; and Margaret Pierpont.

Third Row:

Nicholas F. Wilson, Principal of the Parker School; S. P. Eggertsen, Principal of the Franklin School; Bennett Cash, Teacher; J. Fleming Wakefield, Teacher; J. R. Boshard, Music Supervisor; Evan Wride, member of the Board of Education; George Powelson, Principal of the Central School; E. G. Gowans, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; L. E. Eggertsen, Superintendent of Provo Schools; Lida Harmer, Teacher; John W. Farrer, member of the Board of Education; Arthur N. Taylor (my father), member of the Board of Education; John W. McAdam, member of the Board of Education; Frank W. Winn, Teacher; Reid Beck, Principal of the Maeser School; Anna Marie Eggertsen; and Gladys Needham.

Although actual construction of the Deer Creek Water Conservation project had not commenced during his lifetime, he was a staunch advocate of its desirability and was a strong backer in obtaining this government project. He realized the value of water for the development and growth of this area and did all within his power to put it before the proper government officials, who finally approved and built this reclamation project.

Religious Activities

Shortly after his marriage in May 1894, Arthur was called to be president of the YMMIA of the Provo Third Ward, a position he held for seven years until he was called to go on a mission to Great Britain.

Soon after he was appointed president of the YMMIA, he realized the boys of the ward were not coming out to their meetings, but were spending their time at places of amusement.

To encourage the boys to come out to Mutual, a complete set of gymnastic equipment was located in a used store in Salt Lake City. Arthur and William P. Silver took the Taylor Bros. Co. mules and wagon and drove to Salt Lake City where they purchased this equipment for \$300. It was brought to Provo and temporarily stored in the basement of the Third Ward Church house.

The upstairs of the Horton Building, located just west of the H. G. Blumenthal Building on West Center Street was rented. The upstairs partitions were removed, making one large gymnasium room. It was here the "Mutual Leage" held their first meetings. Enthusiasm for Mutual work was increased, as well as skill and proficiency as gymnasts.

After a short time many of these young men pooled their resources and formed the Young Men's Investment Co., for the purpose of buying the Horton Building, as well as the vacant property on the corner. This organization was set up with Arthur N. Taylor as president and William P. Clayton as assistant. Stock certificates were issued to the members.

Later as the family of Arthur N. Taylor increased, more rooms were added on the home at 256 North Fifth West to accommodate the growing family. In order to construct and furnish this first addition to the house, it was necessary to borrow a little money. This loan had been made with one of the local brethren with an interest rate of 12% per annum. When it became known that Arthur was going on a mission, the lender became quite concerned and desired that the loan be paid in full, at once.

Arthur then turned to Uncle Jesse Knight and explained his financial situation and also his desire to fulfill a mission. Uncle Jesse Knight then told him that he was paying a higher rate of interest than he should, and that he would be pleased to make him the loan at 6% interest; and, furthermore, he would not have to pay principal or interest on the loan until after his return from his mission.

This act of kindness, when it meant so much in the life of Arthur, has endeared the Knight family close to his heart and was never forgotten.

After returning from his mission, Arthur was called into the Utah Stake Sunday School Superintendency, where he labored with Lars E. Eggertsen and William S. Rawlings. He was later sustained as superintendent, serving in this capacity for a number of years. He was set apart as a member of the Utah Stake high council on August 31, 1906, and served continuously in this position for the next twenty-five years.

Soon after Arthur returned from the mission field in 1903, one night each week was set for a "Home Evening." This particular evening was not reserved exclusively for members of the immediate family, but was open to any of the neighbors or friends, especially those English converts who were living nearby.

Usually a part of the evening was spent in studying some religious subject, after which the remainder of the evening was spent in conversation, entertainment by the various members, or in playing games. There were always fresh, crisp apples, and usually roasted peanuts and raisins for refreshment. On special occasions, there were doughnuts and cider, or some other delicious refreshment.

This hospitality and bond of friendship has been of lasting duration and a highlight in the lives of all who participated.

Just a few of the many who participated in these "Home Evenings" were A. E. Eves and family, Arthur Salt and wife, Elsie Ross, Lily Owens, Lizzie Clarkson, Janet Poole, Mary Russell, Ann Russell, and many others.

Many years later Henry D. Taylor tells of an incident that occurred in these words:

After Father had started Dixon Taylor Russell Company, one of the attenders of the "Home Evening" was a trusted employee. Following her marriage, her husband was likewise an employee of the company. Their marriage was not successful, and much bitterness had developed that caused many accusations to be made before the divorce was to become final.

Judge George P. Parker was the attorney for the company. At this time we had built our home on the "Hill." Our children were young and not old enough to attend school. Mother insisted that we come to their home at noon for lunch. I would accompany Father on the walk to their home on Fifth West.

One noon after lunch at Father's request, Judge Parker came to the home. I was invited to meet with Father and Judge Parker. Father outlined the many vicious and bitter accusations that had been made against him and testified emphatically that they were all false and untrue, and that he was true and faithful to Mother in every respect.

For his eight children, Arthur N. Taylor never did intend to leave them a fabulous fortune of monetary wealth, but he did leave them with a respected NAME, exemplary life, and a philosophy which was an underlying power in his life's work:

1. To teach and direct his children how to work.
2. To send and support (the boys) in the mission field.
3. To provide them with a good education.

With these tools and experiences, he felt they should be capable of supporting themselves and their families, to be of value in rendering service to their community, to be in a position to push forward the work of the Lord, and to be exemplary churchmen.

How well he succeeded in carrying out his philosophy can best be judged by a few of the many things he did for his children:

1. During his whole lifetime he not only made jobs available, but actually paid out money to provide and maintain projects which would provide his children with work. Not only was the work provided, but he led out in showing them how to work with his own hands and mind. His motto was, "Come, let us work," and not, "You go to work."

2. He set the missionary example by spending thirty-eight months in the British Mission. His wife, Maria D. Taylor, spent seven months in the same mission.

- a. Arthur D., the eldest son, spent four years in the Australian Mission.
- b. Lynn D. Taylor spent twenty-six months in the Northwestern States Mission.
- c. Elton L. spent twenty-eight months in the Eastern States Mission.
- d. Henry D. spent twenty-six months in the Eastern States Mission. Elton and Henry were in the same mission for eight months at the same time.
- e. Clarence D. spent twenty-eight months in the South African Mission and four months in traveling home.
- f. O. Kenneth served twenty-five months in the British Mission.

3. All eight children graduated from high school.

Arthur D. entered into business after his return from his mission.

Lynn D. graduated from the BYU with an A.B. degree and also attended the School of Interior Decoration of New York.

Elton L. attended BYU and UAC for three years.

Henry D. graduated from BYU with a B.S. degree. Attended the New York School of Retailing, receiving his Masters degree in retailing.

Alice L. graduated from BYU with an A.B. degree.

Clarence D. graduated from BYU with a B.S. degree.

O. Kenneth graduated from BYU with an A.B. degree and attended the School of Interior Decoration of New York.

Ruth E. Graduated from BYU with an A.B. degree.

Judge Maurice Harding has made the statement that of all the families he knows, none have turned out as well as the Arthur N. and Maria D. Taylor family.

CHAPTER 7

ACTIVITIES OF MARIA D. TAYLOR



Maria Dixon Taylor at age 67.

Her autobiography continues:

On October 20, 1900, my husband left for a mission to Great Britain. We had just completed our home and furnished it. We had three boys, the youngest, Elton, being three months old. I wanted to take boarders or do something to help pay his expenses. He would not consent to this. He, with my Mother and brothers, worked out a plan unknown to me. The furniture in the house should be sold and the house rented. Then he was sure I could not do something that would undermine my health. He felt my children were enough to care for. My Mother and brothers were very happy for the opportunity of having me and my children, who they adored, come home and live with them.

I shall never forget how I felt when I was packing the things and breaking up our home, which we had struggled so hard to build and furnish. It was like parting with old friends. Now I can see it was the only thing for us to do. We rented the house to Doctor Slater.

My baby, Elton, cried so much with colic it nearly wore me out. The strange thing about it was the more he cried the fatter he became. When he was four months old he weighed twenty-two pounds. I became so nervous and was in such a run-down condition, I had nervous headaches which kept me down a great deal of the time.

The first month my husband was in the mission field I sent him ten dollars. When Grandma Taylor found out, she was hurt and said, "Please don't send any more, don't you see he will get his blessing for leaving his work and his family? You will get yours for sacrificing his company so willingly and doing for the children out of your limited means. Please let me finance him so that I may share the blessings with both of you." She won. I never sent him any more money. She certainly was blessed as he was appointed president of the Birmingham Conference in the city where she and her husband lived and left from, when they decided to join the Saints in the Rocky Mountains. Now their son could carry the same message that a good elder had brought her, back to her native land.

My husband enjoyed his work so much. He loved the country and the people and was so anxious to have me come to England and enjoy the sights with him, which at that time seemed an impossibility to me. By him urging from that side and my folks on this, I finally consented. My Mother came to my rescue, telling me she thought she had enough experience in caring for children to be capable of caring for mine in my absence. Grandmother Taylor borrowed the money and my brother-in-law, T. N. Taylor, secured a pass for my railway fare to Chicago and return, which was a great help.

I left Provo August 4, 1902, for Salt Lake City. There I met Mrs. Wm. Smith, whose husband was laboring in Birmingham, England, with my husband.

My brother Albert was called on a mission to Great Britain and accompanied us. At Ogden, Utah, Walter Parry, another missionary, joined us, making a party of fourteen.

The first night out I was very ill. I don't know if the cause was due to eating such a hearty lunch we had prepared or sleeping in an upper berth. The next morning I was feeling fine and enjoyed the trip, going through the sage brush country of Wyoming and the corn fields of Nebraska. We spent two days in Boston, including a trip to the Emerson Piano Co. where we met Mr. Edward Payson, manager of the piano company. Albert and I presented letters of introduction given us by T.N. Mr. Payson treated us very kindly. Although he was a very busy man, he closed his desk and told the office force he would be out for the day. We left our hotel at 9:00 a.m. and returned to our hotel at 7:00 p.m. After visiting many points of interest in the older part of Boston (Kopp Cemetery, one of the oldest cemeteries and occupied by Italians), we had dinner in one of the Italian restaurants and spent some time at the different beach resorts.

The second day we sailed on the Commonwealth, one of the largest boats afloat at that time. Our voyage was perfect as far as the weather was concerned. A traveling salesman told me it was his thirty-fourth trip and the best trip of all. There was hardly a wave.

We saw two whales spouting water in the air a short distance from us and schools of porpoise. We experienced a great thrill as we approached the Irish Coast. It surely did look good to see land again. When we arrived at Liverpool, England, my husband and Elder Smith were at the docks to meet us. I was very happy to meet Art, but sad to part with Albert. He was assigned to labor in the Grimsby Conference. Hull was Albert's headquarters, the birthplace of his Mother.

We arrived in Birmingham about 10:00 p.m. Rode about three miles from the station on top of the bus or tram where we could look into the pubs or saloons and see women in there drinking. Many were drunk, holding babies in their arms. When we reached the Conference House at 230 Albert Road, the Elders were all up and waiting to see what the president's wife looked like. They invited us in for supper. I told them we had our lunch in Liverpool. They laughed and said you must eat five or six meals a day. I told them I was sure I never could do that, but it was only a short time until I ate every time I had a chance, and was still hungry. All I wanted to do was eat and sleep. The results were seventeen pounds gained in two months.

My first Christmas away from home was spent in England, the birthplace of my Mother. When I came down the stairs, the mantel above the fireplace was decorated with all kinds of things, mainly lovely presents for Sister Smith and me from the Elders. Among the gifts was a small pig from Elder Spokes. It had a little verse stating it was just a reminder that when he visited at my

home I was to serve him a suckling pig, for he was a true Englishman. I never had that privilege. He died in Salt Lake City shortly after his return home.

Art arose earlier than I, and there was a beautiful black, silk dress on my bed. He told me to get up and try it on. If it fit I could have it for a Christmas present. I found out he had the same dressmaker make it for me that I had engaged to make me another dress; therefore, she had my measurements.

We had dinner at Art's Uncle Ebb and Aunt Harriet Hands, where we were treated very kindly.

My first disappointment came at conference time when I expected my husband would be released. President Francis M. Lyman was there and said President Taylor could not be spared at that time. It would be six months more. I felt very badly and told President Lyman I thought he was a very hard-hearted man. It meant I would have to go home without my husband, as I had left three children at home. He said very quietly, "Very well, President Taylor can spend ten days in London with you."

I was arranging with Elders Lunt and Brough of Nephi and others to accompany them home when I received a letter from Mother saying in case Art did not get his release, I was to stay as the children were well, and she was getting along fine. I stayed seven months and shall always feel grateful to my Mother for the extra time I stayed. It was the most enjoyable time of all. I was more acquainted and better able to find my way around. Sister Smith and I were always spotted as Americans; especially when I handed a clerk three five dollar gold pieces or three pounds English money, for a twelve shilling purchase (\$2.50).

Art used to write about how wonderful the pantomimes were, but I never expected to see them. In Birmingham I saw "Jack and the Beanstalk," and thought it was the most wonderful thing I had ever seen, but when I was in London and saw "Mother Goose or the Goose that Layed the Golden Egg," I felt that I had been transformed into another world. The beautiful girls who flew from the stage out over the pit (the area where we were sitting) and dropped flowers were spectacular. There were about one thousand people on the stage for the finale. This was at the old Drury Lane Theatre, a very old and noted place. I also saw "Puss in Boots" at the Hippodrome Theatre in London, and many very wonderful stage plays.

The Tower of London was a very interesting place. I was thrilled to see the beautiful jewels and crowns of the kings and queens, set with such precious stones. We went into different towers where so many notable people and royalty had been imprisoned. Some had even traced their coat of arms on the stones with their own blood. We stood on the spot where the guillotine stood that beheaded Ann Bolyn, the wife of Henry VIII. A brass plate marks the spot. The moat that encircles the tower was a drilling ground for the different regiments of soldiers. We enjoyed watching the drills.

Our trip to Westminster Abbey was most interesting. It gives you a rather queer sensation to stand in these high places, with stone monuments on each side representing royalty or some famous person who was buried underneath the building, many under the stone floor. St. Paul's Cathedral was wonderful too.

I can't begin to tell all the wonderful things I saw, but Madam Trusades' Wax Works was so outstanding to me. I could hardly believe that the wax figures were not real living people, much to the amusement of my husband who stood a short distance away watching me. The British Museum was full of so many interesting things a person could spend weeks there and then not see them all. I said I had seen more in that ten days than about all my life before.

When we returned to the Conference House, the Elders wanted to know if I was ill. I was so thin and looked so haggard, but we had such a short time to see so much.

I always loved to read about the old castles in England and what a thrill I got when I was able to go through some of them. Art took me to Warwick Castle. Lord and Lady Warwick resided there. When they were in London, the flag was hoisted on the castle, and the public was allowed to go through. The grounds were very beautiful too. I decided I would not like to live in these rooms; they were so large and bare. I think I enjoyed the Maxtoke Castle more than any. The public was not allowed in there, but one of our friends, Charles Wells, who was Station Master and a friend of the caretaker, got permission for us to go through. It was built in 1385 and was in a perfect state of preservation. It was the only castle I saw with the original moat filled with water and covered with water lillies all out in bloom.

Art and I spent a very happy day at Dudley Castle. The ruins were still standing on a hill above the city. As I stood there, I fancied I could see my Mother playing on the castle green, as it was called, with her sister and other children when she was a child. Dudley was her birthplace, and she lived there until she left for America when about eleven years of age.

We visited many places of interest, and I enjoyed everything so much, but sometimes my heart was very heavy when I thought of being separated from my children.

In February 1903 my husband received his release to return home on the ship Canada which sailed on the 19th of February. I was so happy I felt I was walking on air. Art did not feel that way. He said there were so many things he wanted to accomplish that he had started. It was some job packing and getting ready to leave. Most of the Elders came in and many parties were given for us and Brother and Sister Smith (the lady I went over with). We all shed tears at the station, where so many friends came to see us off. We had learned to love those people, and we knew it would be the last time we would see many of them; others we expected to meet in Utah.

When we arrived in Liverpool, we found the ocean very rough, and we had to go out to the ship in a tender. President Lyman bid us goodbye at the office, but before the vessel sailed he with others came out and onto the ship. He said we would have a very rough voyage, but we would land in safety. The time came when we were very thankful to President Lyman for those words. We did have seven days of storm and nearly all the passengers were sick. The captain, mate, and nearly all the crew were also sick. Art went down to bed at Queenstown, Ireland, and was never back on deck until we reached Halifax, Canada, one beautiful Sunday morning. It was quite a sight to see this harbour surrounded by huge cannons to guard against enemies coming in. About half of our passengers got off the boat at this place. From there we sailed down to Boston, glad to be on land again after many exciting experiences.

We went to the Emerson Piano Factory to visit Mr. Payson. He was very kind to us and introduced us to Mr. Powers, president of the company, and many of the official staff. He went to the station to see us off. We arrived in Chicago about 11:00 p.m. Now we had to be separated. Art took a taxi, and we drove across the city. He put me on the Union Pacific, as my pass was on that line; and he came home on the D&RG Railway, which was the line the Church chose at that time.

I arrived in Salt Lake and went to the National Bank, where my brother John had his office. We went to his home and when I met Sarah we both wept. I was so glad to see her. John said that was a funny way of showing our joy. At that time there was only one train a day to Provo. I had to wait until evening when my brother Charles, who was working in Salt Lake, accompanied me home. When we reached Provo, Mother was there with my husband and children. When I rushed to take Elton, my baby in arms, he screamed and said, "Go away I want my momma. She has gone on that train." That nearly broke my heart. After being away for seven months, my baby had forgotten me. The strange part of it was that when I left he could only say a few words and now he talked so plain. In a short time he came to me and said, "You are my mamma." After looking at me he remembered me again.

After nearly three years of separation, it was grand to be home again with our family. We only furnished three rooms, as we shared two rooms of our home with Brother and Sister Salt. They came to Provo from Salt Lake and could not find a home to live in, so they lived with us for one year until they went back to England. After they left we began to furnish our home again.

During my early married life, Hattie Hands, a cousin of my husband who came from England to make her home with Grandma Taylor, lived with me for about five years. She then married my brother, William.

When I was in England I met Janet Poole, a convert to the Church during Art's time there. Later I was in need of help, and she emigrated to Utah and came to our home. She was a great help

to me while my children were small, not only helping in the home, but her influence was felt for good as she had high ideals. I am sure she suffered many times with the confusion when all the neighbor's children came in to play in stormy weather. She hadn't been around many children in England. She was very much attached to my two youngest children, Kenneth and Ruth. We all felt she was part of our family and missed her after being with us for nearly thirteen years when she married Joseph Munk of Logan and went there to live. She worked as an officiator in the Logan Temple for many years and treats us royally when we pay her a visit.

I have always been inclined toward religion. It has always been easy for me to believe in the word of the Lord when spoken through His servants. I have always enjoyed attending my meetings in the different organizations, in my youth and also in later life. I have a great satisfaction in doing my duty whenever I have been called.

I worked in the Primary as a teacher with Edith Holt. Then I was made a counselor to Mary E. Davis. In May 1913 our ward was divided and Sister Davis was chosen president of the new ward (Pioneer Ward). I was set apart as president of the Third Ward. I resigned after working about ten years.

I worked in the Relief Society as class leader of Theology for nearly twenty years. At the present time I am a district teacher with Sister Sarah McConachie. I feel that Relief Society is one of the greatest organizations of our Church.

I have helped at many social affairs, bazaars, and other things to raise money.

I was elected treasurer of the County Camp of the Daughters of the Pioneers, and a holdover the second term, making four years in all. Grace L. Cheever was president of the first term and Bernetta M. Beck, the second term.

I learned to love those on the board and enjoyed my work very much. In June 1939 I was elected historian of the 4-6 Camp of DUP. In 1941 our camp was divided on ward lines. The new camp in the Third Ward will be called Camp Provo. I was elected historian of the new camp.

In April 1937 Bishop Eves called a few ladies to meet him after Church one Sunday. He told us he was calling us as a committee of the widows of the ward to raise means to cover the large room in the chapel with floor coverings, after the remodeling was completed. We felt it was a huge task, but if the Lord would help us, we would do our part. Sarah L. Dixon was chosen as chairman. Later she was ill, and I was chosen chairman. We all worked very hard. We made quilts, rugs, put on a bazaar; but made the most money by having pie sales. The pies were made by our own committee. Our pies were sought after in every part of town. We raised over six hundred dollars in cash. Our carpet cost over thirteen hundred

dollars. The balance being made up by the Church. We certainly felt the Lord had blessed the "Widows Mite." I never worked with a finer group of women.

CHAPTER 8

HILLCREST FARM

Henry D. Taylor recalls these memories of the Hillcrest farm:

With a family of six sons and two daughters, Father and Mother felt the keen necessity and importance of our learning to work. Although Father was a businessman, he always owned a farm where we were required to work. Three miles from Provo in Grand View a fruit farm had been purchased from C. E. Loose. It was situated on the brow of a hill overlooking Lake View and Utah Lake. For several summers Mother and all of us moved to the farm. Father would travel by bicycle or horse and buggy to his work at Taylor Bros. Co. We learned to spray the fruit trees, to irrigate, and to harvest. Night irrigating was a cold, disagreeable experience and helped discourage us from desiring to become farmers. Mother gloried in farm life. She had an adequate, beautiful garden and so much enjoyed picking the various kinds of vegetables and fruits when they were ripe. In the evening she delighted in walking down the lane which was along the brow of the hill and admiring the magnificent sunsets. I suppose from these experiences and her enthusiasm most of us developed an appreciation for views and sunsets.

When the interurban railroad (Orem) line was built by the Salt Lake and Utah Railroad Company, it passed just below our hill. And when driving our cows down to Farrer's pasture, we would have to watch carefully and avoid the electric trains. There was a spring in Farrer's pasture. Lush watercress grew in abundance, and it was a favorite spot for us to go on Easter. The West Union Canal ran through the pasture. It was deep enough to swim in, and we went there often to cool off. Where it was shallow for swimming, we would "mud crawl." The canal would become filled with moss and other water weeds which would impair the flow of the water. At regular intervals a horse-drawn dredge, with numerous spikes attached, would be pulled along the canal removing the obstructions. Two other sets of railroad tracks in addition to the Orem line ran nearby.

A favorite game, as we stood above on the crest of the hill as a freight train approached, was to guess the number of cars the train would be pulling.

The farm next to ours was owned by the Dan Atherly family. His wife's maiden name was Agnes Peay. Formerly they had lived in the Eureka area where he and his sons had worked in the mines. Their language was forceful and profane. The sons were named Loren, Hugh, and Seymour; the girls, Dora and Reva.

The Atherley home was also situated on the brow of the hill, and the incline was steep. They built a toboggan, and in the winter we enjoyed exciting and thrilling rides down the hill. On one ride Hugh was on his stomach and guiding the toboggan. The rest of us were sitting behind. As the toboggan gained a fast speed and we were reaching the bottom of the hill, we ran into a large pig of the Atherleys which got on the runway. Hugh, who was guiding the sled, hit the pig with his head. All of us were thrown from the toboggan by the fierce impact. We expected that Hugh might have been killed by the collision. But when we checked with him, he was merely rubbing his neck briskly and swearing a blue streak. When we got to the pig, which was lying on the ground, we discovered it was dead and not Hugh.

At another time the Atherleys were trying to catch a skunk which was scenting up the neighborhood. The skunk was driven down in the cow pasture. A hip boot was placed there, and the skunk was finally driven into the boot. Quickly Mr. Atherley grasped the top of the boot, sealing the skunk inside. The skunk proceeded to "function" as skunks do when excited. The smell was unbearable. Thereafter, the cows avoided that spot, and the grass grew tall and luxurious.

Roland Snow, his wife, Luella, and their family moved to the farm. Many cows had been acquired. The 15 cows had to be milked morning and night. The milk was then run through the separator. I still remember how my wrists would ache when I had to milk all 15 cows. Each morning the can of cream was taken to the Lake View station of the Orem Line, which was only about one-half of a mile north of the farm. It was then taken into Salt Lake City.

Later, we had a contract with the Hansen Catering Company in Provo in which the cream was used for making ice cream and candy. At this time I was 14 years of age. Before school, I would arise early, hitch up the horse to the buggy, and travel from our home in Provo to the farm to pick up the cream, deliver it to Hansen's, return home, and get ready for school. Hansens also manufactured candy and doughnuts. "Turk" Thurgood, who made the doughnuts, would usually offer me one. No doughnuts I have eaten since measured up to those I enjoyed on those cold, dark mornings.

One morning it was still dark as I came down from upstairs to go for the cream. There was considerable excitement in Father and Mother's bedroom. Aunt Sarah Munk and Dr. Fred W. Taylor were there. I was ushered out of the house in fast order. By the time I returned an hour or two later, our baby sister, Ruth, had been born. This was on March 20, 1917.

Father and I would drive often from Provo out to the farm. Just over the Provo River Bridge a grocery store was run by Alexander Henry LeVitre. In front of the store was a blackboard used for advertising. Across the top of the blackboard was the saying, "As we travel through life, let us live by the way." As we would return to Provo, I would recite this statement en route. Father would chuckle as he caught the hint, and we would stop the horse in front of the store; and he would buy me an ice cream cone.

In 1918 there was a severe influenza epidemic that claimed many lives. All members of our family contracted the "flu" except Father and me. It was the fall of the year, and the sugar beet factory was operating in Lake View. It was supervised by William W. Goodridge, father of Maurine, Arthur's wife.

It was my duty after school and on Saturdays to go out to the farm, hitch up the team, and haul beet pulp from the factory to our farm. When syrup was applied to the pulp, the cows thoroughly enjoyed it. It was also my duty to haul manure from the dairy barn and spread it around the farm. On the cold, wintry Saturdays before going out to the farm, I would stand on a stool and look through the transom with envy and longing into the bedroom where the other children

were warm, playing games and cracking jokes. I maintained that hauling the beet pulp and manure kept me from getting the "flu."

Attendance at school was seriously affected that fall quarter by this epidemic. Those attending school were required to wear cloth masks which covered the nose and mouth. When the ban was finally lifted, I remember the shock and surprises as we saw each other for the first time with the masks removed.

Operating a dairy required us to build a silo to hold chopped corn silage. Father, with Uncle Ashted Taylor and Chris Jeppesen of Lake View who also had dairies, joined together in purchasing a silage cutter. We would go from one farm to another in helping fill the silos that each owned. Leo Taylor, Uncle Ashted's son who is my age, was feeding the corn into the cutter. His glove became caught, drawing his hand into the blades and cutting off his hand. It was a tragic occurrence.

One summer when we were living on the farm, I remember Father riding a bicycle out from Provo in the middle of the day. Mother and I were downstairs. I was turning the churn making butter. Father had sad news to announce. Mother's brother, Uncle Art Dixon, who was a brick mason and builder, had been electrocuted in the Heber area while working in an electric power plant.

We had an alfalfa field along the side of a hill. There was a considerable slope. One day while hauling hay, I was on the wagon driving the team of horses receiving and tromping the hay. The load appeared to become unbalanced, and the wagon tipped over. I was not hurt but rather badly frightened.

We raised many peaches on the "Hillcrest Farm." Some were shipped to the Eastern markets, and others were taken by truckers to areas in Utah, Nevada, and into California.

Father had made a study of the market and had decided that we would solicit our neighbors, the fruit growers, and with them dispose of our own peaches.

Ray V. Wentz, who was a successful fruit grower, lived in Orem. He was selected to contact the growers, purchase, and handle their crops. He did not own or drive a car so Father assigned me to drive Brother Wentz around the area buying the peaches. This was an enjoyable and worthwhile project.

To Ashted Taylor, there was no one on earth who measured up to his brother Arthur N. Taylor. He has mentioned many times that "Arth" or "Boss," as he called him, was the only Dad he really knew. As a lad if he ever needed a dime or a quarter, it was his brother Arthur he approached and was never turned down if the request was justifiable. The answer was always, "Are you sure that is enough, for you can have more if you need it."

Before George, Walter, or Ashted ever made any kind of a major decision, they always talked it over with their brother Arthur. They

did not always take his advice; and when they didn't, they were most generally sorry they hadn't. His foresight and judgment were very keen and far-reaching. His solutions were simple, direct, and clean-cut.

To keep his growing family of boys busy with some worthwhile project and off the streets, a few cows and horses to take care of was a permanent fixture in the Taylor domain.

Each morning before daybreak the boys would be awakened by their Father with the salutation, "Arise and Shine." Even on the coldest of winter mornings they would roll out of their warm beds, pull on their cold clothes, and go out into the freezing weather to chop up the frozen carrots, which were mixed with hay for cow feed. After the cows were milked, one of them had to take the cows to the pasture, while the others would separate the milk and cream and do other chores. This all had to be taken care of and completed before going to school.

In the afternoon directly after school, instead of going out and playing with the other school kids, it was necessary to report home and prepare for the evening chores. This included getting the cows from the pasture, feeding and milking them, taking care of the horses, the chickens, and the pigs, or getting in the coal, and chopping the kindling wood.

At first the six or eight cows were kept in the big red brick barn in the rear of the home on Fifth West. The cows were driven each day to the pasture on Riverside Farm. As the dairy grew, it was necessary to find larger quarters, so the cows were moved out to the fruit farm at "Hillcrest." This farm was located about a mile north and three miles west of Provo on the brow of the hill overlooking Utah Lake. Here a large silo was built for the purpose of storing chopped corn or silage fodder. Additional Holstein and Jersey cows were added to the herd, making a total of from fifteen to twenty cows being milked each day.

At first the whole milk was separated and the cream churned into butter by Arthur's wife, Maria. A large 30 gallon barrel churn, together with a butter machine, was purchased. This was a great help in handling and working with such a large quantity of cream. All of the butter was sold locally to steady customers who declared it was the best butter that could be obtained in Provo. Eventually the butter business became so large it was impossible for Maria D. to take care of her growing family as well as this butter business, so the cream was sold in bulk to various wholesalers in Provo and Salt Lake City.

The following are remembrances of Maria D. Taylor on the Hillcrest farm as given in her life history:

My husband and my brother Arthur bought a farm in Grandview (which we named the "Hillcrest Farm") from Ed Loose. Five acres were planted in grapes, not being a very good variety. These were taken out, and in their place eight hundred Bartlett pear trees and a large peach orchard were planted.

During the summer the farm house was cleaned and made comfortable for us to live in. I enjoyed living out there. We had a beautiful view of the valley and lake below us, as our house was on the hill. As Art had his work to do at the store, it was necessary for me to go out with the boys and supervise them. We hired men to do the heavy work. Before going to the farm, we bought an incubator holding four hundred eggs. It was so interesting to watch the eggs. In twenty-one days the incubator was alive with the cutest little biddies. We had fireless brooders made for them on the farm. I took a great deal of pleasure in caring for them. I also had my first vegetable garden, and it was wonderful to study catalogues in order to know the best varieties of seeds, etc. I had the earliest garden, the first peas in Provo and sold some of them to John T. Taylor for \$3.25 a bushel.

We did enjoy our vegetables, being able to pick them fresh each morning from our own garden, also the luscious strawberries with thick cream from our own Jersey cows, fresh eggs, and home-cured ham, and all kinds of choice fruits from our own orchard. We raised our own hay to feed our horses and cows.

As I had help in the home, I devoted the most of my time outside. I took great delight in trying to make outstanding butter. I had more customers than I could supply; although at times I was making forty pounds a week. It was not such hard work, as I had a fine churn and a large butter worker, etc. The buttermilk was delicious and I learned to like it better than the water we had to drink.

The first season was a very busy time for us. We hired a great deal of help. At times I had twenty-seven people in the packing house, packing peaches and pears, as well as a large force of men out in the orchard picking the fruit. My husband loaded cars with our fruit and together with some of the neighbors' fruit shipped them to R. Bingham & Son in Omaha, Nebraska. I enjoyed every day I was on the farm, but I took too much responsibility, against my husband's wishes. He saw I was overdoing myself, so he hired a man, Roland Snow, to take his family and live there the year round. We spent many summers there and I hated to give it up for our boys were at an age where they needed something to employ their time and give them good, strong bodies. The boys had another thought. They felt that they should be free when out of school to do as the other boys did.

We had an understanding with Roland to take the boys during the summer months and supervise their work. He was a fine man, and we had much confidence in him.

Art could always see something that was needed on the farm. His cows all had their pedigrees and most of the horses and hogs, which cost a lot of money. Sometimes I complained, especially when I wanted something new for my home or other purpose. He always had to do something extra on the farm. There was a silo to be built, a new fence to be put up, or new machinery needed. I

told him it was a good place to throw money away, with scarcely any returns. Expenses were very heavy. His reply would be, "Which is the best, to spend money the way which will keep your boys from roaming the streets, and which would be your boys' salvation, or save the money?"



Maria D. Taylor picking peaches with
son Henry D. Taylor on Grand View
farm.

CHAPTER 9

UTAH LAKE FARM, PROVONA BEACH, AND
SKIPPER BAY DRAINAGE DISTRICT

The fertility of the land along the shores of Utah Lake, coupled with the fact that the irrigation of the growing crops was unnecessary, sold Arthur N. on the idea of buying farming land along the north bank near the mouth of Provo River on Utah Lake. The first forty-acre tract was purchased from George Cook, where sugar beets and wild hay were raised. Later twenty acres were purchased from Charles Madsen and the Hamilton sixty acres from J. F. McClellan.

All of this land was in the Skipper Bay area, and much of the ground was covered by the rising of the lake water in the early spring of the year. As a means of putting this flooded ground into useful and productive cultivation, the Skipper Bay Drainage District was formed with Arthur N. Taylor as its president and chief moving power, for the purpose of constructing a dirt dike along the lake front. This dike was to run from the high ground on the north to the high ground on the banks of the Provo River, a distance of better than a mile in length. This dike was about six feet high and ten to twelve feet wide on top. On the inside was a large drainage canal to catch the seeping water which was pumped back into the lake. By constructing this dike and various drainage canals, many acres of land could be protected and be permanently cultivated. The dike was constructed by W. O. Creer and Company in the winter of 1920. Unfortunately the spring of 1921 was one of the wettest springs in many years and the river was swollen beyond its capacity with flood waters.

The dike front facing the lake and the river withstood the flood waters very well, but the shallow river channel near the island and wagon ford overflowed its banks allowing the river to cut its course down through the fields in behind the dike. The dike had not been built to fight the waters from the rear as well as the front, so the majority of the dike was swept away overnight.

I recall that while we were attempting to cope with the rising river waters, I was operating our Model "T" Ford pickup, hauling burlap sacks which were filled with sand and placed to protect the dike. I was wearing rubber boots. With the dire emergency, it was necessary to wear the boots continually for a period of more than 32 hours. A blister wore on my heel causing blood poisoning. For a few weeks it was necessary to drive the truck using only one foot.

When Frank Eastmond bought an interest in the Geneva Resort on the shores of Utah Lake, he sold his lease in the grove owned by Provo City near the mouth of Provo River to J. F. McClellan and Arthur N. Taylor. "Uncle Jim" had been in partnership with Frank in the capacity of renting boats to fishermen, duck hunters, and people going bathing in Utah Lake.

Under this new partnership, Uncle Jim would handle the boats and act as caretaker of the property. The store was run by Henry, and Elton was to supervise the forty bathhouses that had been erected on top of the dike at the intersections of the Provo River and Utah Lake. During the rush hours Donald Dixon and Clarence were to leave the farm work and help wherever needed. That winter and spring the ice and high water destroyed the dike and bathhouses. Remnants of the bathhouses were scattered all over the Skipper Bay District.

For the next few years, the resort business was practically non-existent save for the renting of rowboats to the fishermen.

Later a bridge was placed across the river near City Grove, and a lunchroom and store were erected in the grove of trees on the lake front. At times the mosquitoes became so vicious that it was impossible to picnic or enjoy the cool lake breezes unless some protection was afforded. So this lunchroom was screened. It had a shingle roof, sand floor, tables, and benches for the picnickers. Ashted Taylor and his family moved down to the lake front to operate the store and lunchroom. Uncle Jim McClellan still handled the renting of boats from the City Grove.

Later the cabins from the City Grove were purchased and moved down on the lake front, and the boats were rented from the new location. About sixty bathhouses were erected on the sandy shore of Utah Lake, but were built on skids so they could be shifted away from the flood waters of the lake.

Still later the lunchroom was extended to the south, a new maple dance floor was constructed, and a large recordplaying phonograph was installed to furnish music for the dancing and the picnickers.

A modern refrigeration system for keeping foods and ice cream was installed together with soda water coolers, a root beer dispenser, a modern soda water fountain, and display counters.

Arthur N. financed and supervised the project. Uncle Jim McClellan handled the boats and was caretaker during the off-season. Henry acted as manager. Alice ran the store and did the cooking and washing. Clarence took care of the bathing houses, and Kenneth helped wherever necessary. All other members of the family were on hand during the holidays and other busy days.

A large investment had been necessary to put into this resort venture; but like so many other projects, its only result was providing jobs for the boys and girls when not in school.

Missions, graduation from school, and going into other business forced the resort to be leased, and it was only a couple of years until the Provona Beach Resort passed out of existence, was dismantled, and the land sold.

For the many years we had operated Provona Beach, a bathing resort at the mouth of Provo River and Utah Lake, bathhouses and a dance hall had been erected. When the farm had been sold, which included the resort site, to my cousin G. Arnold Taylor and his family, the resort was no longer operated. Father suggested that the materials in the buildings might well be used in the construction of our new homes on "Taylor Hill." After the foundations for our homes had been completed, the dance hall floor was cut in sections in the right sizes to fit the foundation of our new homes. The siding and other materials were used to good advantage.

Whenever a holiday came along, to Arthur N. that was a full day's time to be spent working on one of his special projects. To his boys this was not a holiday, but a special work day for they were always invited and were expected to be present and participate. On one Washington's Birthday, it was building hog pens at the Riverside Farm. On the 4th of July and the 24th of July, it meant being present at Provona Beach to provide extra help in accommodating the bathers, picnickers, the dancers, or sightseers. On one Labor Day it was pulling and burning weeds and especially cockle burrs along the beach, on the lake front, or the grubbing of willows along the river bank. On Labor Day during the fruit season, there were peaches, pears, apples and other fruit to pick, pack, and ship on the "Hillcrest Farm."

On Christmas and New Year's Day after all the chores were finished, the day belonged to the boys. Usually Father would arrange to take his own boys, together with their friends, down to the lake to ice skate. He was a very good ice skater and enjoyed this recreation in the open air very much.



ARTHUR N. TAYLOR FAMILY: From left, front -- Arthur D., Maria Dixon Taylor (Mother), Ruth Elayne, Arthur N. Taylor (Father), and Lynn D. Back--Elton L., Clarence D., Alice Louise, Henry D., Orson Kenneth.



OUR TAYLOR FAMILY HOME located at 256 North Fifth West in Provo where all the children were born with the exception of Arthur D.



Arthur N. Taylor and sons at 270 North Fifth West. Left to right: First row: Lynn, Kenneth, and Kent (grandson). Second row: Henry, Clarence, Arthur N. (father), Arthur D., and Elton.



Arthur N. Taylor and sons at Provona Beach. Left to right: First row: Clarence, Lynn, and Elton. Second row: Henry, Arthur D., Kenneth, and Arthur N. Taylor (father).

CHAPTER 10

DIXON TAYLOR RUSSELL COMPANY

It was to be expected, after the dike on Utah Lake washed out and the farm lands flooded, that father would turn back to the work that he knew best and for which he was best qualified--that of the furniture business.

Upon the advice and backing of his father (George Taylor), he and the following associates organized a new business: Albert F. Dixon, Sidney W. Russell, J. William Howe, Jr., Orson G. Bird, William D. Norman, and Hans O. G. Miller. The name of Dixon Taylor Russell Company was chosen, which represented the names of the vice-president (Albert F. Dixon), president (Arthur N. Taylor), and secretary-treasurer (Sidney W. Russell), respectively. George Taylor's advice of organizing a new business and erecting a new building was followed, rather than buying out an already established and going business.

Arthur traded his Taylor Investment Company stock and other consideration to his brother T. N. Taylor for the vacant corner lot on Third West and Center Street, which was across the road south from the bank. During the summer of 1921, a brick building 68½ feet by 100 feet was erected. Joseph Nelson, the architect, designed this brick building with two floors and two balconies, which was really a credit to Arthur N. Taylor, its owner.

On October 6, 1921, the newly organized Dixon Taylor Russell Company opened its doors to the general public. During the summer Arthur and the other buyers of the company had made their purchases on the Eastern market and when the doors opened to the public, the attractive new building was stocked with all the new, latest, and most up-to-date home furnishings.

The policy of marking each piece of merchandise with its selling price, which was the cash price and the lowest price, was well received by the public.

This one-price policy for merchandise was something new for this area and displayed the integrity and honesty of the company in its desire to treat all customers the same, be he rich or be he poor.

With Provo as the main store, during the next eight years ten branch stores were established in Springville, Payson, Pleasant Grove, Spanish Fork, Nephi, American Fork, Price, Heber, Helper, then later in Orem. During the depression of 1930-33, the stores at Nephi, Heber, and Helper were closed.

Economic conditions incident to the depression had created much unemployment. Customers of DTR Co. who had sizable installment accounts were unable to make payments on their accounts. Father had instituted a program where the employees were required to take 10 per cent of their salaries in produce. Many unemployed debtors were willing to offer their services for credit on their accounts, and others had fruits, vegetables, and other commodities to offer. These were referred to as "Produce Accounts."

The worries and responsibilities of keeping the business open, what with its banks folding up and closing their doors and other financial organizations demanding payments due them, customers being unable to pay their bills, few sales being made, and the prospects of the business being shut down with all the employees having no work and no means of supporting their families, was just too much for one man's shoulders to carry. Father's health began to fail, and he was never able to completely regain it. He, with the loyal support of his associates, was able to pull the company through the financial crisis of this period, and the business continued to grow and prosper.

One of the guiding philosophies of life which exalted him in the eyes of his associates and friends--"I would rather suffer a wrong than do a wrong," can be traced throughout the pattern of his life.



A landmark in downtown Provo, this building was home of Dixon Taylor Russell Co. Built in 1921, it was located at Third West and Center.

DTR PERSONNEL at yule social, photo opposite page: Standing left of stairway: Sidney W. Russell, Peter M. Jensen, John H. Harmon, Hans O. G. Miller, J. Wm. Howe, Lynn D. Taylor, William G. Norman.

Standing right: C. Asael Dahlquist, Arthur D. Taylor, Henry D. Taylor, and William D. Norman.

Sitting on stairway, by rows: Albert F. Dixon, Elsie S. Miller, Elton L. Taylor, George A. Norman, Weston Carter, Ralph Johnson, and Willis Carter.

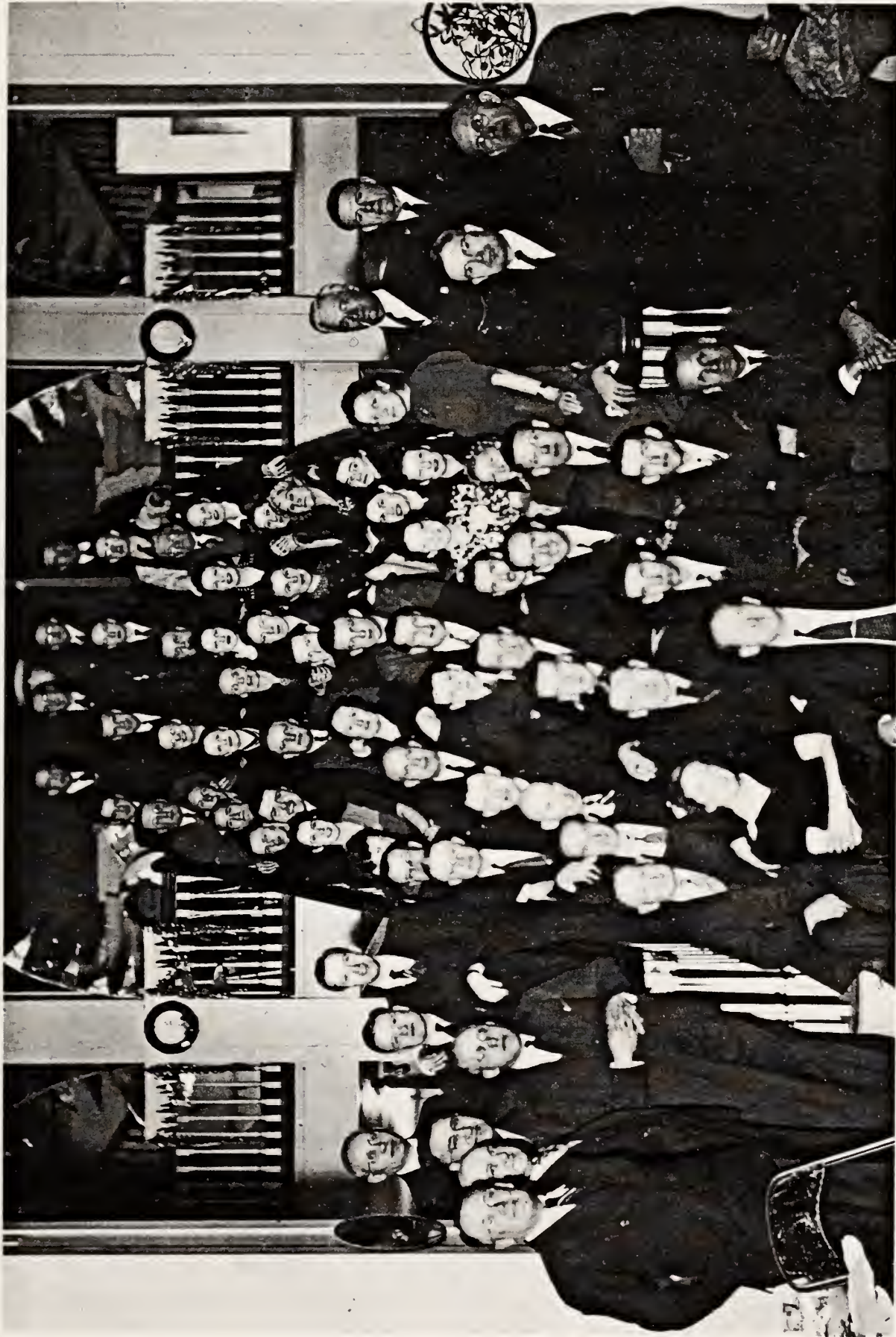
Horace E. Peay, Rulon B. Boyson, Murray Loveless, Eldon F. Lewis, Hyrum Loutensock, Melvin Robbins, Thomas W. Reese, Valene Calder, Vern A. Cullimore.

Golden Taylor, Glen L. Taylor, Arnold H. Angell, Lloyd Henriksen, Lester Allen, Afton Lewis, Bertha Hooks, Phyllis Johnson, Cumorah S. Cullimore.

Maxine Holden, LaPreal R. Taylor, Unidentified, and Matilda B. Bailey. John Liebhardt, Barbara Henrie, Gordon M. Weight, Carlisle Dahlquist, O. Kenneth Taylor, Helen Meservy, Donna Van Wagenen, Roene Curtis, and Phoebe Jones.

J. Vord Spencer, Karl W. Johnson, Erma D. Boshard, Mary Craner, Josephine McKenzie, Frances Johnson, and Naomi Beardall. Mel Palfreyman, Cora G. Vest, D. Merle Sargent, and John L. Russell.

Wilford Miller, Roy Westphal, Eldon A. Dixon, and Kirk Taylor. Angus Backman, James J. Johansen, Orvil H. Howe, and Hal T. Dahlquist.



DIXON TAYLOR RUSSELL COMPANY Christmas social about 1937. Names of those in picture appear on previous page.

CHAPTER 11

DANGERFIELD AND TAYLOR

From the time that they became brothers-in-law, Arthur N. Taylor and Jabez W. Dangerfield took a keen interest in the investment field. Neither had much ready cash for Jabez was building a job-printing business, and Arthur was building up a furniture business. Occasionally, when they could scrape up a little cash together (and without letting their wives know), they would study the mining stock market and invest their little cash in some of the stocks. Sometimes they hit it lucky as was in the case of Tintic Standard, but other times they took their losses.

From this experience crystalized the philosophy with Arthur N. that a little profit was better than none at all. So in his later transactions he was willing to sell out with a reasonable profit and also let some other person stand to make a little profit or sustain the loss. There were many of his friends at this time who were holding their stocks until they thought they had hit the highest peak before selling, which usually resulted in waiting too long before selling. The peak had been reached, and the bottom of prices had dropped out.

The Wildwood cabin was built from the earnings of Iron Blossom mining stocks.

As Dixon Taylor Russell Co. kept growing and needed additional storage space, the partnership of Dangerfield and Taylor came into existence. The 55½ feet of ground lying west of the Consolidated Wagon & Machine Co. and east of the new building occupied by the DTR Co. was purchased or traded with Farmers & Merchants Bank stock from John D. Dixon.

A full basement and the street floor were erected on this property. The basement was used for warehousing stock of DTR Co. The ground floor was divided into three separate store sections and rented to small business such as White Sewing Machine Co.; Mrs. Jones, the milliner; a barber shop and pool hall; real estate office; appliance store; optometrist; and others.

The DTR Co. kept expanding and one by one took over the two and one-half street level divisions of this new building.

Prior to the building of this new structure, the partners had tried to get E. A. Menlove, a photographer, to trade them his little studio which lay between the Dixon lot and the Arthur N. Taylor building to the west. They even offered to build him a new studio adjoining the Consolidated Wagon & Machine Co. building and trade him straight across. He rejected all offers and propositions. Later Mr. Menlove became financially hard pressed, and Dangerfield and Taylor purchased his two story building, which now connected all three buildings.

Even after the many years as partners, J. W. Dangerfield made the remark about his partner, Arthur N. Taylor: "Arthur N. Taylor was the best friend I had." The same could be said of J. W. Dangerfield by A. N. Taylor.

Although of different political affiliations, this did not hinder their congeniality nor warp their keen business judgment. They recognized each other's viewpoint and respected and admired each other's character.

CHAPTER 12

DEVELOPMENT OF TAYLOR'S HILL, OAK CREST,
AND BONNEVILLE DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

One of Father's concluding acts was his recommending and assisting in purchasing and developing of the property on the south bench near the mouth of Rock Canyon.

I (Henry D. Taylor) recall the following events at that time:

On a holiday in the Spring of 1929, Lynn and I had hiked along the foothills east of Provo. We were strongly impressed with the view of the valley from the bench and decided that that was the location where we desired to live. We approached the farmer in the field. We learned that he was Ephraim A. Liechty, who owned the property, and told him of our desires. After several trips and negotiations, we consummated the deal and signed an agreement with him to purchase three lots where rocks had been piled for a price of \$225.00 per lot, for a total of \$675.00. The agreement was signed on July 5, 1929.

On December 26, 1929, I married Alta Hansen of Richfield, Utah, whom I had met at the BYU. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple by Elder Melvin J. Ballard, a member of the Council of the Twelve. She liked the location of the lot as I did, and we looked forward to the time when we could build a home there.

Father was interested greatly in what we were doing and offered us much encouragement. A year later on July 5, 1930, at Father's urging to secure additional acreage around our lots in order to control our neighbors and have protection, we again negotiated with Brother Liechty and purchased his orchard of 8.84 acres with the adjoining hillside for a price of \$800.00. He was to have the crops for five years.

Our brother Arthur D. was one of the original three when the property was purchased, but later sold his interest to our brother Clarence who participated in the development.

In 1932 not long after Lynn and I had commenced building of our homes on the "Hill," Julian Greer, cashier of the Stake Bank of Provo, came into the store and advised me that years before he had been associated with the Provo Meat and Packing Company. They had operated a slaughterhouse in the mouth of Rock Canyon and owned two tracts of land adjacent to our property. They had built a cement cistern on the hill above to furnish water for the slaughterhouse located below at the base of the hill. The company had quit business, and Julian had become the recipient of the remaining assets. He stated that he and his wife were very interested in a beautiful rug which was priced between \$200 and \$300. He offered to trade us his interest in the property for the rug. I told him that I would let him know in a day or two.

When I discussed the matter with Father, he advised that I should acquire the property. In view of my limited resources, the rug could be charged to him, but that I should take title to the property and should have the same. I thanked him and told him that I was willing to take the title, but would feel better if it were owned by him. We made the deal with Julian. He gave me a quit-claim deed, explaining that in view of the circumstances, he would not give a warranty deed. One tract was 4.42 acres and the other one was 7.07 acres for a total of 11.49 acres.

Our investment in the three parcels of land was as follows: 2.70 acres @ \$225.00 for a total of \$675.00 for the lots, 8.84 acres at \$800.00; and later the purchase of the Julian Greer property of 11.49 acres for a rug worth \$300.00, making a total cost of \$1,775.00 for a total of 23.03 acres. Each of the three owners then had an investment of \$591.67.

Not long after acquiring the property from Ephraim A. Liechty, our thoughts were constantly on figuring out ways and means in which we could construct homes. However, we were aware of the many obstacles that must be overcome. There was no road to the property. There were no utilities such as water, electricity, and phones. The country was just entering the Great Depression, and money was extremely tight. But with more enthusiasm and courage than with good judgment, we continued to work and plan.

In spite of the oncoming depression, we decided to go forward with the building of our homes. The first step was to build a cement bridge over the Rock Canyon ditch at the bottom of the hill. When this was completed in November 1930, Utah County was kind enough to lend us the use of a road grader. John Peay was contacted and on a produce account basis furnished his team and outlined and graded a road to our proposed home sites. This was completed in June 1931. With his team Mr. Peay also excavated for our basements.

We had entered into a contract with Utah Power & Light Company, and they had run the electric power lines to our properties. Bert Crane, manager of Utah Timber & Coal Company, was most cooperative and helpful in providing cement and needed building materials. P. L. Larsen, a good and wonderful friend, agreed to handle the heating and plumbing contract. He had arranged for us to sign a note to the First Banccredit Corp., Wrigley Building in Chicago, Illinois, which was dated August 25, 1932, and was for \$1,242.50. One thousand dollars was for the plumbing and heating in both homes, and \$242.50 was for carrying charges. The note was payable at \$34.51 per month. Later in order to pay P. L. Larsen \$200.00 for stokers, a new note dated January 16, 1933, was signed by us in the amount of \$1,360.00, payable at \$37.78 per month.

Lynn, who had worked at one time in the architectural office of Joseph Nelson, had designed two artistic and lovely homes for us.

A problem which gave us considerable concern was a water system. Finally, we had determined to pattern somewhat after the system used by our neighbor, Ephraim Liechty, who ran Rock Canyon water from an irrigation ditch into a cement reservoir then pumped the water with a hand pump. Lynn designed the west half of our basement to become a cement reservoir, which would be filled from the Rock Canyon stream.

An electric pressure pump was installed in the east part of our basement which provided us with adequate pressure, and a water line was run from the pressure pump down to Lynn's home.

Albert Westover, a gifted and dependable carpenter, was anxious to do the work on a produce-account basis and to supervise the buildings, as he had a very substantial account at the store.

Using much of the material from Provona Beach resort, construction went forward during the summer of 1932, and by the fall we were able to move into our new home. What a thrilling and exciting day it was! We gave our new home the name of "Oak Crest." The days that followed were not without problems. The road up the hill was not graveled, and following a rain storm it would become very soft, and the car would mire and sink down. Many times we were required to walk up the hill. Another concern was the water. To get water into the reservoir under our house, it had to come through an open ditch. In the winter the water would freeze in the ditch, and we had a desperate time breaking the ice and trying to coax it along. We had no phones and would have to go down to our neighbors, the Alden Chatwins. They were most kind and thoughtful people.

After the buildings were completed and we had moved in, we were able to qualify for Home Owners Loan Corporation (HOLC) loans, sponsored by the government. Thus we could care for all our creditors who had been so kind and trusting.

On April 6, 1934, Alta and I signed a mortgage in favor of Home Owners Loan Corporation (HOLC) for \$2,526.05, bearing interest at 5%, payable at \$10.51 per month until June, 1936; then \$23.36 per month for 12 years. The funds were disbursed to pay the following obligations:

DTR (Produce Accounts)	\$1,500.00
Utah Timber & Coal Co.	1,000.00
Abstract	6.25
Appraisal Fee	5.00
Examination of Abstract	5.00
Recording of Mortgage	5.10
Credit Rating	1.00
Closing Fee	<u>5.00</u>
	\$2,526.05

I would like to pay tribute to Alta and Cess. It was not an easy thing for women to go through the sacrifices, privations, and hardships of pioneer living; but they were wonderful sports, and much of the credit for the success of "Taylor's Hill" should go to them.

Not long after building our home, we found that it was awkward to get along without a phone. We made constant contacts with the telephone company. Finally they agreed that if we had three subscribers, they would make the installations. We worked out a plan to which Clarence agreed. With Father's consent a 12' x 12' sleeping porch was moved from our former home on Fifth West and was placed on Clarence's lot between our home and Lynn's on the "Hill." Phones were then installed in our two homes and in the sleeping porch. As I recall, it was on a 10 or 12 party line which was in almost constant use, but we were thrilled and delighted to have the use of a phone if and when we were able to secure the line.

The property at the base of the hill had been used as a dumping ground. The land adjoining to the south was leased from Provo City, and the whole area turned into a horse pasture. It was many years before the vegetation grew tall enough to hide the old rusting tin cans and junk and started to look halfway respectable once again.

On days that Arthur did not go for his horseback ride or after his evening ride, he fenced off about an acre of land on top of the hill where he planted several hundred grape vines.

From the book "Henry Dixon Taylor," pp. 102-107B, the following account has been taken:

Bonneville Development Company

As many of our friends and curious sightseers drove up "Taylor Hill," they enjoyed the magnificent view of Utah Valley and were thrilled by the colorful, golden sunsets. Favorable comments were made, and there was considerable interest manifest in the location.

The old Muhlestein home situated above us had stood vacant for a long time. George Muhlestein had lived there for a short time, and then later, the Angus L. Wall family. Lynn and I had dreamed and talked often of a time when we might have a part in acquiring the 160 acres that had been homesteaded by Nicholas Muhlestein during the early settlement of the valley. There were now 13 Muhlestein sons and daughters remaining. They were spread throughout Canada and the United States.

Our very close and dear friends, the J. Hamilton Calders, seemed also to possess pioneer blood in their veins and, with their keen insight and vision, could see the possibilities and wisdom in acquiring the property.

Although we had associated with the Calders for many years in a social way, now commenced a beautiful business relationship that extended from 1939 to 1972, a period of over 33 years, when Hamilton passed away with a heart attack.

We enjoyed each other's confidence, stemming from a mutual trust. We seemed to work well together as a team, and the obstacles and trials we encountered brought us closer together.

Hamilton and I first made contact with Israel Muhlestein, who was employed by the Mountain States Telephone Company, to determine if the property might be for sale. He informed us that his older brother, C. H. Muhlestein (known as Hyrum), was administrator of their estate. When we talked to him, he advised us that many of his sisters were now widowed as well as his sisters-in-law. He thought that they would be interested in disposing of the property as they were in need of funds and that he would contact each one to make sure. The year was 1939. The money situation was very tight. We negotiated with Brother Muhlestein at

some length and finally arrived at an offer price of \$7,500. In accordance with his promise, Brother Muhlestein proceeded to contact members of his family.

While waiting for a reply, Hamilton and I proceeded to contact individuals who we thought might be interested in our project. Many who had available funds in that money-scarce time laughed at us, stating that it was a hare-brained scheme and a very impractical project. They pointed out that the property was located too far from the center of Provo. There were no roads, no utilities, no water system, and no improvements and that the project had no possibilities. But in spite of the rebuffs and negative response, Ham and I continued to make solicitations. Lynn was also doing all that he could to find interested partners.

We were later informed by Brother Muhlestein that he had received word from all the family members; and in view of depressed conditions, that they were agreeable to accepting our offer.

We had H. Maurice Harding, a local attorney and later a judge, prepare a real estate contract between John N. Muhlestein and Helene Dresser Muhlestein, his wife; Barbara Muhlestein; Margaret Muhlestein; Hyrum Muhlestein and Theresia Muhlestein, his wife; Josephine Hasler; Mary Ann Smith; Louise Hooks; Esther Brown; Ida Conrad; Enoch Muhlestein and Genevieve Muhlestein, his wife; A. B. Muhlestein and May S. Muhlestein, his wife; Israel Muhlestein and Dorothy Muhlestein, his wife; Ephraim A. Muhlestein and Lillie Muhlestein, his wife, parties of the first part as vendors and Henry D. Taylor, J. Hamilton Calder, and Lynn D. Taylor, Trustees, parties of the second part as purchasers.

Purchasers agreed to pay the sum of \$7,500 plus \$180 to acquire the underground mineral rights held by the Knight Investment Company upon delivery of an abstract of title and warranty deed.

In spite of the rebuffs and discouraging receptions, we vigorously continued our efforts to find interested subscribers and were embarrassed when Brother Muhlestein notified us he had the signed agreement and warranty deed ready to deliver to us.

The subscription list we were using read as follows:

We, the Undersigned, hereby subscribe for Capital Stock in the _____ Corporation (the name to be chosen and selected) for an amount set opposite our names (Par value of stock to be determined). We agree to pay this sum by March 1, 1940.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>AMOUNT</u>
Henry D. Taylor	\$500.00
J. Hamilton Calder	500.00
Fred L. Markham	500.00

Lynn D. Taylor	\$500.00
Verl G. Dixon	500.00
Clarence D. Taylor	500.00
George H. Smeath	500.00
Ruth E. Taylor	500.00
Oliver R. Smith	500.00
Kenneth Taylor	500.00
Maurice Harding	500.00
Weldon J. Taylor	500.00

Unforeseen conditions arose which made it impossible for Verl G. Dixon, Oliver R. Smith, and Maurice Harding to carry out their commitments, although Maurice Harding executed all the legal work and accepted one share of stock in the new corporation worth \$100 in payment for his services. Later, Arch L. Madsen and Dr. DaCosta Clark also subscribed for \$500 each and became incorporators in the corporation.

With the funds realized from the subscribers and with a \$2,750 loan from the bank, we were able to pay the Muhlesteins and receive the warranty deed to the property, together with 16 shares of Rock Canyon Water stock.

It was decided to call the new corporation "Bonneville Development Company." Articles of Incorporation were prepared, dated, and filed on March 29, 1941. The names of the incorporators were:

<u>NAME</u>	<u>SHARES OF STOCK</u>
Henry D. Taylor	5
J. Hamilton Calder	5
Clarence D. Taylor	5
Fred L. Markham	5
Lynn D. Taylor	5
George H. Smeath	5
Weldon J. Taylor	5
Arch L. Madsen	5
DaCosta Clark	5
Ruth E. Taylor	5
Ethelyn P. Taylor	5*
Maurice Harding	1

*Kenneth Taylor passed away subsequent to signing subscription list. His wife, Ethelyn, honored his commitment.

The Board of Directors named were:

Henry D. Taylor	George H. Smeath
J. Hamilton Calder	Weldon J. Taylor
Fred L. Markham	Arch L. Madsen
Lynn D. Taylor	DaCosta Clark

The officers elected were:

President
Vice President
Secretary-Treasurer

Henry D. Taylor
J. Hamilton Calder
Clarence D. Taylor

Capitol Stock authorized - 250 shares at \$100 per share = \$25,000.
I was issued certificate No. 1 for 5 shares, dated October 11, 1941.

Originally, we each had a \$500 investment. Later, in order to obtain additional working capital, each of us subscribed for 6 more shares of stock at a cost of \$100 per share. Each of us now had 11 shares of common stock with a par value of \$1,100. I was issued certificate No. 28 for 6 shares, dated August 16, 1948.

By 1944 in order to improve the water system, it was decided that we would construct a cement reservoir in the mouth of Rock Canyon near the cement flume of the Rock Canyon Water Company. By running the Rock Canyon water into the reservoir on our assigned turns, it would provide sufficient pressure and storage to care for our needs. A four-inch cast iron pipe-line would be installed to run from the reservoir westward and southward to our property. Architect Fred L. Markham, an organizer of the company and a member of the board, designed the reservoir. Lenn A. Creer was chosen to dig the trench with his equipment, install the pipe, and construct the reservoir. The work was commenced in August and completed in December of 1944. The costs were:

Cast iron pipe	\$2,482.62
Concrete pipe	212.73
Digging, laying, and lead	3,390.18
Cement and material for reservoir	1,862.15
Diversion box	<u>855.19</u>

Total cost	\$8,802.87
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Funds for this project were furnished by:

Bonneville Development Company	\$6,700.00
Henry D. Taylor	500.00
Lynn D. Taylor	500.00
Clarence D. Taylor	500.00
Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate	<u>500.00</u>

\$8,700.00

While this was a tremendous improvement, we were aware that it was but a temporary move.

Realizing the importance of having access to a suitable and acceptable culinary water system, we had made application to have our property, which was located in Utah County, be annexed by Provo City. After several years of urging, the city finally allowed the annexation.

Subsequently, Hamilton and I met frequently with Mayor Mark Anderson and his commissioners trying to persuade them to

cooperate in helping to improve our water facilities. The City Engineer was opposed; and, having influence with the City Commission, our requests were denied. However, we persisted when George Collard was elected mayor, but without success.

My brother Clarence had purchased a frame home in Dragerton, which he had moved to a lot on the "Hill," on our jointly owned property. On July 16, 1948, the Calders commenced construction on their beautiful home at 1974 North Oak Lane. During the period of construction, they lived in Clarence's home. They moved into their new home on December 22, 1948.

At the same time that the Calders were building, we were also constructing a new home just across the street west and a little north of them at 2025 North Oak Lane. Our home was completed by Ruel D. Davis and his crew, and we moved into it in June, 1949.

We enjoyed a wonderful relationship with the Calders. Our children grew up together. Myrtle and Alta had much in common and a deep and sincere love for each other. They were delightful and generous neighbors.

One night upon retiring I had difficulty sleeping. In my mind I was reviewing the numerous futile attempts that Ham and I had encountered in getting Provo City properly interested to assist with our problem. We were aware that it would not be possible for us to develop the project without an adequate culinary water system. Suddenly a plan came to my mind. I have always thought it was by inspiration. Why not propose to Provo City that they advance one-half of the cost of a project that we would develop and have the property owners who would benefit advance the other half? The project could be self-liquidating by requiring a hook-on fee by those who would use the system.

Early the next morning I walked from DTR across Center Street to the Walker Bank and told Ham of the strong impressions that had come to me the preceding night. As we discussed the subject, he stated that he thought the idea was sound and had merit. Shortly thereafter, we called a meeting of the Bonneville Development Company Board of Directors. They approved the basic plan and authorized us to present it to Provo City with authority to commence negotiations.

Provo by then had a City Manager by the name of E. Earl Udall, a progressive and farsighted young man. We first presented our plan to him. He was enthusiastic. Next we met with the City Council. They also looked upon the plan with favor. They agreed that it should be spelled out more in detail, and that estimated costs should be obtained.

The plan we presented and suggested was for Provo City to build a reservoir or cement tank on the hill above the old Muhlestein home. This would be high enough to provide adequate pressure for all the property to be developed on the hill, and it

would be large enough to assure an adequate supply. The plan was to lay a cast iron pipeline westward from this proposed tank to the large Provo City reservoir, which holds millions of gallons of water. A pump would be installed at the reservoir which would turn on automatically when the tank on the hill called for water, and it would run until the tank was filled.

Provo City had an abundance of water and realized that this plan would provide their system with many potential profitable users.

To finance this proposal we suggested that Provo City would advance one-half of the cost of the project, and involved property owners who would benefit would furnish the other 50 percent. The plan provided that individuals who had already built homes and others who would build would pay a \$200 hook-on charge. The participants, those who advanced funds for the project, would receive 4 percent interest on the amounts they had invested; and amounts received from hook-on fees would pay the interest and retire the principal advanced over a period of time. The idea of a self-liquidating project seemed to have enthusiastic acceptance.

The plan was approved, and an agreement was entered into between Provo City and the other participants on June 14, 1954. The final cost of the project was \$28,959.51. Funds advanced by participants are as follows:

	<u>PARTICIPANT</u>	<u>PERCENT</u>	<u>AMOUNT</u>
1.	Provo City	50.00	\$14,599.51
2.	Bonneville Development Company	20.83	6,000.00
3.	BYU	15.27	4,400.00
4.	The Grows	10.43	3,000.00
5.	Henry D. Taylor (for Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate)	<u>3.47</u>	<u>1,000.00</u>
		100.00	\$28,959.51

This development has made possible the wonderful growth and expansion that has taken place. Some of the finest homes in Provo City are now built in the area.

Many years later, upon the suggestion of DeLance W. Squire, our auditor, a study was conducted to determine ways of reducing our income tax. After much consideration, it was decided to form a limited partnership and liquidate the Bonneville Development Company. This partnership was to be known as "Bonneville Heights, Inc.," a Utah Corporation. This corporation would be the General Partner in the limited partnership known as "Bonneville Company." Clyde D. Sandgren was chosen to serve as legal counselor in these organizations.

In 1976 an offer was made to sell the remainder of the property owned in the project. A contract for sale dated May 20, 1976,

between Bonneville Company, a Limited Partnership, as Sellers, and Hugh V. Smith, Jr., of Montgomery, Alabama, and J. Ron Rogers of Fort Walton Beach, Florida, as buyers, was signed. This transaction covered the purchase of the remaining 66.993 acres of land as determined by Eccles Cameron, civil engineer, at a price of \$12,500.00 per acre, for a purchase price of \$837,412.50. The down payment was \$200,000.00. The remaining balance of \$637,412.50 was to be paid \$100,000.00 plus 9 per cent interest on unpaid balance on May 20 in each year of 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, and 1981, and the balance of principal on May 20, 1982. Title to 18 lots, constituting 8.22 acres and known as Plat "K," was conveyed to the buyers upon the down payment of \$200,000.00.

Bonneville Development Company

Return to Henry D. Taylor on Investment

11 Shares of Common Stock @\$100 per share = \$1,100 Invested

<u>Year</u>	<u>Dividend Paid</u>	<u>Percentage Rate of Dividend</u>
1957	\$ 110.00	10
1958	110.00	10
1959	165.00	15
1960	110.00	10
1961	110.00	10
1962	220.00	20
1963	220.00	20
1964	440.00	40
1965	440.00	40
1966	440.00	40
1967	550.00	50
1968	550.00	50
1969	770.00	70
1970	770.00	70
1971	770.00	70
1972	<u>770.00</u>	70
	\$6,545.00	
	<u>2,000.00</u> Lot sold to Ashworth	
	<u>\$8,545.00</u>	
1973	770.00	70
1974	770.00	70
1975	770.00	70
1976 By sale	<u>\$41,681.20</u>	
TOTAL	<u>\$52,536.20</u>	

In September 1965 my brother Lynn wrote a detailed account on our purchasing and developing the property on the "Hill," giving his article the title of "Our Home on the Hill." He passed away on July 2, 1967. The following is the article he wrote:

"OUR HOME ON THE HILL"
By Lynn Dixon Taylor

Many times during the past 30 years I have been asked the question: "Why did you pick that particular spot on which to build your Home"?

For many years this question was tinged with incredulity, but now I detect a hint of envious curiosity. Never in all these years has there been any change in the answer, "Because we love it here."

As I look in retrospect, I am aware of tremendous physical changes in the area in which we chose to live.

As a boy I recall hiking up Rock Canyon, a long way from "Sandy Alley," home of the Dixons and Taylors. I remember trudging over "Temple Hill" to a winding wagon road, little more than a trail which is now known as "Martin Lane."

This, at that time, was the only passable road for a vehicle to Rock Canyon. At the foot of the hill near the culvert currently leading up Oak Lane, there was a slaughterhouse. Remains of the old rock and concrete walls and floors are still visible. A pipeline up the hill ended in an open concrete reservoir which was about 10' x 10' in size.

I recall stopping at the slaughterhouse and watching with curious nausea the killing of a cow and several pigs. At this time the slaughterhouse was owned and operated by the later defunct Provo Meat and Packing Co., whose market was located just south of the State Bank on University Avenue.

Perhaps the most vivid of my trips to Rock Canyon (one which stamped itself indelibly on my mind, and one which was pleausrably recalled many times) was one of those incomparable sunny days in June when we climbed the foothills to the old Muhlestein House on the upper bench, stopping for a drink of cold canyon water and a rest.

At this time a clay pipeline extended from the springs in Rock Canyon along the hillside and stopped at the Muhlestein Home. Parts of this old waterline are still in evidence.

To the west the entire valley with its green farms, clusters of houses and trees framing the sparkling expanse of Utah Lake, was breathtaking. To the south, Mount Nebo; to the north, majestic Timpanogos; and practically overhead, the towering crags of Squaw Peak, seemed to create a picture I had never before seen.

Here was an old-fashioned garden in full bloom. The lazy droning of bees in the flowers and the pungent perfume from scores of native lilacs, with the comfortable warmth of June sunshine, brought to my mind a glimpse of Paradise that I have never forgotten.

During the early period of Provo's history, the Fort was located in what became known as the "Fort Fields." Here was level rich black loam with no rocks, plenty of water, and close proximity to the Fort for protection from the roving bands of Indians.

Two families from Switzerland, the Muhlesteins and Liechtys, had other ideas. These families were industrious, religious, and very ingenious.

Instead of acquiring fertile acres in the Fort Fields area, they looked to the mountains on the east. They settled on one of the benches left by prehistoric Lake Bonneville. Here was a lack of fertility in the soil. Rocks, clay, and quicksand was the soil with hard-pan close to the surface in many places. No available water was apparent.

Settling on this terrain called for hard work and determination to scratch out a living. As a result, these families became practically self-supporting. They even built an almost impossible road up Rock Canyon to Dutchman's Flat (now the Camp Ground) where certain crops were planted and produced. I recall seeing parts of an old abandoned hayrake in this area.

An uncle of mine told me he remembered, as a boy, seeing Nicholas Muhlestein, who wore a gold earring in one ear, driving a yoke of oxen on a Provo street drawing a bobsled loaded with maple and oak logs to make delivery of someone's firewood. A few of the big oak trees are still growing on the hill and are responsible for the name "Oak Hills."

These self-supporting people made their own shoes from self-produced leather. They sheared, carded, and spun their wool to make their own clothes. Straw was woven to make hats. I remember Ephraim Liechty showing me an old granary where spinning wheels, a straw hat weaver, shoemaker's lasts and a great deal of other equipment was stored.

Too much praise cannot be given these families for their frugality, resourcefulness, honesty, and integrity.

In 1929 my brother Henry D. and I drove up toward Rock Canyon and after parking at the foot of the bench climbed up the hill and sat down to rest about where my home now is. It was another spring day and the hillside was covered with Sego Lilies and sort of a blue pea-type wild flower.

Gazing at the lake and the valley, we began to talk about a problem which concerned us both. We had married recently and were

living in rented homes. To live and raise families in homes of our own was a situation we both were anxious to achieve. However we were facing the fact that the worst part of the depression made it the poorest time possible to think of building.

As we reclined on the sunny hillside, I made the remark, "How would you like to live up here?" It sounded like wishful thinking.

Henry, however, seemed to think it was not a silly question, and we began to discuss the possibility of getting a couple of lots and someday in the far-distant future build on them. At this time the only houses were Muhlestein's, Liechty's, the old Bean home, and a few more nearer the heart of the present Upper Campus BYU structures.

We had noticed a man over near the north edge of the bench planting some peach trees. We decided to ask him about the ground and introduced ourselves. After a while we asked if he would consider selling us a couple of lots on which we could build. He thought we were crazy, and it took him quite awhile to get the idea.

He said he did not wish to sell any of his ground as he needed all he had for farming. We pointed to the rocky ridge running from where we had been sitting north to the edge of the bench overlooking the Rock Canyon wash, which was not under cultivation. He said it was too high and rocky to farm and there was a huge pile of rocks at the south end where they had been dumping those gathered up from the fields for many years.

However, if we were crazy enough to want to buy it he would let us have it. We made a deal with Ephraim Liechty on the spot for approximately three acres along the edge of the hill.

It was heartening when we brought Celestia and Alta up to see the view and the lots to find they both were thrilled with the outlook. We made a number of visits up in the evening to look at the glorious sunsets and each visit increased our desires to move up there.

It became a habit to drive up on the hill each evening and enjoy these beautiful sights. On one occasion Ephraim Liechty, who frequently came out to chat with us, looked at the magnificent scene and remarked, "I've lived up here all my life and never noticed these sunsets before. They are kind of pretty, aren't they"?

We faced a problem that many times seemed insurmountable. It was the worst part of the depression. We had no cash, and it was impossible to get a loan on houses located in such an unheard-of place.

Henry had worked in the Dixon Real Estate Co. and was acquainted with certain people who put money out to loan. I remember visiting some of them with poor success. One man said, "I've already

got all the houses I want!" (assuming that if he made a loan on our homes he would soon have to foreclose on them).

Another man said he had every confidence in us and that if we would pick lots in Provo City he would gladly let us have the necessary money.

It was a very discouraging period but failed to dampen our enthusiasm for the idea of getting up on the hill.

Father, who was always starting projects, had purchased the area at the mouth of the Provo River on the north side and with some others dyked certain areas to protect the ground from the flood waters of Provo River during the spring run-off. The soil was very fertile and the proposition looked excellent until one spring the dyke was breached, and a small fortune went with it.

The next project was the Provona Resort Co. A number of bath-houses, a store, and a dance pavilion were built. A great deal of experience, but little profit was the result.

Desperately struggling with our problem of building on the hill, we suddenly came up with the idea of using lumber from the now deserted Provona Beach structures as part of the building materials we needed.

The dance pavilion had a beautiful maple floor. The bath-houses were covered with lumber which would make exterior sheathing together with dimension timbers.

After several years of part-time employment in the architectural offices of Joseph Nelson, I was able to draw up plans for our two houses, so that we knew exactly what materials we needed for construction.

Father, meanwhile, had become interested in starting the Dixon-Taylor-Russell Co., and we had become financially interested in the business. During the depression the business had its troubles as did most others. Being an installment business, a large amount of its assets were tied-up in customer accounts. People with good credit were out of work and could not make their monthly payments.

The company set up for each of the owners and employees what became known as "Produce Accounts." A certain percentage of one's wages went each month into this account. It was a period of trade and barter. Farmers traded hay, butter, milk, eggs, etc., to employees, and accounts were debited and credited accordingly.

We began to see a glimmer of hope for our house projects. Why not find men whose various services we needed, and give them credit on their accounts for these services?

We lined up a good carpenter, and helpers, men and teams for excavating and road building, sand and gravel suppliers, laborers,

roofers, electricians, and many other craftsmen. With such assistance, for example, the beautiful maple floor of the Provona dance pavilion, including the floor joists underneath, were sawed into sections which would rest on our basement walls in the exact size needed. These sections were loaded and moved by a housemover who had an overdue account.

We will not forget how Parley Larsen went to bat for us on a finance plan enabling us to pay for the plumbing and heating. We were turned down on our application to use the manufacturer's finance plan, but "P.L." swore we were good risks and refused to take "no" for an answer. I know the manager in Salt Lake City thought they were making the wildest kind of a gamble, but Parley vouched for us all the way.

Before we could think of starting construction, there were certain basic things that had to be accomplished. Our best approach appeared to be the idea of starting near the slaughterhouse site, cross the creek and make a dugway following the present Oak Lane, then to circle my lot and run north to Henry's.

We were able to get some pieces of used bridge conduit to put in the creek, then fill over the top with dirt from further up the road until we had a passable roadway. We had made a deal with the Giles Family for merchandise at the store to pay for covering the entire road with gravel.

The whole cost of this road expense was borne by us. In the winter we had no help from the county but had to park at the bottom of the hill or churn up the hill through the snow with the aid of tire chains. Frequently Ephraim Liechty would appear with his horse-drawn snowplow to help clear our road as well as his own.

The greatest problem of all was the water situation. This problem held back the development of the area for many years.

The pipeline serving the Liechty and Muhlestein homes had been allowed to disintegrate after the Rock Canyon Water Co. had developed a source of water which pretty well dried up the old springs used by the Muhlesteins and others.

When we moved up on the hill, the families there were using water from the irrigation ditch, diverted from the concrete flume in Rock Canyon. The water was run through a gravel bed for settling and then into a concrete reservoir, which had a hand pump on the top.

After a great deal of thought we decided that pending the development of the old springs, drilling a well, or getting a connection with Provo City's system which was reservoired at the foot of the bench, we would use the same system as the Liechty's.

We bought several shares of water in the Rock Canyon Water Co. and received delivery of the stream approximately once a week. Our water system involved building a concrete, watertight reservoir

under the living room of Henry's house. A pipeline was run from there to my house. A pressure pump was connected to the system which proved to be annoying. It frequently leaked and it was noisy, going on at any time of the night or day. At intervals the reservoir had to be drained and scrubbed. Samples of the water were sent to the State Board of Health frequently, and when showing pollution, we brought our culinary water up from town each day.

An incident typical of our water dilemma occurred a few years later when Karl and Elma Young rented Henry's house for a year while he, with his family, was in New York where he worked on his Master's Degree.

It was a bitterly cold winter with one of the heaviest snows in our experience. One January day we discovered the reservoir was empty. This calamity had to be resolved quickly because there were hot water jackets in each furnace and because of the bitterly cold weather it was necessary to keep the furnaces going continually.

Karl and I took our shovels, after dressing as warmly as we could, and struggled up to the "Devil's Kitchen" where the water could be diverted into our ditch. We fixed the dam and coaxed the water by shovelling the snow and debris out of the ditch ahead of the water. Several times it clogged and froze into ice, and we had to check back on it frequently.

We struggled all day and finally by dusk had the water nearly to Henry's house. However, the freezing snow and ice clogged the ditch and we were forced to give up.

After a restless sleep, worrying about the pipes freezing and bursting, morning came, and we slogged up the ditch and started all over. Some moderation in the weather began, and we finally were able to get a steady trickle of water into the reservoir.

We had missed two days from school but had added another experience we would not soon forget. Had Karl not sprung from "Pioneer Stock," and had he not the fortitude and determination to assist in overcoming our plight, it might have been a sad episode.

Incidentally, it brings to mind another occasion connected with our struggle to keep the reservoir full.

Upon returning from a bishop's meeting late one evening, Celestia informed me that we had no water. According to the Water Turn Schedule our turn began at 6:00 a.m. the following morning. However, it should have read at 6:00 p.m. that evening.

As I thought the matter over I felt that due to the lateness of the hour and the fact that I would only need the water about 30 minutes, I decided to "borrow" someone else's water.

Not stopping for a lantern, I grabbed a shovel and climbed the trail to the point in Rock Canyon where a headgate combination diverted the water either west in our ditch or south to the Liechty's.

Feeling my way in the pitch black darkness, I found the head-gates and discovered a big stream of water going south. After tugging with the gate which was tightly jammed, I finally got it out and turned the water down our ditch.

All of a sudden I was struck with a brilliant glare of light and an angry voice cried, "Stealing my water, are you?" I couldn't help thinking of how many quarrels and deaths had resulted from stealing water, and I was mighty scared.

Then the light was turned at an angle, and I discovered my friend, Heber Liechty, who did not know until then who had been splashing around in the ditch stealing his water.

Of course, when I explained my troubles to Heber he was sympathetic and helped me turn the water and said to keep it as long as I needed it.

The problem of communication was slowly solved. No mail delivery was available and all mail was sent to the store. A satisfactory arrangement was made with the Utah Power & Light Co. to service us with electricity, but our problem of telephones was not so simple.

The ruling on telephones for a situation like ours was that a minimum of three phones was necessary. We agreed to pay for three phones, but red tape said no. There must be three houses.

After much deliberation, we solved the problem by moving an old sleeping porch from Father's home and placing it equidistant between our two houses. A phone was installed in it along with ours in the name of my brother Clarence, and every time a phone on our nine party system rang, you could hear it in the old sleeping porch.

The soil on our hill was such that after a rain you could "sink a blanket" on it. Romantically inclined couples began parking along our roadway, admiring the moonlight on the lake, and in rainy weather becoming mired in the mud. After being awakened many nights with pleas to help extricate cars, we finally put a shovel where we could tell them to help themselves and dig their own way out.

One of our biggest problems was that of mud everytime it rained. I spent many hours of backbreaking toil gathering and placing large boulders with the flat side up around the house serving as walks and a flagged area. Lawns were planted and gravel was spread to help the situation.

A near tragedy occurred in connection with gathering the rocks. One July 24th morning at daybreak John, my oldest son, who was about 10 years old, went with me to scout for additional rocks. I had just purchased a beautiful new Dodge sedan of which we were very proud. John and I rode up Rock Canyon to a site just

below the weir. We were stopped by a deep wash about ten feet deep and 20 feet across. In order to turn around safely, I got out of the car to check my position. I told John to stay in the car, but fortunately he climbed out, dogging my heels. As I looked up the canyon, John grabbed my leg and yelled. I turned just in time to see the rear of that beautiful new car rise, rise, as the front plunged down to the bottom of the wash, then turn and come to rest on its side.

I can still feel that sick sensation in my stomach as I scrambled down and removed the key from the ignition.

We hurried home and got Henry up to see what our insurance status was. Fortunately we were covered by a realiable company, and the car was repaired in first-class condition.

The Rock Canyon water shed had been scalped year after year by so many herds of sheep that every spring a roaring flood came down, sometimes going all the way to the highway. The ground from our bench to Indian Hills would frequently be a raging torrent, sometimes on the north side, sometimes over against our bench. I recall standing there with Ephraim Liechty watching the flood roll boulders the size of pianos down its course.

Naturally, people living in the area were much concerned. One evening when we returned home in a rainstorm, we were surprised to find Darwesh Kader, his wife, and little girl sitting in our kitchen. The Kaders were Syrians, and it was hard to understand their speaking. Mrs. Kader was tatooed on the forehead and around her mouth and could speak no English.

When we entered the house, Darwesh said in his high-pitched voice, "Big storm, we come stay with you." Fortunately the storm was soon over, and they were able to return to their home.

We became quite well acquainted with both Darwesh and his Uncle "Mose." They frequently stopped us as we drove past and insisted on our accepting fruit until it became rather embarrassing to us.

Returning home in somewhat of a hurry one day, I approached the large culvert where the road crosses a canal. The culvert is rather high and conceals the road for some distance ahead. Skimming over the culvert I saw a flock of chickens directly in my path. Setting my brakes I did my best to stop but ploughed thru the chickens. Stopping the car I jumped out and ran back to try to pay for the damage.

Suddenly Mrs. Kader came running out of her house, brandishing a huge knife and screeching at the top of her voice. I thought, "Well, this is it," and I started to tell her I would pay the damage. She kept coming and grabbed a big Plymouth Rock rooster, who was flopping around with a broken leg, and whacked off its head, grabbed a newspaper from under her arm, rolled the chicken in it, and handed it to me saying, "You take him home and eat him!"

One of our problems was transportation. Each family had a car, but there was the problem of getting to work, getting the children to school, and having a car available for the girls' use for social affairs, etc. Each morning we loaded one car with children and dropped them at school on our way to work. There were no school buses and inasmuch as we lived in the county we were not allowed to send them to the city schools. The BYU Training School had a full compliment of Taylor Kids.

In the evening on the way home our pick-ups started with the store (DTR), with stops at the library, Training School, and homes of friends, not to mention stops for culinary water, gas, and our daily supply of milk or groceries. Today there are four school buses that pass our house.

In the meantime the old Muhlestein house was abandoned and became a "haunted house" for our children, especially at Halloween time. All members of the Muhlestein family had left for other areas, and the old homestead and its 160 acres of barren ground, with deep ravines, bare hillsides, and profusion of scrub oaks began to return to its original state.

Arrangements were made to pasture two of Father's saddle horses on the property, and we all enjoyed riding them.

Meanwhile, other people began to drive up and enjoy the view. We watched them with trepidation because we had begun to dream about a subdivision at some future date which would cover this area with fine homes. We felt it had sound possibilities, and the longer we considered it, the more sure we became.

However, there were two stumbling blocks in our way that seemed insurmountable. The old Muhlestein Estate was now owned by thirteen heirs, and to set a price and to get a 100% agreement from so many individuals seemed an impossibility. The other obstacle was a familiar one to us--we had very little capital we could raise to make such a purchase.

The more we thought about it the more certain we were of its possibilities. We began to mention it to some of our family and friends. Little interest was shown by some, but certain ones, particularly J. Hamilton Calder, saw the possibilities and became unfailing participants.

Henry began to work with the Muhlestein family and after untold hours finally reached an agreement for the sale, satisfactory to each member of the family. Only because of their implicit confidence in Henry's integrity, was he able to handle this transaction. Without Henry's far-sightedness and loyal support, we would never have achieved success on the hill.

In order to raise the money, many people were visited and a lot of salesmanship occurred before a small group were included in the Bonneville Development Company which was the corporation owning and responsible for its development.

Before any lots could be sold, many things had to be done. A complete survey of the property, including topographical data, location of lots and roads, and a sales program had to be made.

The biggest problem of all, however, was our old bugaboo--an adequate water supply. The deed to the property gave us the major interest in the old springs developed by a tunnel part way up Rock Canyon. This had now caved in, and the Rock Canyon Water Co. had done considerable development work in that area. Reclaiming this tunnel and springs appeared to be a wonderful idea. We could develop our own water supply and be independent of Provo City.

After investigation we discovered that such construction would undoubtedly lessen the flow of the Rock Canyon Water Co., and inasmuch as they had been using the water longer than seven years we could get into a costly legal battle with questionable success.

We examined sites where drilling had brought good flows of water, and engaged Dr. George Hansen to advise us. It is a known fact among geologists that the strata of rocks in Rock Canyon are slanted to drain the water below this, finally coming up near the surface down in the valley. There is a great deal of water behind this dyke, some of it spilling off to Bridal Veil Falls.

A location for drilling was selected in the mouth of Rock Canyon, and a contract was signed with a driller. The hole finally turned out to be a "duster," and another location was selected with a similar lack of success.

A number of shares in the Rock Canyon Water Co. had been acquired with the purchase of the property, and it was decided to try to use these. Fred L. Markham (always generous with his architectural services, and a pillar of support in the new corporation) designed a large reservoir, inclosed completely with a man-hole in the top, in the mouth of the canyon, near the weir where the concrete conduit spilled into the diversion box.

Len Creer received the contract to construct the reservoir and dig a trench for the 4" cast iron pipeline which led to the site of the new homes.

Later, taking turns at filling the reservoir and scrubbing its walls became something of a social occasion.

About this time Clarence D. Taylor, Ham. Calder, Wesley F. Knudsen, and L. O. Turner had built their homes, and we began to feel like a community.

Our water system left much to be desired. We had always felt that we should be part of Provo City and that our water system should be connected with the city lines. A petition, meanwhile, to annex our area into Provo City had been granted, and we were paying city taxes which were considerably higher than those in

the county. We were constantly working with the Mayor and Commissioners to cooperate with us on a water system. We received all sorts of objections, especially a constant battle with the city engineer. We were told to move down and fill up some of the vacant lots in Provo; that we were crazy to build on such a bare hilly country, and that the city could not afford to extend its utilities to such a small community. We argued that it was so desirable a place to live that we would soon have plenty of homes to justify it, and that such a desirable taxing unit would be created it would be a profitable source of income to the city.

In one meeting with the commissioners, one of them said, "Why did you join the city? It's because you thought you would get city water!" We agreed. He said that if we thought they were going to extend the lines to our property and make us rich we had another guess coming.

Time after time we would have the majority converted to our proposition, only to have them defeated at the polls and a new commission be installed in office. In almost every case they had the same opinion of our foolhardy venture. They constantly relied on the city engineer (who unfortunately had a permanent position), and our answer would be the same.

Finally with the advent of a city manager, the idea did not seem so far-fetched, and orders were given to the engineer's office to outline some plans which would deliver water to the higher elevations.

The result was a concrete tank built up on the hillside with an 8" pipeline down to the main city reservoir, where a pump was installed. We were forced to advance the cost of these with a connection charge on each lot which would eventually come back to us in payment for the original amount we had advanced.

A considerable amount of money had to be raised in addition to the water system expense. Sewer line, roads, the cost of topographical maps and plat plans which had to be made and submitted to the engineer's office before approval to sell lots was obtained.

Deed restrictions covering the design, construction, and materials going into each home were strictly enforced, as well as landscaping restrictions. Lots in many cases sold themselves, and lovely new homes began to arise. Additional acreage had to be subdivided.

By the fall of 1965 when this was written, 83 individual homes had been built with several other lots sold and houses in the planning stage. Somewhat over half of the original acreage has now been sold as building lots, with plans to develop the balance on a par with those now finished.

Note: The area where Lynn and Henry built their homes is officially recorded in the Utah County Records as "TAYLOR HILL SUBDIVISION." The old Muhlestein property to the south is officially designated as "OAK HILLS SUBDIVISION."

* * * * *

Henry then continues the account of "Taylor's Hill":

Tony, Stephen, and David were born while we lived at Oakcrest. I well remember what a cold, wintry, early morning it was when we had to make a "mad dash" to the Utah Valley Hospital, which had been constructed, in order to get there before Stephen arrived on January 6, 1942.

We had acquired a few shares of Rock Canyon Water Company stock. I was elected to serve as a member of the Board of Directors and held this position for several years. Edward Isaacson was president of the board, and Alfred R. Chipman was secretary. Other members of the board that I remember were Wilford R. Stubbs, Ephraim A. Liechty, and Levi Bounous. The meetings were interesting and different from any other board meetings that I ever attended.

In 1949 with our boys growing up, we felt the need for a larger home. Fred L. Markham, architect, designed a beautiful home for us. Ruel D. Davis, an excellent builder, agreed to supervise the work. We sold the lot that we had acquired from Bonneville Development Company to Claude S. Ashworth for \$2,000 and purchased the adjoining lot from Weldon J. Taylor fronting on Oak Lane for \$2,000. This lot had a tremendous view of the valley. Work commenced, and we were able to move into our beautiful home located at 2025 North Oak Lane in June 1949.

Our first and original home "Oakcrest" was sold to Richard L. Gunn and wife, Jeanne, for \$10,000. They loved the "Hill" and the view and became wonderful neighbors. The sale to them was made on June 27, 1949.

When the call came to be president of the California Mission, we sold our lovely home on Oak Lane to Willard G. Smith and his wife, Virginia. This was in September 1955. The price was \$40,000. They assumed the mortgage to Beneficial Life Insurance Company in the amount of \$17,047.65, and we were paid our equity which was \$22,952.35. Later Willard was transferred to Salt Lake and sold the home to Dr. Scott P. Wallace, who resides there presently.

After selling most of our lots on the hill, we had over 4½ acres remaining. This land was between 9th East and the bottom of the hill. In August of 1967 upon authorization by the First Presidency, it was announced by the press that a temple was to be built in Provo. Later a site was selected in the mouth of Rock Canyon and approved by President David O. McKay. The ground breaking took place on September 15, 1969. General Authorities who participated were Presidents Joseph Fielding Smith and Hugh B. Brown of the First Presidency; LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve; ElRay L. Christiansen, Gordon B. Hinckley, Henry D. Taylor, and James A. Cullimore, Assistants to the Twelve.

The cornerstone was laid on May 21, 1971, and the temple was dedicated by President Joseph Fielding Smith (who became President of the Church on January 23, 1970) on February 9, 1972. At the dedicatory services in one of the sessions, I was called upon to speak. The following is a copy of this talk:

PROVO TEMPLE

This is one of the most eventful days in the history of Utah Valley. It is a thrilling and joyous occasion for the members of the Church who reside in this area, as well as for the "Y" students here attending school. The erection and dedication of a House of the Lord fulfills the desires and prayers of many faithful and dedicated Latter-day Saints. It is a lifelong dream that has come true.

From earliest youth I was taught that a temple in the Provo area would one day be a reality. The hill upon which the Maeser Memorial Building now stands was called "Temple Hill." As children we would hike to the hill on Easter. When the Maeser Building was erected there we were somewhat reconciled when told that it was a "Temple of Learning." But the hopes and prayers for a temple continued to persist.

The location of this temple is beautifully situated. It is sufficiently elevated to be visible from most points in Utah Valley. Located here at the entrance to Rock Canyon with rugged Squaw Peak, Cascade Mountains, and majestic Provo Peak as a background, it is fitly framed. A breathtaking view of the valley with beautiful Utah Lake to the west, Mt. Timpanogos on the north, Mt. Loafer and Mt. Nebo on the south, it is an impressive sight.

The area near here is personally dear to my heart. For over 25 years I lived within a stone's throw of this beautiful location.

Some years ago I was privileged to accompany Elder Harold B. Lee to effect a division of the New York Stake. George H. Mortimer was president of the stake. He was also a native of Provo, and we had gone to school together. As we were talking he asked me the question, "Henry, don't you miss Provo?" Quick as a flash, Elder Lee spoke up and said, "Of course he misses Provo. You might take Henry out of Provo, but you can't take the Provo out of Henry." Brother Lee, those are true words.

Here I was born, and here I expect to be buried. Whenever I leave Salt Lake City travelling southward and pass around the Point of the Mountain into Utah Valley, my heart seems to beat a trifle faster; and in spite of the so-called haze from the steel plant, the sky seems to become somewhat bluer, the grass a bit greener, and the songs of the birds considerably sweeter.

I love this Utah Valley. I love the people here. Many others also love it. George H. Brimhall, president of BYU for many years expressed his love in a descriptive poem which was put to music. The song was called, "I Love You, Utah Valley," and we sang this song frequently. These are the words of the song:

I LOVE YOU, UTAH VALLEY

I Love you, Utah Valley
You are near and dear to me;
I love your eastern Kolob
And your western Galilee;
I love your Timpanogos
Reaching up to kiss the sky
And your rugged Provo mountain
with its bosom 'neath the "Y".

I love your white-robed winter,
And I love your golden fall;
I love your balmy summer,
And your springtime best of all;
I love your breezy canyons
And the music of your streams;
I love you in my waking,
And I love you in my dreams.

And then the chorus:

O valley of peace,
Thy charms never cease,
You're a Garden of Eden,
O valley, to me.
Tho' far I may roam,
I'll dream of my home,
And awake with a yearning,
With a yearning for thee,
My Utah Valley, my home.

When the First Presidency announced that the Provo Temple was to be constructed, the members in the area were invited to contribute funds for its erection. The invitation was enthusiastically accepted, and funds donated far exceeded the suggested amount. The members displayed their willingness to go even beyond the second mile.

You good members of the Provo Temple District have a great and justifiable pride in this beautiful building. You have a financial interest in it. Others also have a financial interest in it, and that includes every tithe payer in the Church.

Today President Smith will dedicate this building, the ground, and all improvements and present them to the Lord. We may have access to this beautiful facility as often as we wish, providing we will live so that we can qualify ourselves to come here. But we should always remember and never forget that this is the Lord's House and should be treated and respected as such.

Any community is truly blessed that is fortunate enough to have a temple erected. There comes a noticeable spiritual influence to that area that was not there previously.

May this Provo Temple District now enjoy a tremendous upsurge in spirituality.

As the young people gaze at this beautiful edifice by day and its illuminated spire by night, may they be inspired with a firm desire to live so that they can qualify to come here for an eternal marriage.

And may this sacred temple be a reminder to all of us of the covenants we have made with the Lord.

For which I pray humbly in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

During the building of the temple, the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate was asked to donate one acre of their ground in order to have enough space to provide for adequate roads around the temple.

After donating one acre to the Church for the necessary roads, we had approximately 3.8 acres of land between the road and the hill. It was decided that the best way to use the land beneficially was to have a planned development. This is described very well in the article written by Clarence D. Taylor, called "Taylor Terrace" as follows:

Some called it Rockville, or Slaughterhouse Heights, or Taylorville, or White Houses, or Temple Row; but we officially named it Taylor Terrace.

Taylor Terrace is the sixteen-unit housing development east of the Provo Temple. It is located between 2100 and 2250 North on the old Rock Canyon Road, but which has now been renamed Temple View Drive, Provo, Utah. It was planned by members of the Arthur N. and Maria D. Taylor Family, where the brothers and sisters could live near each other and be helpful to each other in their declining years.

Taylor Terrace was developed by Henry D. Taylor, Celestia J. Taylor, Alice Taylor Nelson, Clarence D. Taylor, Ethelyn P. Taylor, Ruth Taylor Kartchner, and Dixie Taylor Frampton.

A 3.8 acres of hillside land of irregular shape and really a developer's "headache" was laid out and designed by architect Fred L. Markham who did a masterful job in complimenting the temple area. Fred's two sons, John and Dixon Markham, were very helpful with the architectural and engineering details.

J. LaDell Petersen was the contractor and builder. He is truly a builder of quality homes, that the owner takes pride in possessing and displaying.

In the early days the location for a slaughterhouse was always on the extreme outskirts of a city, which was infrequently visited by the townspeople. The Provo Meat & Packing Co., having

their retail market at about 65 North Academy Avenue, Provo, Utah, purchased a small tract of land way out in the county at the mouth of Rock Canyon for their slaughterhouse operation. This property was purchased from the old Swiss homesteader, Johann Liechty.

Down under the hill the Provo Meat & Packing Co. constructed a two-room rock building for offices and storage. Directly above it on the point of the hill, they constructed a small concrete water reservoir with a water pipe running down to the slaughterhouse. Water was brought to the reservoir in the Rock Canyon Water Co.'s open ditch. In Rock Canyon and on the steep hillsides the water was carried in clay pipes into the open ditches or reservoirs. This was the source of water used for the washing of the slaughtered carcasses and for the washing down of the large concrete slab in front of the rock building.

A narrow, winding road took off in a northeasterly direction from the Provo Canyon Road at about 1400 North in Pleasant View towards the mouth of Rock Canyon. This was the road used by the Liechty and Muhlestein families to their homestead homes higher up on the foothill.

For years after the Provo Meat & Packing Co. had gone bankrupt and passed into the hands of a receiver, the property was unoccupied, the building was wrecked by vandals, and the area was being used by the townspeople as a garbage dump--an unsightly situation.

After Lynn and Henry had bought building lots from Ephraim A. Liechty and built houses on the hill above the slaughterhouse property, their father, Arthur N. Taylor, could foresee the damaging results of this growing garbage dump in the front yard of his boys' houses.

As a protection to the area, Arthur N. Taylor traded a new, fullsized rug to Julian Greer, the receiver for the Provo Meat & Packing Co. (defunct) for this worthless property.

After Clarence came home from his mission in the summer of 1933, he and Ken dug post holes and fenced this property as a horse pasture, but which produced very little feed.

The land donated by Arthur N. Taylor for a county road down under the hill, divided the property so there was a narrow strip of land on each side of the road. In many places it being too narrow for a full sized building lot.

In order to subdivide the upper level of this property, Provo City insisted that a thru road be constructed connecting Oak Lane with 2000 North Street. This was accomplished by trading the first lot on the south boundary and west of the proposed 1200 East Street for Clarence's Bonneville Development lot located between Ruth's and Wes. Knudsen's lots. Then the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate sold Wesley Knudsen the south one-half of

Clarence's old lot and the north one-half of this lot was traded to Ruth for the east 50 feet of her Bonneville Development lot, which was used for the connecting thru 1200 East Street. This upper development of 17 lots was called "Taylor Estates."

This 17-lot development was the first underground electric subdivision approved by Provo City, although the Indian Hills underground system was completed before this one.

The first lot sold in August of 1955 to Norman Williams for a price of \$2500. The last lot sold on contract in 1976 was for \$20,000.

Time after time we schemed and figured and discussed the best way to utilize this odd shaped land under the hill.

In August of 1967, announcement was made for the building of a Provo Temple. The site later selected by President David O. McKay was across the street to the west of our property. Ground breaking services were held September 15, 1969. The cornerstone was laid May 21, 1971, and the temple was dedicated on February 9, 1972.

Provo City was assigned the project of providing city streets around the temple area. The triangular-shaped property west of the Rock Canyon Road and which we owned was desired for widening the road as well as becoming a part of the temple grounds area. The Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate agreed to donate this one acre of land to the LDS Church. The appraised value was between \$8000 and \$9000.

A 10-inch cast-iron water pipeline had been installed on the Rock Canyon Road connecting the city water reservoirs in the mouth of Rock Canyon and the reservoirs just below us.

Provo City agreed to grade and hard surface the new road, install a sewer line, and waive the assessment charge for constructing the water line in the Rock Canyon Road in consideration for the donated land.

The Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate was to install curb, gutter, sidewalk, and parking strip.

In talking with K. Dale Despain, a neighbor, he suggested a Planned Unit Development for this property east of the temple site. At that time I could not visualize the potential of this kind of development. By the time Celestia came to the realization that the huge yard she was trying to keep up on her old home on the hill was just too large and difficult to maintain and she was now ready to move to a smaller place, the idea of a planned development came into focus. Not only for Celestia, but for all members of our family who were getting older, and as time continued we all would welcome smaller yards to maintain, or better still, be totally relieved of yard work.

I then started checking into the requirements of a planned unit development. My first contact was to the Provo City Engineering Department. I was introduced to Jerry Howell, who had charge of the development and planning for the department. He was very helpful and encouraging. He could see no reason why our property would not qualify. He mentioned one of the requirements of a planned unit development required a minimum area of four acres.

Without a survey I did not know exactly how much acreage we had. Provo City Plat was not accurate. The deed to the land which Arthur N. Taylor had donated to the county to construct the Rock Canyon Road had been lost and never recorded so the roadway was still listed and described in the estate name.

We had a plat made up, and I took it to a neighbor, Jim Barton, a BYU Professor of Engineering, and asked him to calculate the size of our area. He came up with a total of 3.7 acres, not including the roadway. This was just short .3 of an acre in meeting the minimum requirements. We had sold Jim the lot he built his house on and had even given him additional footage in order to get his planned house on the lot. His property joined our property to the east. I was sure he and other adjoining property owners along the east line would help us by selling us a few feet of their property to provide the additional acreage we needed. To my surprise and disappointment he and his family felt they could not cut down the size of their lot.

When Frank Jones was making the first survey of the whole property for us, he mentioned a discrepancy he found. It appeared that a very small parcel of land in the northwest corner of what had been considered our property had never been included in the deed to the Provo Meat & Packing Co. or from the Liechty's. He inferred that he thought it had been an omission in the description and could give no reason why it had not been included. The plat in the recorder's office did not show any other owners but ours. It did not show that the title was in the Liechty name, nor had they been paying any taxes on it.

I later mentioned the discrepancy to Leslie Liechty who immediately went to the recorder's office and had it listed in their name and paid the current year's taxes on it.

A knowledgeable individual had earlier told me that I should make a quit-claim deed on the property and have it recorded and that possession and this deed would make it hard for a person to get clear title without a sale. I told him we did not do business that way, which eventually cost us about \$10,000.

After being turned down by Jim Barton for additional land, I contacted the Liechty family about obtaining this small corner of property. They were not interested in selling.

Joseph K. Allen was the owner of the property to the north. I had written to him in Atherton, California, asking him to sell

us a small strip of land on the west side of Oak Lane dugway road. He was not interested. Later while he was visiting in Provo, I spent about three hours with him, showing our plans of development and asking him to join us in developing his area along with ours. He mentioned his plans were very indefinite, and we shouldn't rush into something like this.

I finally went to the Provo City mayor, suggesting that in view of our donation of land for the temple and road, they consider the original acreage which then consisted of more than the four acre minimum and allow us to proceed with a Planned Unit Development. The Provo City Commission agreed to this.

Since this property was owned by our family, I contacted each of my brothers and sisters including Celestia, Lynn's widow, regarding the development of this land as a Planned Unit Development. My oldest brother, Arthur, was not interested in the plan. He stated he was too old for a building program. He had his home on Fifth West in the Third Ward where he was born, and that was where he intended to live the rest of his life. He stated he did not have the money to invest in a new house and he would not mortgage or sell his house to raise the money.

For some time Celestia had realized that her home and lot was much too large for her to take care of. She was the prime mover in immediately desiring to build a smaller home on this property. This Planned Unit Development concept was just the thing she was most interested in. A home with congenial neighbors, hopefully members of our family, who would watch it when she was traveling or visiting her family; no yard work; no shoveling snow. This was just what she wanted. She was ready to build immediately.

Elton, like Arthur, was not interested in the project. He had his home and farm in Lakeview, and any money he had or could get would be invested there.

Henry, although he was requested by the Church Authorities to live closer to the Church Headquarters in Salt Lake, was very enthusiastic about the development. He was one of the first developers of this area, and since the Provo Temple was built across the road from this property, he wanted to see an appropriate development around the temple.

Since Alice's marriage and leaving Provo to live in Troy, New York, in 1935, she had always desired to eventually move back to Provo. Her husband, ElRoy, Vice-president and Economist of First Security Bank Corporation, was now nearing the age of retirement, and he felt that next to Pleasant Grove, Provo would be a good place to retire to. He would consider selling their home in Salt Lake City and would be interested in building a new house in this Planned Unit Development.

Ruth was interested in seeing a well planned development near the temple as well as near their large home and beautifully

landscaped lot. Each year it was taking more effort to keep up their yard and big house, and she eventually might get Fred to consider living in a smaller house with no yard work, or doing only the amount he was inclined to do. She was all for this Planned Unit Development.

When Ethelyn, widow of my younger brother Kenneth, who died on October 31, 1940, married my older brother, Henry, on September 9, 1968, our Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate agreement became effective which reads: "In the event of the death of any male grantor, his distributive share of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate will be paid to his surviving wife, for her benefit, use and disposition as she may see fit, and for as long as she lives, or until she re-marries; at such time she forfeits all rights and interest in the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate." (Later, by unanimous approval Ethelyn received Kenneth's distributive share of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate.)

The family vote had been taken--five members for the Planned Unit Development; two members against. This not being unanimous, a planned unit development could not be an Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate development.

Dr. Boyd Frampton and his wife, Dixie Taylor Frampton, youngest daughter and son-in-law of Arthur D. Taylor, were negotiating for the sale of some property in Weber County and had mentioned they were looking for a good investment. I explained to them our desire to develop the estate property across the street from the temple and if they were interested in a good long term investment (not a quick profit venture) to ask Arthur D. if he would sell his interest to them. This they did, and Arthur D. agreed to sell them his interest in the property, and a deed was made.

Like Alice, Ethelyn had found Provo to be a good place to live. She would eventually like to move back to Provo to live. She felt a house near the temple would be a good location for an investment until she was ready to move into it. She contacted Elton and arrangements were completed for her to purchase his interest in the estate property east of the temple. She was very interested in the plans for the Planned Unit Development of this land.

The following met at the home of Fred and Ruth Kartchner's for the purpose of organizing a development organization: Henry D. Taylor, Ethelyn P. Taylor, Alice T. Nelson, ElRoy Nelson, Celestia J. Taylor, Dixie T. Frampton, Boyd M. Frampton, Ruth T. Kartchner, Fred D. Kartchner, Clarence D. Taylor.

After it was unanimously approved to proceed and develop the property under a Planned Unit Development, the following assignments were made:

Henry D. Taylor
Clarence D. Taylor
Alice T. Nelson
Ruth T. Kartchner
Ethelyn P. Taylor
Dixie T. Frampton
Celestia J. Taylor

Chairman
Executive Manager
Vice-chairman
Vice-chairman
Recording Secretary
Asst. Rec. Secretary
Historian

Provo City insisted that the property to be developed be in the name of responsible individuals and not an organization. It was agreed the property would be deeded to Clarence, Alice, and Ruth, as Trustee Developers. After the construction was completed, the land was to be deeded to the newly created non-profit Home Owners Association, and the buildings would be deeded to the individual owners.

Clarence was authorized to contact Fred L. Markham to see if he would consider the layout and over-all designing of the development and to supervise the drafting and architectural details by his office crew. We all knew Fred was already burdened by his work with the Washington Temple, several buildings on the BYU Campus, and other large building projects. Our project was just a small, insignificant job in comparison, but we wanted the best. As is typical of Fred, he gladly accepted the challenge and within a few weeks he and some of the boys at the office were on the site establishing some elevations and grades.

Late in the previous fall I had hired one of Jim Barton's engineering majors at BYU to make a rough topographic map of the property which was given to Fred for his use.

At this first meeting I think it was Ethelyn who suggested the project be named "Taylor Terrace." It was unanimously accepted.

On April 24, 1973, I submitted a request to Provo City to upgrade our 3.72 acre tract of land at approximately 2200 North Temple View Drive from the present residential 3 zone to a residential 2 Planned Dwelling zone. At this time I submitted an application for a Planned Dwelling Development.

In the May 6th Sunday Herald appeared the following notice:

A SHORT MEETING TO BE HELD, Wednesday May 9, 1973
Clarence D. Taylor, 2200 N. East Temple, has land with unusual topography. He has applied to have the property rezoned from R-3 (residential) to R-2 planned development to allow a condominium development on the property which is south and east of the Provo LDS Temple. The developer also intends to ask for a plan approval at the same time.

PROVO CITY PLANNING COMMISSION

At the May 9, 1973, Planning Commission Meeting, a conditional approval was granted for the preliminary plans submitted.

A notice was in the Daily Herald edition of May 17th of a public hearing by the Provo City Commission to determine a zone change from R-3 to R-2 (PD) be granted. The meeting was to be held May 31, 1973.

At the May 22, 1973, Board of Adjustment Meeting, the request by Clarence D. Taylor and others for a variance in area to construct a planned unit development at 2200 North East Temple Drive was conditionally approved. The variance in acreage of 3.72 acres where 4 acres required was approved for the reason of donating additional land to the LDS Temple and for widening of the street.

The next public hearing of the Provo City Commission on May 31, 1973, pertaining to the zone change started the "fireworks" when Peter Crawley and his neighbors to the north protested this change. The City Commission deferred further action to June 11, 1973.

On the next day, June 1, 1973, a two column by 15 inch article, "NEIGHBORS ASK DELAY IN TEMPLE AREA PLAN" appeared in the Daily Herald. This was strictly a negative attack against the development with no substantial foundation for the opposition.

The next day BYU UNIVERSE carried in bold headlines on its front page, "CITIZENS DEMAND BUILDING HALT." This article was more fair in that it expressed the developers side of the story, even tho it was slanted to the opposition.

A small 15 line article appeared in the Deseret News on June 6, 1973, titled, "PROVO RESIDENTS PROTEST."

Thanks to our good neighbors, Jeanne Gunn and Raymond Beckham, who submitted letters to the Daily Herald in favor of the development. Jeanne's letter appeared on June 7, 1973, titled "Neighbors Praise Proposed Planned Unit Development." Ray's letter appeared in June 8th Herald, "Proposed Taylor Family Project Draws Backing."

Other articles opposing the development were run in the Herald on June 8th and 10th.

At the Provo City Commission meeting Monday night, June 11, 1973, Commissioner Russell Grange made the motion and stated that his decision to approve the zone change came on the grounds that approval had been recommended by the Planning Commission, that the Board of Adjustment had also approved the plan, and that the neighbors immediately to the east of the property had likewise given their approval. The motion was unanimously approved.

Prior to the construction of the Provo Temple, Arthur and Elton met with Ben Lewis and other members of the Temple Site Selection Committee in Ben's office in the BYU Administration Building, including a representative of Provo City and Utah County.

On a list of tentative agreements reached by the committee pertaining to the site construction of the Provo LDS Temple, the following items to our property east of the proposed temple were made:

The Taylor Brothers (Arthur N. Taylor Estate) will convey by deed to the LDS Church, land which is needed for construction of the Temple site, and for roadways adjoining the Temple site along the south-east side of this new peripheral roadway.

Provo City is to provide a sewer line in the street along the south-east side of the Temple site, at no cost to Taylor Brothers whose property will abut along the south-east side of the peripheral roadway.

Since the water line connecting the reservoir in the mouth of Rock Canyon and the reservoirs south of the temple site were already installed, there was to be no assessment charge to abutting property, other than the hook-on fee.

On May 29, 1973, I made an appointment with Ben Lewis to have him re-affirm the agreement on the water and the sewer lines. He stated he could not exactly remember the details but would check back on them. While in his office I showed him our preliminary plans for our development. I wanted to find out what the BYU plans were for the vacant area south of our property. If we could get them to haul in top soil and grade the area, I thought we could use Rock Canyon water to plant and maintain a beautiful green park area. He stated they were having so many requests for improvements from property owners adjoining BYU land that they could not accommodate all of them, so they were just letting the land grow natural and leaving it as is. With this answer I dropped the subject and did not volunteer my plan of beautification. After showing him our development plans, his remark was something like this: "That is just what B Y U does N O T need in this area." With that remark my visit was ended and I left.

With approval of the zone change and approval of our preliminary project plans, Markham and Markham, architects, could now proceed to develop our plans for final approval.

The terrain had so many grades and was so uneven that a detailed topographic map was required before more paper work could be done. Lynn Gottfredson and Art Jueschke, land surveyors, were hired to make this map.

On October 19, 1973, an ordinance to rezone the Arthur N. Taylor Estate property, located between 2150 and 2300 on East Temple Road, from residential zone 3 to residential zone 2 planned dwelling appeared in the Daily Herald. This ordinance to take effect on November 15, 1973.

Upon making application for a building permit on Celestia's house, the City Engineer would not issue a permit until we paid

approximately \$7,000 assessment for the main water line, which had previously been laid in the old Rock Canyon road.

I immediately went to the Mayor, who concurred with his Commissioners that we should not be charged this assessment in view of the agreement made by Provo City at the time a temple site was chosen, wherein the Taylor Estate had donated land. A resolution and agreement had been made out to show this, but I found out later it had never been signed.

With this verbal authorization from the Provo City Commission, the city engineer allowed a building permit to be issued for construction of a house at 2202 Temple View Drive on November 12, 1973, for Celestia.

While untangling the red tape involved in getting the building permit for Celestia's house, our good and dependable neighbor, J. LaDell Petersen, agreed to be the contractor and builder for our entire development project. On November 7, 1973, LaDell had Tyler Construction Co. excavate for the footings of the house and garage. The footings were formed and the day the building permit was issued, November 12, 1973, concrete was poured for the footings.

Although the city was requiring us to install an underground power system, on December 3, 1973, the City Power put in an overhead temporary electric service to facilitate our immediate construction program.

Our original plan was to build only one building at a time and upon its completion move on to the next building and complete it. After starting Celestia's house we could see that our contractor would be able to better utilize the time of his carpenters and other workmen and sub-contractors by constructing two or more buildings at the same time. Much valuable time was lost in waiting for a sub-contractor to finish his work and get out of the way for the next. Different stages of construction made it possible to shift workmen from one job to the next without loss of time.

By having several units under construction at the same time, it put a financial strain on our financial construction fund of \$70,000, which was made up by each of us contributing \$10,000. To solve this problem, the owner of each unit under construction agreed to pay monthly the amount of the cost of his building to-date. This amount was to be paid by the tenth of the following month, bill-paying day.

Just before Joseph T. Bentley and his wife, Kathleen, left for the Mexican Mission where he was called to be president, they were in the process of selling their home at 1924 Oak Lane. Upon their return they planned to build a new house, preferably in this ward and near the temple. They asked me to save them a lot when we sub-divided our property. I promised them I would let them know when we started to develop the property.

In the latter part of 1972, Joseph was called from the Mexican Mission to open up a new mission in Argentina. On May 26, 1973, I wrote him a letter informing him of our plans to develop our property east of the temple as a Planned Unit Development and asked him if he would still be interested in this type of ownership. He immediately responded by writing that they were interested in this type of operation, but would make no commitment until they knew more concerning plans and prices.

A letter written by the City Engineer on November 21, 1973, and received by me several days later stated that the agreement between the Taylor family and Provo City regarding utility line assessments and future curb and gutter construction was ready for my signature, after which he would take it to the City Commission for their signature.

When I went to the City Engineer's office, I found he had gone to California and would not be back until after the first of the year. I would have to wait until he returned to get the agreement signed.

On January 7, 1974, I went back to the City Engineer's office and signed the water and sewer agreement. On January 1, 1974, a new Mayor and Commissioner had taken office, and they would not sign the agreement for the old City Commission.

Excerpt from the Daily Herald of January 13, 1974:

PROVO RECONSIDERING AGREEMENT: The new Provo City Commission is reconsidering an agreement the old City Commission reportedly had made with the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate to provide free water and sewer main line extensions to property northeast of the LDS Temple.

The previous Commission agreed to pay the amount after they were told of a series of oral agreements that had been made. A contract was prepared by the City Legal Staff to formalize the agreement made a month ago. The contract was not formalized before the old Commission left office and the new Commission is now investigating the matter before making a decision.

After reading the above newspaper article, I made an appointment with the new Mayor for 2:00 p.m. on Tuesday the 15th. He was at lunch when I called so I had a talk with the new Commissioner Hillier. He agreed to go along with the decision of the other Commissioners. The next day I was able to talk to Commissioner Miner. He was going to talk to the former Mayor and felt sure the agreement would be signed. Nothing further was done about the agreement until February 28, 1974, when I accidentally found out about a meeting with the Provo City Commission that afternoon at 2:00 p.m. to discuss this water and sewer agreement in which I was supposed to be present. I knew nothing about it, not having been invited by the City Engineer. After a lengthy, controversial discussion,

Mayor Grange recommended that in view of the action of the previous Commission and the acknowledgement of former Mayor Verl G. Dixon, that the new agreement be made, waiving trunk line costs of water and sewer.

The big day for the drawing of location choices arrived on January 8, 1974. With the exception of Henry and Alice, we met at the home of Ruth. It was unanimously agreed that the location Celestia was building on would be choice #1. The remainder of the first drawing would be by age: Celestia, Henry, Alice, Clarence, Ethelyn, Ruth, and Dixie. The second drawing choice would just be reversed: Dixie, Ruth, Ethelyn, Clarence, Alice, Henry, and Celestia.

Boyd Frampton drew the following numbers out of a hat:

	CHOICE NO.	UNIT LOCATION	UNIT LOCATION
Celestia	1st & 14th	#8	#6
Henry	5th & 10th	4	3
Alice	7th & 8th	13	15
Clarence	2nd & 13th	16	11
Ethelyn	3rd & 12th	9	10
Ruth	6th & 9th	12	14
Dixie	4th & 11th	1	2

Units #5 and #7 would be sold to help finance the improvements. The units were numbered by starting on the south end with #1, moving north to the circle; then moving counter clockwise around the circle back to the street. This unit on the northwest corner of the property would be numbered #15. Unit #16 would be the house located east of #3 and #4 on a higher elevation. If the City Commission would not allow sixteen units, then #16 would be deleted and a new choice would be made.

John Maas, with the approval of the architects, was employed to draw up a preliminary landscape plan (January 21, 1974).

Since our neighbors east of the development on the hill had been so concerned about the development plans, we invited them to call at Ruth's home in the afternoon of March 2, 1974, to inspect our preliminary floor plans, colored rendering of the buildings, the Restrictive Covenants, and ask any questions we might be able to answer.

By now the plastering was completed in Celestia's house and LaDell was just about ready to start the finishing work inside. Before long he would be ready to start construction work on the next unit.

The engineering and architectural plans for the development were now far enough along to submit them to Joseph Taylor Bentley, president of the Argentine Mission, to see if he would still be interested in buying Unit #7. His daughter, Francis Hammond,

gathered all available material together and sent it to him in Argentina. Very shortly we received word back from him that he approved of the project and his daughter would work with us in the construction of the house. The agreement was for LaDell to build the house, Joseph would pay the current construction cost each month and would pay \$15,000 for a 1/16th in the land.

In laying out the location for the house, we discovered the temple site engineer had pushed the new city road about twelve feet east of our old property fence line. This pushed the location of #7 house over the present irrigation ditch. This irrigation ditch furnished water to the BYU peach orchard, just south of the project, and they wanted to continue to use the water. We did not want to build over the ditch so the ditch was realigned and siphoned up the hill a short distance and then dropped back into the old ditch further south.

To put this water-tight 18-inch concrete pipe in operation, it cost us over three thousand dollars, and then it was only used about four times the remainder of the season. I also developed a hernia in helping put these large concrete pipes in place and was operated on August 1, 1974.

April 11, 1974, Provo City issued us a conditional approval for the Taylor Terrace Planned Development final plans.

One of the conditions on this approval was that a performance bond, cash bond, or security trust in the amount of \$30,000 be posted to assure completion of sewer, water, street improvements, driveways, and sprinkling systems. In order to help us our brothers Arthur D. and Elton agreed to let us pledge \$30,000 of an \$80,000 time certificate the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate had with Zions First National Bank to satisfy the city on this performance bond issue.

The building permit for the Joseph Taylor Bentley home at 2176 Temple View Drive was issued July 19, 1974, and construction started immediately.

In the construction of Unit #8, we could see how much faster and more efficient the building of two or more units at the same time could be. We decided also that by working with each owner of the house the same as we had worked with the Bentleys where he paid for construction cost each month, that this should be our mode of future financing all unit construction. The one exception was #5 which was to be sold upon completion.

In the future each owner would pay-as-we-go basis for the cost of construction. All bills contracted during the month would be paid by the home owner on the 10th of the following month.

Dr. Harold and Violet Brown of New York had made arrangements with Celestia to buy her second choice unit, #6. On July 19, 1974, we received a building permit for our first duplex, Units #5 and #6. Now three units could be worked on to an advantage all at once.

It was on Saturday, April 27, 1974, that with Keith Stewart's and Richard Kartchner's trucks and with the services of Lynne Ann and Bryan Richards, George T. Taylor, Ken and David Kartchner, we moved all of Celestia's furnishings out of her old home at 2050 North Oak Lane to the garage at her new home 2002 Temple View Drive, Provo.

About 1:30 p.m. on the 23rd of July, the Tyler Construction traxcavator started clearing the land and excavating the basement for Unit #7. Two days later on July 25th they began clearing the land and excavating for the basement of Units #5 and #6, which are just south of Unit #7.

After the footings were poured and the basement walls formed and poured on #7, the carpenters moved to Units #5 and #6 to form and pour the footings and walls. This enabled the plumbers and heating workmen to rough-in the plumbing and heating ducts in the basement floor of #7. This completed, the carpenters moved back to grade the basement floor of #7 and pour the concrete floor. When the floor was dry, the carpenters began setting the supporting partitions and the upstairs floor joists, then laying the sub-flooring, erecting the ground floor partitions and eventually the rafters and plywood roof. By then the plumbers could move in and finish the roughing-in; the heating workmen could install their heat ducts; the electricians their wiring; the telephone men their concealed wiring and conduit; the central vacuum their plastic pipes and wiring; the T.V. and stereo cables strung; and the insulation blankets placed in the walls. As the sheet-rockers were nailing on the plaster board for the walls and ceilings, the perfa-tapers were following close behind to make a smooth sandpaper finished wall and ceiling. The carpenters were now working outside on the trim and hopefully the roofers had finished nailing on the heavy cedar shakes on the roof.

By the time the inside walls and ceiling were dried out, the painters had arrived on the job and were painting the outside brick walls and wood trim, ready to move inside when completed.

In the meantime, the carpenters had completed hanging the door; nailing down the particle floor boards; fitting the wall and floor baseboards and moulding; constructing the stairways, railings, cabinets, and such built-ins as closets, vanities, bookshelves, cupboards, china closets, fireplace mantels, and etc.

The painters could now have the place to themselves to paint the woodwork, the walls, and the ceilings, and hang wallpaper where specified. Hopefully the chosen carpet, drapes, and hard surface materials were now ready to be laid and hung.

Next the finishing touches are to be added, such as light and plumbing fixtures, mirrors, drawer and door pulls, door stops, locks, knobs and handles, fireplace screens, gas logs and grates, and one-thousand and one other items.

Finally the cleaning of the windows, bathtubs, basins, sinks, and the whole house in general. In the next few months there is always something cropping up that was forgotten, or needs adjusting or fixing. This routine continues through the sixteen units, with some variation such as on August 8, 1974, after the basement forms had been set on Units #5 and #6 ready for pouring the concrete. The day before was irrigation time for the BYU peach orchard. Water from the irrigation ditch on the hill above the basement, together with a rainstorm, had soaked up the hillside dirt wall to the extent that the whole southeast bank caved off, filling the basement with dirt and causing about \$500 damage to the concrete forms.

Or on September 4, 1974, while the carpenters were just starting to set the basement floor joists on Unit #7. LaDell was walking around the top of the narrow concrete wall and stepped on a loose board which had a small rock under it and it slipped, throwing him over the wall and down to the basement floor, breaking his ribs and bruising his chest and back.

Or the Sunday morning of December 22, 1974. I was on my way to priesthood meeting when I noticed the front door of Unit #7 was wide open. On the way home I noticed it was still wide open, so I stopped and went in and closed and locked it. The next morning when the carpenters came to work they found that someone had pushed out a temporary window pane and had gone in and stolen most all of Ted's carpenter tools in his box and taken most all of LaDell's hand tools, plus all of his small power tools. What a Christmas present!

Or when we were pouring the footings for the retaining wall at Unit #16. The concrete was being hauled in a wheelbarrow on a plank runway on the top of a five-foot high bank of gravelly dirt. Bob Reeder was wheeling a full heavy load and was just about to the end of the trench when the plank slipped with the caving gravel bank, throwing Bob, the wheelbarrow, and the concrete into the trench. Bob landed on his back in the fresh concrete and reinforcing steel. I am sure it must have knocked him out for a few minutes, but after cleaning off the cement on his clothes and resting a few minutes, he was back to work wheeling more concrete.

There were some tense minutes the time the road grader severed the underground telephone cable in front of Unit #14 garage. We all knew the underground power line was buried just inches below this telephone cable and if it had struck that power line, there would have been sparks flying.

While grading for the patio in the rear of Unit #2, the backhoe pulled out the water line which serviced #16. A huge section of the hill had to be dug away before they could find the upper end of the pipe in order to restore the waterline.

On December 21, 1976, while installing the water and sewer lines for Units #14 and #15, the bucket of the backhoe dropped too close to the high pressure gas line, punching a hole in this

plastic pipe. Caution was the watchword as the workmen tried to get close enough to the whistling, unseen stream of volatile, escaping gas to plug it off. With the help of the gas company emergency crew, they repaired the line without a fire or anyone asphyxiated.

Harold and Violet Brown worked very closely with Fred Markham in planning for the interior of Unit #6. Blair Bowen, a Spanish Fork native but now living in San Francisco and a very talented professional interior designer, did all of the interior decorating plan.

It was not until November of 1977 that the Browns left New York and moved into their new house.

Fay L. Evans, a native of Lehi and his wife, Theda, a native of Pleasant Grove, were in the process of selling their rest home at Clearfield and wanted to move back to Utah County for their retirement.

On December 30, 1975, they signed a contract of sale for the purchase of Unit #5. They moved into their new house, 2146 Temple View Drive, in June of 1976.

In order to utilize some of my leisure hours, I asked each member of our association if they would allow an exception to be made in the construction schedule and let me start construction on Unit #16, providing it did not interfere with the other scheduled construction. LaDell agreed to let me do a lot of the work myself on my unit, #16. This was unanimously agreed to.

On September 18, 1974, a building permit was issued by Provo City for the building of a house at 2130 Temple View Drive, Unit #16.

In July of 1975, I moved into the basement. In November of 1975, Alice and Roy moved from Salt Lake and lived with me in my, now completed upstairs, house while their new house was being built. Their furniture was stored in my basement.

The construction on Units #3 and #4 was started on October 10, 1974. During the summer of 1974, the BYU had only used the Rock Canyon irrigation ditch to run water to their peach orchard only four times. In view of this Henry talked to Ben Lewis of BYU about the future of this orchard. He mentioned that BYU intended on tearing out the peach trees, and they did not anticipate using the Rock Canyon ditch in the future. By eliminating this ditch Henry was able to move his garage to the east of his unit #4 instead of it being on the north of the house where it blocked the view of Mt. Timpanogos from the dining room.

John Markham's large family had need for dental work which was being done by Dr. Boyd Frampton, so it was agreed that John, with the supervision of his father, Fred Markham, would be the

architect on Units #1 and #2. The building permits for Units #1 and #2 (2094 and 2096 Temple View Drive) were issued on June 8, 1975.

By November 18, 1975, Units #1 and #2 were being constructed on schedule and the next unit to be constructed was Ethelyn's Unit #9. She was not quite ready to start construction, and Alice and Roy had now moved to Provo from Salt Lake to be on hand for the supervision of their Unit #13 construction. They requested permission to immediately start construction on their house. All members of the association approved starting construction of Unit #13 immediately. A building permit was issued by Provo City for a single, two story house and basement to be located at 2238 Temple View Circle. A large ornamental coat-of-arms with the letter "N" for Nelson was designed for the west (front) gable.

Ethelyn's second choice, Unit #10, was the next on the construction schedule. She had promised to sell her interest in this unit to a very close friend, Lucille Hallam, from Spanish Fork. Lucille had worked with the architect from the beginning in planning and laying out the interior plans of what she wanted.

With her request for the sub-contracting of the electric heating and wiring to Zane Curtis of Helper, Utah, he was awarded this contract. The distance from the job and his illness and other factors prolonged the completion of this phase of the construction. The special plaster to cover the electric wiring in the ceiling was another problem which delayed construction. Lucille had a very serious operation and illness which resulted in her becoming discouraged with the project and so desired to be disassociated with the Taylor Terrace project.

When the partially completed building was turned back to Ethelyn on November 26, 1976, Henry stepped in and paid Lucille Hallam all the money she had paid in on the project and assumed the responsibility for completion. He then altered some of the plans and finished constructing the house at 2214 Temple View Circle and rented it.

The building permit for the above Unit #10 (2214 Temple View Circle) was issued on December 10, 1975.

With the slow-down of work on Unit #10, a building permit was obtained for the two story and basement building, Units #11 and #12, on March 9, 1976.

By June 4, 1976, Ethelyn had developed her plans so a building permit was received on that date and construction on Unit #9 (2208 Temple View Circle) commenced.

When laying out the building site for Unit #13, the city insisted that the Oak Lane dugway road be not endangered by excavating too close into the hillside in building this house. They insisted the house be pulled to the west to give plenty of room between the house and the hillside.

By moving house #13 to the west, our planned building for Units #14 and #15 made this corner cramped, crowded, and unattractive.

We had one of three choices to make:

1. Build a two unit building as planned, which would be too close to the other units for driveways and parking.
2. Just build a single unit reducing the number of units to participate in the development.
3. Pay the Liechty family \$10,000 for a sub-standard parcel of land approximately 30 x 60 feet which would be just a nuisance of a weed patch for it was not large enough for a building lot. This would eliminate the weed patch and finish off our development as it should be.

Since the land in the Taylor Terrace Development was held in the name of the association and the buildings in the name of the individual owners, it was agreed that to pay the Liechty's \$10,000 which was still a very high price (they originally were asking \$15,000) was an investment in land as well as eliminating a future nuisance. The original developers plus Fay L. Evans and Joseph T. Bentley paid the following amounts to purchase this Liechty land:

Fay L. Evans	Unit #5	\$ 625
Joseph T. Bentley	7	625
Celestia	8	625
"	6	625
Henry D.	3	625
"	4	625
Alice	13	625
"	15	625
Clarence	11	625
"	16	625
Ethelyn	9	625
"	10	625
Ruth	12	625
"	14	625
Dixie	1	625
"	2	<u>625</u>

Total \$10,000

After recording the deed we obtained a building permit from the City on November 22, 1976, and started construction on Units #14 and #15.

Although the building had not been completed, Rex M. and June B. Catmull from Rexburg, Idaho, decided they would like to buy one of the units so Alice and Roy agreed to sell them their second unit, #15, subject to the completion of the building as was planned.

Ruth and Fred decided Unit #14 would serve as a good future investment for them so they decided to complete and lease it which they did.

So now with the completion of the construction of the sixteen dwelling units of the Taylor Terrace, articles of incorporation into a non-profit corporation were sent to the Utah State Secretary.

On December 1977, the Secretary of the State of Utah issued a charter to the TAYLOR TERRACE HOME OWNERS ASSOCIATION as a non-profit corporation.

Since the land had been recorded in the names of Clarence, Alice, and Ruth during the construction phase, a deed for the common land from "The Taylor Terrace, Trustee--Developers (Clarence, Alice, and Ruth)" was recorded in the name of the Taylor Terrace Home Owners Association.

On December 27, 1977, a deed to the land upon which the dwelling had been erected was issued by the Trustee-Developers as follows:

Unit No. 1	Boyd M. Frampton and Dixie T. Frampton
2	"
3	Trustees of Henry D. Taylor Trust
4	Henry D. Taylor
5	Fay L. Evans and Theda B. Evans
6	Harold W. Brown and Violet J. Brown
7	Joseph T. Bentley and Kathleen B. Bentley
8	Celestia J. Taylor
9	Ethelyn P. Taylor
10	Henry D. Taylor
11	Clarence D. Taylor
12	Fred D. Kartchner and Ruth T. Kartchner
13	ElRoy Nelson and Alice T. Nelson
14	Fred D. Kartchner and Ruth T. Kartchner
15	Rex M. Catmull and June B. Catmull
16	Clarence D. Taylor

Since this writing the adjacent corner property to the north, then owned by Joseph Allen, was acquired by Henry D. Taylor, Jr.; and with the approval of the Taylor Terrace Home Owners Association, was annexed by the association. Now there are six more newly constructed units added to the Taylor Terrace, which now make a total of 22 units.

The following information was written by Henry D. Taylor, Jr., concerning the addition to Taylor Terrace:

ANNEX TO THE TAYLOR TERRACE UNITS
(Units 17 through 22)

In the late 1970s, after the first 16 Taylor Terrace units had been completed to create a very nice development, I became aware from Uncle Bud and father that the piece of land directly to the north of the units belonged to Joseph K. Allen. Joe lived in Atherton, California, near Colette and me. Uncle Bud indicated that he had some development plans of his own and didn't wish to sell.

I told father and Bud that I knew Joe quite well and saw him now and then and would speak to him about the property. Later I did talk to him and found that he had plans for all of his land which runs along the south side of the Rock Canyon Road; however, the piece adjacent to the Taylor Terrace Units was not an integral part of his planned development east of the Oak Lane dugway. He had laid out building lots for single family homes under the existing R-1 zoning for the approximately one acre parcel which was adjacent to the Taylor Terrace Units. It was his intent to subdivide and sell the three lots which that space would accommodate. He was receptive to the idea of selling his property to let the Terrace units extend north to the Canyon road, but he needed some time to firm up his plans and to complete some negotiations with the City of Provo.

I had several conversations with Joe over the period of two or three years. His negotiations with the city were progressing slowly. Joe and the city had come to a basic agreement that Rock Canyon road would shift to the north. Joe would give up some property on the north side of the road and pick up a little on the south side. Joe also had come to the conclusion that if he were to let the Taylor Terrace owners buy his land, it would need to be accomplished through a property exchange for tax reasons. I told him that there would still be an interest.

In the spring of 1980 I learned in talking to Joe that he was now ready to proceed. All the realignments had been surveyed, approved, and recorded by the city. We met together and he gave me the form of trust agreement that he wanted to use in a property exchange. I reviewed them and told him we could work it out.

In July or August he said that he had concluded that a property exchange would not be necessary because of the change in Federal Tax law giving more favorable treatment to capital gains. A direct sale was agreed upon and a closing time was set in September 1980.

I talked to Bud and father thinking they would pick up the purchase and complete the development. They both wanted to see the development go ahead, but felt there was no one in the association including themselves who felt in a position to take responsibility. They suggested that I might do it along with some cousins they thought might want to participate. I talked to each one mentioned as a possibility, but none was in a position at that time to do so. With more sentimental involvement than good judgment, Colette and I decided to go ahead. The land purchase from Joseph K. and Ruth S. Allen, his wife, was closed on 23 September 1980. The agreed selling price was \$80,000.

John and Dixon Markham had done a site survey for us prior to the purchase and had concluded that the probability was high that the city would allow a zoning change to include the Allen land with the Taylor Terrace planned unit development. Upon the decision to purchase, John and his firm began some serious design and layout work on the property.

We had expected initially that there would be 4 additional units, but John strongly suggested that 6 units were quite feasible. His layouts and elevation designs were acceptable to the Taylor Terrace Association, and they gave their approval to proceed. They did say that they would not annex the land until the work was complete. They explained that they did not want liability for any damage that could occur during construction or responsibility for the completion of the project itself.

In addition to the Taylor Terrace Association leaders, I talked to the leaders of the residents association on the hill to make sure that they saw no problem with the development. Their only concern was with the proposed right angle intersection of Oak Lane to the Canyon Road which the City Engineer had proposed. That angle was changed back to the traditional dugway approach in a public hearing as reported by the Provo Herald.

J. LaDell Petersen, who had done all the building on the first 16 units, said that he had work in progress which would make it impossible for him to take on the building of the new units. I did some exploring of other possible builders, but none seemed to measure up to LaDell's standard.

The city of Provo required a zoning change. John Markham handled all the necessary paperwork and hearings and successfully obtained city approval and permits. There were a couple of snags however. One was the City Engineer's Oak Lane treatment and the hearing took care of that. The other difficulty was that the City Engineering staff, based on Federal studies, had concluded that the land was in the 100-year flood plain. This meant a redesign of all the units to avoid below ground level occupancy or some earth work to take the property out of the flood plain. We chose the latter approach and constructed a berm and kept an elevation difference between the road and the building sites. Later the city decided that the new units were not in the flood plain after all.

Meanwhile LaDell's schedule had cleared a little bit, and he had had second thoughts about someone else finishing the project he had started. He said if I could give him a little flexibility to complete the large home that he was working on, he would like to build the new section of the Taylor Terrace Development. We gladly accepted his offer to build the units.

Some work on the new units started in November of 1980. During the winter the very rocky earth was excavated and foundations were poured. Some of the huge rocks which were turned up were used later at the site for a large retaining wall.

As the construction proceeded another severe problem arose. Money had become so tight that all lenders who had given their tentative agreement to provide construction financing completely terminated this type of lending activities. Prime interest rates climbed to record highs of 21% during this time. For more than a year after the start of the project no Utah financial institution

would even talk to us about lending money. The only way we were able to proceed was borrow against all of our stock through a broker margin account and remortgaged our Palo Alto home with a new first and second mortgage and in addition arranged for a large unsecured note from our local bank and borrowed all the available cash value of our insurance policies. LaDell was also very accommodating at the times when payments were difficult.

In late April 1982 as the project was nearing completion, a Utah Savings and Loan, United, gave us a construction loan. This allowed us to complete the units.

The Henry D. Taylor Trust bought half of unit number 20 with payments during construction. On March 1, 1982, it was leased to the Swensons and was the first new unit occupied. The Waymires bought number 17 and took occupancy on July 2, 1982. The Johnsons bought number 18 on August 9, 1982, and on August 25, 1982, the Jensons bought number 19. Kris Taylor was the informal real estate agent. The last two units were held by Colette and me for rental. The sale of 3.5 units allowed the most painful portions of the construction debt to be retired. The Jensons left us with a building lot in trade for their unit. The lot is at 1500 North 1450 East, Lot 1, Plat K, Oakhills Subdivision. In May 1985, the HDT Trust completed the purchase of Unit 20.

The last major snag came when the city would not record the sale of individual units until the whole project was annexed by the association. The association would not allow the annexation until the project was complete so that they could avoid all risk. Finally when we posted a bond which held them harmless, the association allowed the annexation which allowed the sales to be completed, which allowed the last units to be completed.

The whole project was completed by September 1982, except for some residual landscaping and the units were all sold or leased and occupied.

September 17, 1980

Mr. Henry D. Taylor, Jr.
745 Christine Drive
Palo Alto, California 94303

Dear Hank:

The purpose of this letter is to give you some of the historical background regarding the property you are acquiring from me near Rock Canyon in Provo.

About four years ago, the City of Provo initiated an exchange with me in which the City received a 66' strip from me in exchange

for a 25' strip which now comprises the northerly part of the parcel you are acquiring. The City's reason for acquiring this parcel was to allow them to improve the alignment of the street at the intersection of Temple View Drive and with the Rock Canyon Road which was moved northward some years earlier by the County.

In addition the City wanted to realign Oak Lane at the Canyon Road to achieve more nearly a right angle intersection. This proposed move of Oak Lane will add some footage to the property you are acquiring, as I had indicated to you earlier, and may require some loss on my property to the east. I have talked to the City about this move and do concur with the adjustment of Oak Lane as the City Engineers have designed it.

Further, at the time the Temple was built and the streets were put in around it, I gave up some frontage on the westerly side of the property you are acquiring, and this was done without compensation to me.

In light of these favorable property concessions and exchanges granted to the City, it was my distinct impression that the City would proceed with the street realignments at their expense just as the County had done earlier.

I'm sure also over the past year or more of our discussions about this property that I have conveyed to you that the City was the prime initiator in the proposed adjustment of these two roads and that their purpose is to improve the design safety of the two intersections.

I hope this review will be useful to you.

Sincerely,

/s/ Joseph K. Allen

The following is an article from the Provo Herald, September 1980:

Oak Hills Development Has
Go Ahead From Provo City

The Provo City Commission approved a request by developers of Taylor Terrace at 1200 E. 2320 N. to expand the development after a "satisfactory" plan to re-align the intersection of 2320 N. Oak Lane was presented.

With more land in the development, the intersection needed to be moved further from the Taylor Terrace site. At last week's commission meeting, developers proposed re-aligning the two streets so Oak Lane intersected 2320 North at a 90 degree angle rather than the present Y-shaped intersection with a continuous right turn lane up the Oak Lane hill.

Residents of Oak Hills protested the proposal, saying that when roads were slippery they needed the gentle right turn angle in order to "get a run at the hill." The commission agreed that further study was needed and delayed the decision.

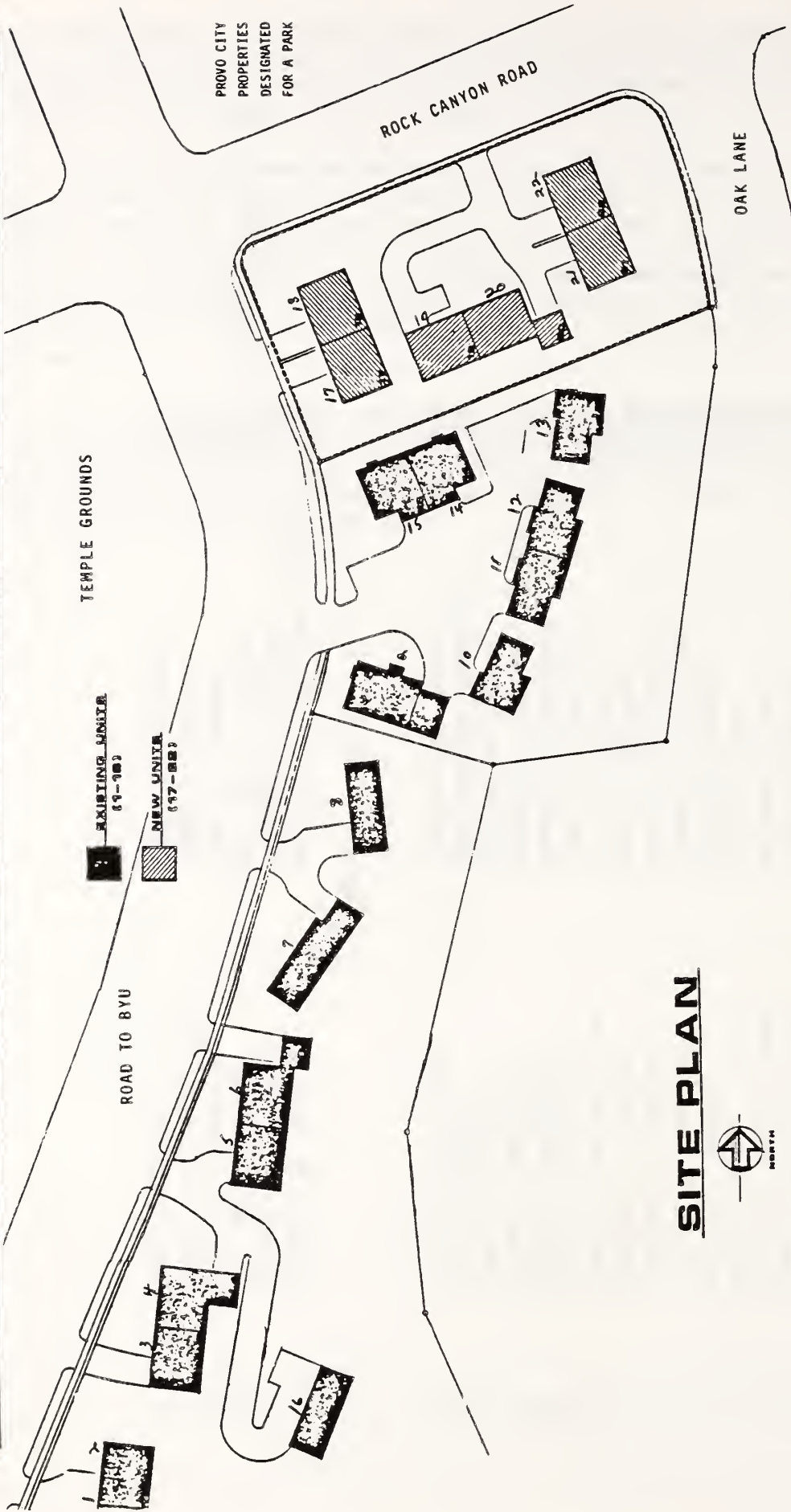
At Tuesday's commission meeting, developers presented a new plan which would shift 2320 North about 30 feet to the north and shift the bottom of Oak Lane about 30 feet also. A continuous right turn lane, separated from the Oak Lane intersection by an island, would be built at approximately the same angle as was presently available to residents. The developer will pay for the asphalt work and donate an additional land for the street right of way.

Provo Mayor James Ferguson said the new plan was better and would give residents "a better chance of making the hill." Moving 2320 North will also give traffic coming down the hill a more time to stop before reaching the intersection, he said. A yield sign will be placed on Oak Lane.

TAYLOR TERRACE

<u>Unit No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Tenant</u>	<u>Address</u>
1	Boyd and Dixie T. Frampton	C. Monroe Hart	2094 Temple View Drive
2	Boyd and Dixie T. Frampton	Dale O. Andersen	2096 "
3	Henry D. Taylor Trust	Edward Midgley	2120 "
4	Henry D. Taylor Trust	Eugene C. Roth	2122 "
5	Fay L. Evans	Fay L. Evans	2146 "
6	Violet J. Brown	Violet J. Brown	2148 "
7	Joseph T. Bentley	Joseph T. Bentley	2176 "
8	Celestia J. Taylor	Celestia J. Taylor	2202 "
9	Ethelyn P. Taylor	Lois G. Moffett	2208 "
10	Henry D. Taylor Trust	Val J. Conlin	2214 :
11	Clarence D. Taylor	James E. Crawford	2218 "
12	Ruth T. Kartchner	Donald E. Matthews	2224 "
13	Alice T. Nelson	ElRoy and Alice T. Nelson	2238 "
14	Ruth T. Kartchner	Jacqueline Risser	2244 "
15	Rex M. Catmull	Rex and June Catmull	2246 "
16	Clarence D. Taylor	Clarence D. Taylor	2130 "
Henry D. Taylor, Jr.			
17	Barbara J. Witherow	Barbara J. Witherow (Waymire)	2274 "
18	Russell T. Johnson	Russell T. Johnson	2276 "
19	Dr. Jay B. Jensen	Dr. Jay B. Jensen	1226 East 2300 North Street
20	Henry D. Taylor Trust	John C. Swenson	1228 "
21	Henry D. Taylor, Jr.	Wayne B. Watson	1242 "
22	Henry D. Taylor, Jr.	Craig T. Holdaway	1244 "

TAYLOR TERRACE DEVELOPMENT ~1981



SITE PLAN

CHAPTER 13

DEATH, FUNERAL, AND BURIAL OF ARTHUR N. TAYLOR

With Father's failing health, the family determined that he and Mother should go to Mesa in Arizona to try and regain his health and also to try and avoid the harsh winter. In the fall Henry and Alta drove them to Arizona in Henry's car. The visit, however, did not improve his health.

Upon their return to Provo, one of Father's greatest sources of satisfaction was to sit or lie on a cot on the south and west side of Lynn's house and look down and admire the beauty and growth and activity of this Utah Valley, where he had spent his entire life, fortune, and effort in making a beauty spot for his posterity and fellowmen to live and to work and enjoy.

His philosophy of life, "The making of two blades of grass grow where only one grew before," is reflected in his life's work and accomplishments.

He died at his home in Provo, Utah, on September 10, 1935.

Clarence D. Taylor
February 1955

FUNERAL SERVICE OF BROTHER ARTHUR N. TAYLOR
Sunday, September 15, 1935
Utah Stake Tabernacle

Bishop Alfred E. Eves of the Provo Third Ward, Officiating

A mixed quartet composed of Edith Harrison, Josephine Oldroyd, Murray Roberts, and Peter Jensen sang "O Most Holy Father."

Invocation was offered by Brother H. Aldous Dixon:

Our Father Who Art In Heaven: Hallowed be Thy Name. We rejoice in the privilege that Thou hast given us to glimpse the fruits of Thy divine plan in the lives of Thy true servants, for it is in these lives that we are inspired to praise Thee, and to follow Thee, and to magnify Thy calling. We thank Thee that we know that Thou art our Father. We thank Thee that we know that we are all brethren. We thank Thee that Thou hast taught us that we may be most happy here in this world through doing unto others as we would have them do unto us. These great truths have taken hold of the life of our beloved brother, Arthur N. Taylor. They have expressed themselves through numerous marvelous accomplishments. Accomplishments that have been directed toward the happiness of Thy children here upon this earth. His accomplishments have helped to make the desert blossom as the rose. He has fought and sacrificed to bring employment to Thy children in order that they might have means to glorify Thee with their work. His accomplishments above all have been to teach the children of this community Thy truths, and not only to teach them, but to set a sterling example that will live with them forever. His accomplishments cover the rearing of a wonderfully united family, all

of the boys of which have served in the mission field to spread Thy gospel. We pray at this time that Thou wilt bless those two children who are not privileged to be here today. May Thy peace and a knowledge of their Father's happiness and his well-being at this time accompany them.

May Thy peace abide with those who are stricken, that his being taken will not be viewed with bitterness, but merely as a transition period--a period which is an outlet to a world of greater happiness and joy. May Thy peace rest upon this congregation and all others who take part, that Thy spirit will be with us, that we might be directed through Thy divine influence to see life in its truer aspects, and to be impelled to live according to Thy marvelous truths.

These favors and blessings we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

The mixed quartet sang: "I Know That My Redeemer Lives."

First Speaker: Mayor A. O. Smoot:

My Brothers and Sisters: I cannot conceive it possible for one to be reared as I have been around the fireside of the Smoot and Bullock homes without having a deep regard--a very high respect--for the Taylor family. My contacts with the father and mother of this good man whom we are laying away today have taught me many a fine lesson. Brother Taylor, the father of this good man, worked with my grandfather many years ago. They were in business together. Whatever else you might say of them, the Taylor family were all positive characters--all that I have met. Brother Taylor was decidedly positive. My grandfather was that kind of a man, and they had their differences of opinion in their work together. In later years I talked with Brother Taylor's father of these differences, and I have admired him for his earnestness and integrity. I am not saying that he was right or that he was wrong. What I want to say is that he was made of sterling stuff, and that was true of the mother of this good man who worked with my Grandmother Bullock in the Church and for woman suffrage in this state. I learned to know much of their fine qualities through their association.

Now I believe that anybody who has looked over the history of this family, who came from England way back in the early pioneer days of this country, will have to agree with me that they have been builders. I don't know of anything that has happened in my time, probably there may have been something earlier, but I know of nothing more important to the people of the community than the Provo Building and Loan Society with which he was associated, and which, I am sure, has been a great blessing to this community. In connection with these attainments, Arthur N. Taylor, with John Dixon (the brother of this

good man's wife) and LeRoy Dixon (my own brother-in-law) and others of their associates, went down and tried to redeem the lands of the Utah Lake known as Skippers Bay. It was considered a hazardous task at the time, and I want to say to you folks that if it had not been for the fact that the names of Arthur N. Taylor and John Dixon were on the paper, those bonds would never have been issued. And sure enough the questionableness of that enterprise was demonstrated, because when the rivers were high and the lake was equally high, the dikes were taken out and the enterprise was washed away. They were left to take care of thousands of dollars in bonds, but they were determined to take care of those bonds for everyone. Unless you have had experience, as it has been my privilege to have, you little realize what that might mean to the community. Any time a bond issue goes down in the State it affects every political unit in the state. These men sanctioned this bond issue and put it over. Now that is the general background as I see it of the family, as my contacts and observations have made me observe their merits and sterling qualities.

I had the good fortune of being on the school board at the time Brother Taylor came on the board. I wasn't always agreed with him on our problems; sometimes I was on one side of the question--sometimes against him and sometimes with him--but I think there was not a man on the board but what recognized in Arthur N. Taylor a decided earnestness, a desire to do a thing as he saw it. He was honest and straightforward in all that he did. No man had to call the second time to find out where he stood on any question. He had a clear head. You little realize the efforts he put forth in those days. I learned a lot. I learned to think of him as a man of great integrity. (Regardless of what side of the question he was on I always felt that I could go to him and put my cards on the table and say "Arthur, this is how it looks to me" and he would do the same thing, and we would thrash it out.) We couldn't always agree, but we tried, and I want to say that I always admired him, and I believe that I always had his confidence and friendship.

There were three outstanding things in Arthur N. Taylor's life. One was his faith, and when you know that he has put every son in the mission field to teach the gospel for which his parents came here from England it is a pretty good testimony that he had faith, and that faith that it takes to build empires, churches, or whatever else you undertake to build. In addition to this he had stability to which I have referred. He also had ability.

Now in referring to his faith I would just like to refer to the difference in this man's life and the hope he had as compared with that of the great Ingersoll. I did not have time to memorize many of the sayings. Mr. Ingersoll, I am told, agreed with his brother who followed the ministry. To begin with I understand that both of them intended to study for the ministry, then Robert took another course. They agreed that whichever one passed away first the other one would speak at the funeral service, and so over the bier of his brother Robert Ingersoll said these words:

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes not a word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his last breath: "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

The point I want to make is that there are some eternal truths uttered in those words. Truly we are between the peaks of two great eternities. This man had an abiding faith as to what eternity represents. There was no question of fear with him; he knew where he came from; he was not in doubt. It was a question of straight ahead for that goal which the Savior has pointed out to his children. Fortunate, indeed, is the man who is blessed with that faith, and who with the help of a wonderful wife can rear a family such as this man has with the help of the Father. I want to say that this is the most wonderful testimony to me and to all who will take time and reflect and study upon this.

Now there is an old saying, and I hope you will pardon me if I read again of one who spoke of the Builder. I have read this before. You are probably familiar with it, but I never get tired of reading it in connection with men and women who have built and who are building as this man and his family have done.

The Bridge Builder

An old man traveling a lone high-way
Came at evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
For the sullen stream had no fear for him.
He turned when he reached the other side
And builded a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," cried a fellow Pilgrim there,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
And you never again will pass this way.
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide;
Why build a bridge at eventide?"

The builder raised his old gray head.
"Good friend, on the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet will pass this way,
The stream that has been as naught to me,
To that fair haired boy may a pitfall be,

He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

The redeeming of those bonds to which I referred was just that kind of a thing. He was building that bridge for his family. It will be no pitfall for his children and those who observed to say that he has not done all he could to carry out the contract. He was a builder, indeed, as is characteristic of this whole family, and to me it is the kind of a family I am proud to be numbered among their friends. Without that kind of stuff we cannot hope to succeed.

I have heard Arthur Taylor say time and time again that it is when you put cold steel up against a man that you find whether he gives or whether he stands unflinching. When you put him up against pressure, when you put him up against brass tacks, it is then that you see what kind of a man he is. It takes the real metal to know what man is made of, and that is why I say that he is a positive man and his good wife, Maria Dixon, comes from the same kind of stock. It was not my good fortune to know her father, but I know of his fine qualities. Anybody who knew Grandmother Dixon cannot say that she did not know how to fight. So this little family has certainly inherited a most wonderful line of ancestors. They have come to us with a great background and with all of this sadness of heart, sadness of losing husband and father, the fact remains that there is a heritage here well worth living for.

Now in conclusion let me say to the family, along with his relatives and friends, a few lines from Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

RECOMPENSE

Straightway through my heart this fact today
By truth's own hand is driven;
God never takes one thing away
But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years,
This law of love and kindness;
But without hope, through bitter years,
I mourned in sorrow's blindness,

And ever following each regret
For some departed treasure,
My sad, repining heart was met
With unexpected pleasure.

I thought it only happened so;
But time this truth has taught me:
No least thing from my life can go
But something else is brought me.

It is the law, complete, sublime,
And now with faith unshaken
In patience I but bide my time
When any joy is taken.

To the family I want to say that when this hour comes, when this time strikes there is something that is hard to fill in, but I want to say the Lord will replace in manifold blessings any treasure that he has taken from us. Let us look forward to this hope, and may God comfort and bless this family and the friends of this good man. May we all emulate the qualities of this fine character, I pray in Jesus' name, Amen.

A string trio from the Brigham Young University composed of LeRoy J. Robertson, Gustave Buggart, and Elmer Nelson played "Liebestraum."

Brother William D. Norman:

My brothers and sisters, and relatives, and friends of our beloved co-worker:

As I stand before you, here, this afternoon, I feel so unable, inasmuch as I realize that I have not words and language, to do full justice to this position. However, I appreciate and deem it an honor to have this privilege.

I wish to express, in behalf of the family and the firm, that they appreciate very much the letters and telegrams of condolence that have been sent in and for the presence today of a number of the furniture dealers and other business associates from the state; also, that the Furniture Association of the State of Utah has passed the resolution to draw up a letter of condolence to the family. These things are greatly appreciated by the family and the institution.

When Brother Taylor first came into my life some twenty-six years ago, I saw him as a man of about forty, just returned from the British Mission, full of the spirit of the gospel. Inasmuch as I was extremely anxious to become affiliated with the organization that he at that time was associated with, I asked him if he could use his influence with his association to secure me a position in that establishment. He was successful, and I can express this day in the presence of this audience that I enjoyed very much and have always appreciated my association with that firm for ten long years.

I have been asked this day to represent the body of workers that I am at present associated with. For the last fourteen or fifteen years, I have been in intimate touch with Brother Taylor and these boys and girls that sit in the audience today, and I can assure you that it has been a pleasant time spent.

We loved and respected him as our President and Manager, and our co-laborer. He was not, to us, the President, the Manager, but we looked upon him as the ordinary co-laborer--of course, he made us feel that he was. He was never too good or felt himself above taking a place with the ordinary man in the institution,

and for that we have learned to love him and respect him. He has been a wonderful counselor to us. He has given us a wonderful training, a training that will go with us throughout the remainder of our lives.

Going away from the business, I found that Arthur N. Taylor had a very sympathetic soul. We find in the language of Jefferson's Character of Jesus, where he quotes that great streams of sympathy flowed from his tender heart to the ones that needed sympathy, and from that same heart flowed streams of lava to chastise the workers of iniquity; that these were the characteristics of Arthur N. Taylor. It brings me back to the coast of Norway, where I was raised--where I was born, and where I lived almost to manhood before I embraced this work and came out here to the land of Zion. I am reminded of the dark nights of that dangerous coast, where a ship is approaching the shore where they need a pilot. The pilot boards the ship and guides it safely into the harbor. Such has been the way with Arthur N. Taylor.

During this terrible depression that our Nation and the world have gone through, we have, of course, felt it as well as any other concern, and he had his first illness just at the time this calamity came upon the land. We felt that he needed to go away, to leave the ship, to go down into a warmer climate where he could rest, where he could forget his troubles to enable him to gather strength. He said, "Boys, not now. I can't leave the ship now; but later on, perhaps, when this storm has gone over, when the sea is calm. I appreciate very much the interest that you boys have in me, but right now it is my duty to stay with the ship."

We saw him from time to time coming down to the business hardly able to walk up the stairs to the office. And there he was, giving us the counsel and the advice that he so much felt was needed. So he piloted the ship over the storms. It has begun to wane now. The sea has begun to calm, and we feel that we are on the way to better times.

So it has been, and I can assure the family that we have appreciated it. We know that this is another case where a man has given his life for his business. No greater love has any man than giving his life for his fellowmen.

I feel like reading the poem of Tennyson. I know that Brother Taylor wouldn't wish us to mourn, but to carry on, the words of the poet in our hearts:

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the Bar.

To Sister Taylor and the family, in behalf of the institution and the workers of the institution, we appreciate very much your association. It has been a blessing to all of us, and our wish for you, Sister Taylor, is that God will be near you with the influence of His Holy Spirit to fill the loss which you have sustained. You have been a wonderful companion, you have been an inspiration to him during these fifteen or sixteen years in our business, and we appreciate it. We know that your influence has helped him, and now in his recent illness in particular, we know that you have been faithful and stood by him and administered to him that which was most needed.

You have been surrounded by five boys and two daughters. These boys are blessed with the Holy Priesthood of God. They could come to their father at any time and administer to him and comfort him through the authority of the Holy Priesthood which God has blessed them with.

May God bless he who is out in the world today, and also the daughter who recently left. Comfort their hearts. I feel that I should mention that there is one of the boys, Brother Clarence, a young man that would like to have the enjoyment, and the pleasure of young men. He has, ever since he came home, devoted his time to his Mother, assisting in the welfare and comfort of his Father; deprived himself of all his earnings and laid it upon the table to assist and to help his dear Mother in administering comfort to his Father.

Now in conclusion, I wish to read a small poem of Edgar A. Guest, entitled, "A Prayer."

God grant me kindly thought
And patience through the day,
And in the things I've wrought
Let no man living say
That hate's grim mark has stained
What little joy I've gained.
God keep my nature sweet,
Teach me to bear a blow,

Disaster and defeat,
And no resentment show.
If failure must be mine
Sustain this soul of mine.

God grant me strength to face
Undaunted day or night;
To stoop to no disgrace
To win my little fight;
Let me be, when it is o'er
As manly as before.

May God grant these things to the family, and particularly to Sister Taylor, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Murray K. Roberts sang, "Teach Me to Pray."

Brother Joseph A. Buttle:

"Strange earnest faith. It always wins no matter what the price. Who sees success when he begins is simply bound to rise. Faith gives to man his rights and gives him strength to do; it guides him to nobler heights and holds him staunch and true." I have observed in the life of Arthur N. Taylor this kind of faith.

I labored with Arthur for some years on a committee from the high council working with the lesser priesthood. I knew of his earnestness and his interest in the boys at this age. I knew of the assignments he made almost every week while these boys were laboring in their calling. I never knew him to shirk. He always had a report of his visits. He always had something to suggest to that committee which would be of purpose to the boys growing in their adolescent period--boys who were passing through the crucial time of their lives when character is built; and in character building, boys need others to help. Arthur was always on the job.

I have associated with him in a business way. I have listened to his problems. I have witnessed him handle thousands of dollars in transactions, and I have never known him to hide out. You always knew where he stood, and what he intended to do. Nothing was concealed from the officials. So, I say that Arthur Taylor built in himself a character that was dependable, one that any man could look upon with grace and feel that in him was an ideal to follow. He has helped me in his life that I might endeavor to be at my very best always when I have been with him and to associate with men and women who assist us to be at our very best is one of the greatest blessings that can come through association. It has been related here by the previous speakers, and I can heartily endorse all that has been said of him. I admired him because of his work in the community. To me Arthur Taylor was a prince among men, never shirking any duty which rested upon him in a temporal way or a spiritual way. Rather reserved, but firm; and when his mind was

made up there had to be some argument to change it. His judgment was keen, and he was certainly a real man. I could say of Arthur Taylor as President Harding said to me of Senator Smoot upon one occasion as he gripped my hand: "I think him all gold." So I can say of Arthur Taylor, "I think him all gold."

I want to read just a thought which I think bears out the life of Arthur Taylor. It is scripture that is read perhaps more than any other scripture on occasions of this kind, but I think that the scripture is not altogether understood, nor do I think that those who read it often really feel down deep within their hearts that it is true:

1 Corinthians, Chapter XV, Verses 1 to 7:

1. Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand;

2. By which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain.

3. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures;

4. And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures;

5. And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve:

6. After that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep.

This is the testimony of Paul. Arthur Taylor did not believe in vain. He kept the faith and his faith lived with him, and he will take his faith with him and God our Eternal Father will give a reward to Arthur Taylor for his fidelity alone, for his trust and for his confidence in His divine plan which has come to us in this dispensation. There wasn't any doubt in his life concerning the message of truth, the restoration of the Gospel, and of the Prophet Joseph Smith. It lived in his life as part of him--he made it part of him and he exemplified it in his life and in the service which he gave. He has had the blessed privilege of seeing his boys give their service too for this great cause, and this marvelous work--every one of them.

1 Corinthians, Chapter XV, Verses 12 to 15:

12. Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?

13. But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen.

14. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.

So upon this theme and this individual, whom we call Christ, hinges our salvation and our eternity--our resurrection from the grave. I am going to take the liberty of reading a thought I like and perhaps Arthur went to the university at the time this girl went. I refer to a poem written by Annie Pike Greenwood:

THY YEARS SHALL HAVE NO END

Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed: but Thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end (Psalms 102:25-27).

Offspring of God; child of the unknown life;
Part of the plan made flesh to hold light;
Wave of that vast, unfathomable sea
Touching the shores of here with mystery;
The dust of earth flies up to blind thy sight;
Rejoice; Thou canst not with the finite blend--
Thou art of God--thy years shall have no end.

Why grieveest for time we count in hours?
Why build a blazing Pyre to every year?
Why dig a grave for that which never was,
And count as finished where is never pause?
Thou art not fellow to so base a fear
That thou for aye on this small space depend;
Thou art of God--thy years shall have no end.

Earth shall decay and drift among the stars;
Heaven shall pass, and Greater Realms shall be;
All shall be changed by that unchanging cause,
And nothing be as anything that was:
Yet shalt thou live--For thee Eternity--
Thou to the edict of no year must bend--
Thou art of God; thy years shall have no end.

I say amen to this poem of Mrs. Greenwood. I say amen to the mission of Jesus our Savior; I say amen to the providence of a kind Father. We as His offspring shall have no end because we are eternal. Thank God for this faith, for this hope, for this confidence in the promises of our Father through his Divine Son Jesus of Nazareth. Sister Taylor, boys and girls, you know as I know that this is not the end of your companion and Father.

The time will come when he will listen to the voice of Jesus of Nazareth, who will say to him "Arthur, my son, thou hast earned

for thyself the power to reenter this tabernacle of flesh. Thou shalt bring it forth triumphantly from the grave, as I have brought mine successfully from there. Enter thy body, Arthur, bring it forth and thou shalt become an immortal son of God." This is my faith, and I know it must be yours. Arthur, I say unto you au revoir not good-bye. I will meet you yonder at some place and some time, and in that meeting it will be a reality. I will grasp your hand as I often have. I will converse with you in reality.

May God give unto you and all of us this faith, this hope, and this assurance, and may His influence be with you, Sister Taylor and family, and those who mourn this day that we may have faith, and courage, and hope to fight the battle of life and confidence in the promise of a kind Father, I pray in Jesus's name, Amen.

The string trio composed of LeRoy J. Robertson, Gustave Buggart, and Elmer Nelson played a selected number.

Apostle Reed Smoot:

My Brothers and Sisters: I will simply arise at this hour for the purpose of bearing testimony to every word of commendation that has been uttered during these services in reference to the life and character, and the honor of Brother Arthur Taylor. More could be said, but there is no one in this audience, I am quite sure, that isn't well acquainted with his life, his ambitions, and above all his faith in God and His Son Jesus Christ.

To his children I will simply say this. Follow his example and his teachings, and your award will be an eternal life with that father. For all that the Master promised the children of God in his day and reiterated in our day shall come to pass if we but honor and love the Savior, who promised the richest things than can come to a human being.

To Sister Taylor and her sorrowing children, I extend my tenderest condolences, and I pray the Father to grant unto you and to them the comforter to sooth your sorrows and to heal the wound caused by the sad death of the loved husband and father.

To his devoted friends, may I say unto them remember his integrity and honor and live in such a way that no matter where you meet him in the hereafter you will feel perfectly at home. For I testify to you this day that a man living the life that Arthur Taylor has lived, his devotion to God's work, his sympathy to mankind gives him a place among the favored children of God. Peace be to his memory. God bless his loved ones I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Bishop Alfred E. Eves:

My heart is full of sadness today at the loss of a friend and brother in Arthur N. Taylor, yet I am comforted beyond that which I can explain in the wonderful eulogies that have been spoken in relation to his life here this afternoon.

I have loved him for thirty-three years; probably you saw in the newspaper that I was a convert of his in England. I bow to that decision. I remember with honor and respect John E. Lunt, of Nephi, who is on the stand this afternoon; Brother Smith, who has passed away; Brother Crump; and William J. Startup; but it was Arthur N. Taylor who came to my home for eleven months continuously every Tuesday evening and taught me the principles of life and salvation and brought the sweetest joy that I have ever known or that has come into the life of man--the Gospel of Jesus Christ as restored to the earth in these the last days.

From the depths of uncertainty and the knowledge of God that I had at that time, he brought the light of truth to my wife and myself, and so after these painstaking efforts of the missionaries from Zion Brother Taylor thought the question should be, "Are you ready for baptism"? He baptized me and Elder John E. Lunt baptized my wife. And I want to testify here today that that has been the greatest time in my life, because it changed the course of my life and helped me to come here to Zion and to see that disciple of Christ as he was in the mission field, living the life here at home that he lived in the mission field. There are many Saints in this community and farther away who will remember Arthur N. Taylor for the wonderful work that he performed here and in the mission field.

Brother Joseph A. Daynes, the first Elder I ever met, was president of the British--Birmingham Conference when Arthur N. Taylor was called to fill this position after him, and a mighty man he proved to be, and a wonderful work was consummated in that day and age. He exemplified the Master in his daily walks and talks by his patience and his love, his long-suffering faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and these were the fruits of the spirit that he manifested throughout his life.

Can you wonder after hearing what has been said here this afternoon that a man like that could make an impression on the lives and souls of men and women. I assure you that they remember him. I was talking to Elder Startup, who just returned from the British mission a few weeks ago, and he tells me of Saints who still remember him and wish for happiness to come to him. It is too bad that his condition did not permit him to know, but I want to assure you, my Brothers and Sisters, he was a man in the truest sense of the word.

When his wife came at the end of his mission in England, they were in double-harness, and the work of the Lord progressed; and so we started a friendship in our life that I hope will last

throughout eternity; and I know it will because I have had the privilege here in Provo of entering into their home life. You will remember years ago, every Wednesday night was home-meeting, and I sat with others at his footstool, and he never lost an opportunity to teach and expound the Gospel of Jesus Christ. As a member of the Provo Third Ward, he has been appreciated. In every record book you will find his name and the names of his family passing from one position to another until finally he became a high councilman. He lived a life of service. When I contemplate his mission and that of his six sons and put them all together, there is, it seems to me, eighteen years of service to this cause which we love. And I want to assure you that there is no greater joy on earth than in the Master's word, when he said that we should give up our lives for our friends, or to save the souls of men from death. This family has accomplished this.

My heart, today, goes out in sympathy as I pray for God's Holy Spirit to be with that boy, Kenneth, who is in the mission field in England today, that when the news is broken to him he will see the Lord's hand in this act. I ask our Father in Heaven to bless Alice, who is in New York, and Ruth, the other girl, and I certainly extend my sympathy and humble condolences to Sister Taylor and the family. I haven't fear of where they stand. I know the ground they have trodden in life and the teachings they have received, and I know that outside of their missionary work they have never let down. They are occupying important positions wherever they are called to work, and may God bless them and keep them. Brother Taylor was often asked for advice and his counsel was cheerfully given at all times.

And now to his dear wife, I do not think there is any need for encouragement because Aunt Rye (and that is the only name I have known her by) comes of that family, of that stock that has been spoken of this afternoon that stand in a positive manner for the truth--that truth which will make them free and will give them a complete understanding of the knowledge of God.

You have the sympathy, Sister Taylor, and you boys and you girls--you have the fullest sympathy of the ward that you have lived in all your life, and we are ready to extend any help that we possibly can. May the Lord bless you, and may this chain started by Brother Taylor remain unbroken and continue to grow, that when he meets all of us, as Brother Buttle suggested here this afternoon, there will be many, many souls to say, "We knew you and your family and are thankful for the blessings that came into our lives through you." May God bless every one of you, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

In behalf of the family we would like to extend our thanks and gratitude for the expressions of love and sympathy, not only this day but in the many months of the illness of Brother Taylor. These beautiful tokens here that surround you and the presence on the stand of the high council members that were laboring with him,

the beautiful music that has been rendered and the wonderful things that have been said. I know that they wish to thank you, and may I not forget anyone. Will you accept of these thanks from them, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

At the conclusion of these services, when we go to the cemetery, the grave will be dedicated by Andrew Knudson, one of the oldest members of the high council.

The mixed quartet composed of Edith Harrison, Josephine Oldroyd, Murray K. Roberts, and Peter Jensen sang, "Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide."

Brother E. H. Holt pronounced the Benediction:

Our Father in Heaven: At the close of this service we thank thee for the peaceful influence of Thy Spirit which has been with us. We feel, our Father, that we have been blessed, even though we are in the house of mourning. We thank thee, our Father, for the life of Brother Arthur N. Taylor. We feel that everyone who has come in contact with him has been helped and blessed. We pray, our Father, now that Thou wilt bless his family. Bless Sister Taylor and all the children. May they have hope and courage to meet the problems of life. May Thy Spirit ever be with them.

We pray, our Father, that Thou wilt bless them with increased faith in Thee and in Thy purposes and a greater assurance of their meeting again with Brother Taylor. Bless us all, our kind Father, with Thy Spirit from day to day and help us to lead righteous lives.

We pray, our Father, that Thy Spirit may be with those who will go to the burial service and have protecting care over them until the remains are laid away.

Bless us with Thy Spirit. Sanctify all that has been said here this day to our good, we humbly pray in the name of Jesus, Amen.

Dedication by Andrew K. Knudsen:

Our Father Who Art in Heaven: We a few of thy children, the relatives and friends of Brother Arthur N. Taylor, have surrounded this beautiful spot prepared for his resting place, under the shade of these beautiful Wasatch Mountains, that was once a barren desert. Now that it blossoms as a rose, we feel that it will be a peaceful, harmonious spot of ground for thy resting place; and by the authority of the priesthood which I bear, I dedicate this spot of ground, the grave, the vault, the casket, the clothing, and the remains of our dear Brother. We dedicate them all unto thee and pray that this spot of ground may be sacred and be preserved from the elements, and that when the trumpet be sounded

and the dead are come forth to receive their immortal bodies, Thy servant may come forth and receive his blessings, as we hope all to receive our blessings from Thee, our Father in Heaven.

We bid thee good-bye, Arthur. Give our love to our friends over there. We are coming. We hope that we shall struggle on as thou hast done, and that we shall be worthy of thy association in the future. Be with us, our Father, that still remain in the flesh. Bless the dear family of this good man. May they emulate thy example and walk in life.

We pray these blessings in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.



Gravestone of Arthur N. Taylor. Picture taken at the time of the burial of his wife, Maria D. Taylor.

The following is the Editorial in the Provo Daily Herald on September 12, 1935:

In the passing of Arthur N. Taylor, this community has sustained a heavy loss. Friends and associates, neighbors and relatives, all mourn his passing. His place will be difficult to fill.

Those who knew Arthur Taylor best loved him most. His love of fair play, his innate sense of justice and square dealings won him countless friends. His great ability as a business executive, as a builder and organizer, is reflected in the organization which he founded and left to his associates to carry on.

He was a successful leader because he never hesitated to do first what he required of his fellows. He never spared himself when objectives had been set up to be attained, a fact which was perhaps in some measure responsible for his death at an age when he should have looked forward to living his declining years in enjoyment of some of the fruits of his life's labors.

To the members of his splendid family and other immediate relatives who have sustained a personal loss in his passing, goes out the sympathy of the entire community.

His passing is sincerely regretted, not only by his kin, but by numerous friends who loved him for what he was, what he stood for, and for his achievements.

From the Provo Daily Herald, September 16, 1935:

TRIBUTES PAID TO ARTHUR N. TAYLOR AT FINAL RITES

Tender expressions of sympathy to the bereaved family were mingled with tributes to the sterling qualities of character of the late Arthur N. Taylor, President and General Manager of the Dixon Taylor Russell Company, at the funeral services held Sunday in the Utah Stake Tabernacle.

More than 1000 persons, many of them coming from other cities, attended the services which were in charge of Bishop A. E. Eves. The speakers were Mayor A. O. Smoot, William D. Norman, Joseph A. Buttle, Apostle Reed Smoot, and Bishop Eves. H. A. Dixon, Superintendent of the City Schools, offered the invocation and the benediction was pronounced by E. H. Holt. The grave at the Provo City Cemetery was dedicated by Andrew Knudsen.

A profusion of floral tributes banked the stands in the front of the tabernacle.

Mayor Smoot paid tribute to the Taylor Family and the positive character which is one of the predominating family traits. He said it was above all a family of builders, and pointed to the Provo Building and Loan Society and various business institutions established here by members of the Taylor family.

The speaker recalled the time when he served on the School Board with Mr. Taylor and mentioned his earnestness of purpose, his desire to do his duty as he saw it. "He was a man of great integrity," said Mayor Smoot.

"The three outstanding characteristics in his life were his FAITH, his STABILITY and his ABILITY."

Mr. Norman who represented the Board of Directors and employees of the Dixon Taylor Russell Co., paid a glowing tribute to the departed leader and told of the great love and respect his co-workers held for him.

"Although Arthur N. Taylor was our President and General Manager, he always made us feel that he was just one of the boys working for the good of the firm," said Mr. Norman as he spoke with considerable feeling of the personal association of 26 years he enjoyed with the departed friend.

Telling of Mr. Taylor's devotion to duty during the strenuous years of the depression, he expressed his conviction that this was a case where a man laid down his life for his friends. In spite of the entreaties of his associates to take a complete rest at the time he was first stricken four years ago, Mr. Taylor declined. "Not now, boys, but maybe later on," he told them. "Right now it is my duty to stay with the ship."

Mr. Buttle who worked with Mr. Taylor on the high council spoke with tenderness of his intimate association with him and paid a lofty tribute to his dependable character.

"To me, Arthur Taylor was a prince among men. He never shirked. Although he was rather reserved, he was firm and steadfast to what was right, once he made up his mind. His abiding faith in his religion is reflected in his family, his six sons having fulfilled missions for the Church.

"I simply arise at this point to bear my testimony that every word uttered at these services in reference to the life and character of Arthur Taylor is true," said Elder Reed Smoot. "More could be said, but there is no one in this audience who isn't well acquainted with his life and his abiding faith in God and his Son, Jesus Christ.

"To his children I will simply say this: Follow his example, his teachings, and your reward will be an eternal life with that Father.

"To Sister Taylor I extend my tenderest condolence and I pray to God to grant unto you the comfort to soothe your sorrow and to heal the wounds caused by the death of your loving husband and father."

Bishop Eves, a convert to the L.D.S. Church during the mission term of Mr. Taylor and baptized a member of the Church by him,

spoke with considerable feeling as he paid tribute to his life and works.

"He exemplified the Master in his love, his great suffering and his faith," he said. "His advice was always sought and his counsel cheerfully given."

Bishop Eves referred to the record of service made in the Third Ward by Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and their family and expressed appreciation to all the friends and the family who had extended their aid and sympathy during the illness and death of Mr. Taylor.

A quartet made up of Edith Harrison, Josephine Oldroyd, Murray Roberts and Peter Jensen sang three selections. Mr. Roberts sang a solo, "I Know That My Redeemer Lives," and a string trio, Prof. LeRoy J. Robertson, Prof. Elmer Nelson and Prof. Gustav Buggart played two selections. Mrs. Leona Van Wagoner was the accompanist and also played the prelude and postlude on the organ.

CHAPTER 14

DEATH, FUNERAL, AND BURIAL OF MARIA D. TAYLOR

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY:

Sunday, January 11, 1942

I fell on the waxed floor and suffered a very bad wrenched back and torn ligaments. I was in bed for about three weeks.

October 28, 1946

Suffered a great deal with my back and for the past two years have had almost a continuous pain in my side and across the kidneys. Then I have a very severe pain in my back. I spent a month at Wildwood and after returning home had many X-rays taken. They showed my kidneys were clear. Other X-rays showed I had an ulcer in the outlet of my stomach, that my gall bladder was not functioning properly, and that I had colitis. Later another X-ray showed I had arthritis of the spine due to a fracture in my back when I slipped and fell. A cartilage had formed over the old wound and formed a wedge between the vertebrae. I came to bed Sept. 16, 1946. . . . It is seven weeks today. I still suffer a great deal of pain. Dr. Boyer came in and has given me four treatments. I have already felt relief.

The following was written by her son Clarence D. Taylor:

While in Denver visiting with her daughter Alice during the latter part of April and the forepart of May, she mentioned at times of having a terrific backache.

When she came home, she was ready to go to Wildwood, where we thought she would be able to relax and rest and feel more like herself.

At times she was unable to sleep at night or completely relax during the day, which was something very unusual for her while in the canyon. It was even necessary to get some sleeping tablets in order for her to get a good night's rest. Instead of getting better she did not improve, and finally decided it might be best for her to be home where the doctor could examine her and give her the necessary attention. X-rays were taken and treatments prescribed, but failed to give complete relief. First it was thought to be her back, then the kidneys, then the stomach, and then arthritis of the spine and colitis. At this point Dr. Boyer was called in to try and help give relief for arthritis.

One Sunday afternoon Aunt Sarah L. Dixon was visiting with Mother. She was feeling chilly and instead of her asking someone to pull a blanket over her, she reached down to pull the blanket up. There was a very noticeable pop in her leg, midway between her knee and hip. She cried aloud, "My leg is broken." I have never seen her lose control of herself as she did at this time. The pain must have been terrific. We, as well as the doctors, thought it was a strained ligament or "charlie horse." It was so swollen that a complete examination was impossible at that time.

On January 4, 1947, the family, with Mother's consent, decided that she should go to the Utah Valley Hospital for observation and examination, for she was not improving and her pains were getting worse. It was here on her 75th birthday, the 5th of January, that she received many cards, visitors, and a birthday cake, made by her daughter-in-law, Ethelyn.

After a complete examination, the doctors thought it advisable that she should be taken to the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, where Dr. Gil Richards, a specialist, handled her case.

After about a week's observation and another complete set of X-ray pictures, his diagnosis revealed a cancerous growth spreading through the bones, settling in the spinal column and her leg. Her leg was fractured, which was the result of the growth spreading and absorbing the calcium in the bones and causing them to become very brittle. This cancer originated from a goiter, located much lower than the outward goiter visible in her neck. The doctor stated that even had she gone through an operation for the removal of the one goiter, they would never have cause to look for this lower one which was the trouble maker.

As time went on the pains became more severe and frequent. The doctors recommended an alcohol injection in the spine to relieve the pain in her back. This was accomplished, leaving her completely paralyzed from the waist down, and for a short time she was out of pain.

Later the pain developed higher in her back and in her neck. After 37 days in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, she passed away at 11:45 a.m. on Monday, February 17, 1947, with her daughter-in-law Ethel at her bedside.

A BETTER MOTHER NEVER LIVED THAN MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR.

FUNERAL SERVICES OF MARIA DIXON TAYLOR

February 21, 1947, 1:30 p.m.

Provo Third Ward

Provo, Utah

The services were under the direction of the Provo Third Ward bishopric. Services were conducted by William J. Lewis, first counselor.

William J. Lewis:

The hour has arrived for the opening of these services to be a memorial to the life of MARIA DIXON TAYLOR. We pray that the spirit of the Lord will be here in rich abundance and, to those bereaved, bring comfort and consolation. Rhea Dixon Reeve, a niece who has lived next door to Sister Taylor all of her life, will read a biography and pay a personal tribute.

Rhea Dixon Reeve:

Life History of Maria Dixon Taylor

Maria Dixon Taylor, known to most of us as "Aunt Rye," was born five minutes past nine o'clock on the night of January 5, 1872, in Provo, Utah. She died five minutes to twelve noon, Monday, February 17, 1947, at the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City. She lived seventy-five years in her earth mission.

She was blessed and given her name on January 13, 1872, by her Father, Henry Aldous Dixon. Her Mother was Sarah DeGrey Dixon. Her Father and Mother accepted the gospel and joined the Church in foreign lands. Her Father came from South Africa, and her Mother came from Dudley, England. Both crossed the plains in the same company in their migration to Zion.

Aunt Rye had her schooling in Provo. Her first teacher was Mrs. Oakley at the old adobe school that stood where Lester Taylor's family now reside (corner First North and Fourth West). Later she attended the West School, one block south of where Pioneer Park is located. She was a member of the first class at the old Parker School and had the late George H. Brimhall for her teacher. She finished her schooling at the B.Y. Academy. Her Father died when she was twelve years of age, leaving two wives and thirteen children. It was a struggle for existence for this large family, but it was this united effort to meet the problems of life that brought the Dixons close together and made them so loyal to one another all the days of their lives.

Aunt Rye worked for Robert Skelton in the Provo Book and Stationery for many years and was a successful saleslady and business woman.

On May 9, 1894, she married Arthur N. Taylor in the Salt Lake Temple. She then turned her heart to building a home and rearing

a family. In October 1900 her husband left for a mission to England. Three children had been born by this time: Arthur, Lynn, and Elton. In 1902 she left the children in the care of her mother and went to England to meet her husband. Here she served as a missionary for six months before returning home with her husband.

She, with her husband, believed that boys should be kept busy, so they bought a fruit and dairy farm on Provo Bench. During the summer they lived on the farm, and Aunt Rye had her experiences as a farmer. Later the fruit farm was sold and property was acquired at the mouth of Provo River on Utah Lake where the boys were taught to raise sugar beets. Along with farming they entered the resort business at Provona Beach at the mouth of Provo River, and here Aunt Rye showed her business ability and taught her children valuable lessons in management.

Through thick and thin, through all their ventures, she cooperated with her husband one hundred percent.

Her Church activity was of much importance. The gospel was as dear to her as her own life.

In 1913 she was a counselor to Mary Davis in the Third Ward Primary. When the ward was divided she was called to take Sister Davis's place and served as president of the Third Ward Primary for ten years. After being released from the Primary, she served for twenty years as the Theology teacher in the Relief Society. She served as treasurer of the Utah County Camp of the Daughters of the Pioneers for two terms. In June 1939 she was elected historian of the Fourth and Sixth Camps of the Daughters of the Pioneers and later served as historian in the newly created "Camp Provo." She was very happy in this work and the records she made will carry down through the stream of time giving later generations a story of their progenitors.

In 1937 Bishop Eves called her to help organize the widows of Provo Third Ward. She followed Aunt Sarah Dixon as chairman of this group. They raised funds through the sale of quilts, rugs, and pies, which paid for the carpet and electric organ for the Third Ward chapel.

She and her husband, besides filling a mission themselves, sent their six sons on missions to various parts of the world.

Her husband died in September 1935, and although it was a serious loss she bravely carried on, kept intensely busy in genealogy work. She worked in the ward genealogy group for many years. She has had marvelous results through correspondence to South Africa and England and has done much in bringing the family records up-to-date. She enjoyed the days she spent in the various temples and in the genealogical research rooms. Her social life was active from the time of her childhood until she was stricken to her bed a few months ago.

She loved all people she associated with and helped many in need. Wildwood, Provo Canyon, where she spent her summers, was one of the bright spots of her life. Here she entertained friends and relatives from far and near. She loved the people who lived there.

Probably one of the proud moments of her life was Mother's Day, May 11, 1941, when she opened the Sunday Edition of the Provo Herald and saw her picture displayed on the front page under which read a statement: "The typical Mother of the Day."

She leaves a posterity of twenty-three grandchildren and the following children: Arthur D. Taylor, bishop of Provo Third Ward; Lynn D. Taylor, former bishop of the Pleasant View Ward; Elton L. Taylor, president of Carbon Stake; Alice T. Nelson, wife of Dr. Elroy Nelson of Denver; Clarence D. Taylor of Provo; Ruth T. Kartchner, wife of Dr. Fred D. Kartchner, who is in the Hawaiian Islands; and Henry D. Taylor, president of the Sharon Stake. Kenneth, the youngest son, died and was buried on his 27th birthday, November 3, 1940. His wife, Ethelyn Peterson Taylor, is with us today.

One brother, Arnold Dixon, and two sisters, Mrs. J. W. Dangerfield and Sarah McConachie, also survive.

Aunt Rye penned these closing lines in the history of her life written in 1940. "I am so grateful that I have seven of the kindest and dearest children anyone would wish to have to bring joy and comfort to me in my declining years; in fact, I feel that I am one of the most blessed women in the world."

This biography was taken from her own life's history which she wrote and which is now in the hands of the members of her family.

A Tribute to Aunt Rye
By Rhea Dixon Reeve

They ask, "What is in the name?"

It seems to me, there is much that is unseen;
Something of the divine that symbolizes one's identity,
In this life and all eternity.

There are names that stir the soul,
When they fall upon the ear.

Names, that keep us free from all fear.

There are names we mention in revered awe
Melodic, and tender like a refrain,

And names of heroes that have become
A part of our country's glory and fame!

There are names flashed on
Broadway for all to see--

Names that signify a high degree,
And just names of sweet simplicity
Like "Aunt Rye."

I have loved this name since the days of my youth,
And idealized its owner
For her virtue, wisdom, and truth--
"Aunt Rye," it is such a home-spun, humble name,
No glamour nor pretentiousness
Did its bearer ever claim.
Calm and serene she stood,
Meeting life's tests and trials
Believing life was good!
Aunt Rye was a participant in life
She liked to be in the midst of things,
And share its joys and strife.
Names were very important to our Aunt Rye,
Names of the living and names of the dead.
She believed in "Salvation's" plan,
She always had much work ahead.
She enjoyed "Temple Work,"
And always tried to do her share,
For the less fortunate souls
Who haven't the "Gospel" over there.
Her genealogy records are well done.
She toiled to complete them from sun to sun.
Aunt Rye was steadfast in her faith
She loved the "Gospel Plan,"
She loved her God and served Him well,
She loved her fellow-men.
Aunt Rye was a sales lady,
She had loveliness to sell.
Aunt Rye was a dreamer and planner
And she always planned well
Aunt Rye was a comforter,
She was always where
Illness and grief were despair,
Her presence was soothing,
In healing she had a skill.
When asked if she'd stay with you,
She always answered, "Sure I will,"
We all felt relieved when
Aunt Rye was close by,
Because of her helpfulness
We could always rely.
Aunt Rye was a historian,
And a recorder too,
She was proud of our Pioneers
And preserved their life stories for all of you.
She cherished her birthright,
Was proud of her kin, their accomplishments
And what they had been.
She painstakingly preserved their history,
For all of her beloved posterity to see.
Aunt Rye was a student,
She liked to read,
She appreciated talent,
And liked to see other folks succeed.

She endeavored to find out about the new things
In her daily pursuits,
In this way, she acquired much knowledge,
And became an educated person
Without going to college.
Aunt Rye was a teacher of Zion's youth,
She loved little children and taught them the truth.
Aunt Rye was a devoted sweetheart and wife,
Always pretty and neat.
She seemed to sparkle, her spirit was so sweet
Her choicest role was that of mother,
She placed that assignment above any other.
Her home was her castle,
Her love and good-will did abide;
The atmosphere was lovely; because peace
And tranquility reigned always inside,
Her family by good example were taught.
She practiced doing good.
Her character and service
Have honored womanhood!
Her family have all lived exemplary lives,
As have their children their devoted husbands and wives,
This to their parents much happiness brought.
Aunt Rye was enthusiastic and busy as a bee.
She lived life abundantly,
And gloried in its opportunity!
She liked to work, she liked to play,
She loved to chat with her family and friends,
And always had something interesting to say.
She liked to laugh, hike, and swim,
And was always full of vigor and vim.
Folks were anxious to meet Aunt Rye,
And passers-by would say,
"So you're Aunt Rye Taylor,
We've heard about you."
And soon they'd be calling her Aunt Rye too.
They felt a close kinship, because of the nice things
she'd do
And as the greatest of all teachers, by example taught.
Aunt Rye's splendid lessons to us all brought
Renewed faith, better judgement, and many a good thought.
It has been said that all we take with us,
When we leave this earth, is what we have given,
Service measures our worth.
As our Creator challenged us,
"To do unto the least of these."
Aunt Rye has met this challenge
And her Creator will she please.
Her widow's mite was always giving of her time and
substance,
So Aunt Rye has taken with her,
Something more precious than gold,
Her record of good deeds,
Will bring blessings manifold,

And the heritage she leaves,
To family, neighbors and friends,
Remembering her goodness; no one knows how
Far its influence extends.
And to show our appreciation, for this life so fine
We can like her - so live,
That we too may have something as worthwhile to give.
And I know today in that
"Eternal Home" not so far away
Aunt Rye will not sit idly by.
She'll be helping, always doing her share,
And folks there too, will love our Aunt Rye.
I know that my Redeemer lives,
And spirits like Aunt Rye's never die!

William J. Lewis:

Sister Taylor loved the Relief Society where she served many years, and she loved this group of sisters, the Relief Society choir, that have come to sing. They will sing "O Father, Keep Us We Pray" directed by Ethel Lewis, accompanied by Verda May Wilcox.

O Father Keep Us We Pray

O Father, keep us we pray
From idle worry today,
Direct our thoughts from above
By thy perfect love.
May we in faith ever grow
And walk in light where ere we go,
May we more helpful and loving be,
To those who are needing Thee.

William J. Lewis:

The opening prayer will be offered by J. W. Dangerfield, a brother-in-law, and a very close friend.

J. W. Dangerfield:

Our Father in Heaven, we have assembled here to conduct the last rites and pay our respects to Sister Maria D. Taylor, one of God's noble women.

Aunt Rye, as she was affectionately called by her relatives and hosts of friends and neighbors, was a very devout Latter-day Saint, believing in the admonition of the Savior, "Take up thy cross and follow me," rendering great service to the Church all the days of her life. She has filled many responsible positions in thy Church with fidelity and devotion.

She was a good wife and very devoted mother to her children and always found time to render service to her relatives and friends when in distress.

The fine family of boys and girls that she had reared will ever cherish her memory and the strong ties of the family circle.

She has lived a life of usefulness and preached the gospel of Christ by precept and example. In the crowning years of her life, she has devoted herself to genealogical work, thereby doing temple work for her relatives and friends who have passed on without a knowledge of the gospel or an opportunity to embrace the same.

In the closing hours of her earthly existence and realizing that the end was drawing near, she expressed herself saying she had reared her family and finished her work here and was ready to meet her God and join her devoted husband, son Kenneth, her father and mother, and brothers and sisters in the eternal world, and continue her work of usefulness there.

Our Father, we don't feel to mourn at Aunt Rye's passing, as there are things worse than death. Through thy mercy thou hast relieved her from the intense suffering by calling her home. Blessed be her memory.

We pray thee, Our Father, to bless and comfort the hearts of her children, relatives, and friends. Especially do we ask thee to bless and comfort her daughter Ruth, who is in the Hawaiian Islands and unable to be present on this occasion.

Bless these services with thy divine spirit and inspire the speakers who shall offer words of comfort and consolation to this family, those who shall sing or render sweet strains of music. We dedicate these services unto thee, our Father, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

William J. Lewis:

A quartet composed of members of the Provo Third Ward choir will sing a number entitled "Invocation." The members of the quartet are Alfred Swenson, John Halliday, Max Stubbs, and Robert Carpenter. Byron Jensen will be the accompanist.

Invocation

Father I come Thy blessings to receive;
Asking that thou wilt help me to believe;
Strengthen my faith and teach me to forgive;
Father Almighty hear me, help me while I live,
Amid the toil and o'er life's restless sea,
May I O Father ever cling to thee.
When waves beat high my refuge Thou shalt be,
For Thou alone canst save and comfort me.

Then when life's twilight shadows 'round me creep,
When I forever close my eyes in sleep;
Wilt Thou receive me at the open door,
And let me come and dwell with Thee forever more;
O Let me dwell with Thee forever more.

William J. Lewis:

Mrs. Flora Fisher is the daughter of Mary E. Davis who worked with Sister Taylor in the Primary for many years. She is a very dear friend of the family. She will now pay tribute to Sister Taylor.

Flora D. Fisher:

We have met today to pay honor to Maria Dixon Taylor. I feel honored to talk a few minutes on the topic, "Sister Taylor, Our Friend." I have hunted for the best definition of friendship and this is the one I like best. "A true friend is one that helps you think and do your best." I feel that typifies her life, hers was a life of service.

She was one of my Mother's best friends. They worked in the Primary for 15 years together. When the Third Ward was divided, May 1913, Aunt Rye, as we all lovingly called her, was made president of the Third Ward Primary and Mother was president of Pioneer Ward. They planned their lessons and activities together for ten years in this way. I have heard my Mother say many times that Aunt Rye was always ready and willing to do more than her share no matter what she was asked to do. She could always be depended on. She has been an ideal of many people.

She taught Sunday School, Mutual, Relief Society, and was so interested in the early history of Provo and in genealogy that she helped organize camps for Daughters of Pioneers. From March 29, 1925, to March 29, 1929, she went all over the country helping people get their histories written up. In June 1929 she was selected historian for Camp Provo.

She wrote a very detailed account of the development of the Third Ward and an article which is being published in the new centennial book of Daughters of Pioneers.

When the meeting house needed remodeling, she helped organize committees among the widows. They made pies, cakes, quilts, aprons and rag rugs and raised many hundred dollars for the ward.

As my friend I have known her better since we lived neighbors up the canyon at Wildwood. We have been very close up there. The first time I ever went up on Timpanogos I went with Aunt Rye. Her brother, Walter Dixon, sent her word that he had sent her food and bedding on the wagon drawn by four horses, and for her to get

ready to go. We walked from Wildwood, as no one could ride on the roads they had then, and camped overnight at Aspen Grove under the stars. At six o'clock in the morning Robert Sauer played the "Holy City" to awaken the camp ready to get up. The walk up the mountain was inspiring. As we sat part way up the mountain on "Lecture Ledge," as it is called, she made this remark: "When one sees such majestic peaks, such beautiful flowers and such fine young people to come with, you wonder how anyone could say there is no God." She said it reminded her of the three degrees of glory, and some people never care to put forth the effort to climb to the highest peaks of life.

In the years after we have walked, worked, and slept together. She was a mother to all in Wildwood. On one occasion she stayed in the canyon to care for one of the group until November. This made me value her friendship more. Her greatest desire was to live a good, clean life, make a happy home, and live so her children and grandchildren would be proud to claim her. She said, "I must point the way for them to follow. The path will be rough at times, and if their memory of me and what I have done will help them over the rough places and to do their duty more fully, then I will feel that I have done my best."

Anyone that was sick or that needed help whether rich or poor, she was always ready to do what she could to help.

Her devotion to her children and grandchildren was outstanding. She was never too tired to have her children and grandchildren and their friends at home in town or up the canyon. If mothers knew that the children were with Aunt Rye, they never worried.

She was a mother to many in the neighborhood. She opened her cabin for women to cook in while men were building the Mutual Home.

On May 11, 1941, she was honored in the Provo Herald as the Typical Mother. This is the tribute that was under her picture that Sunday morning:

"Mother of eight sons and daughters. One who had found time along with her many home duties to busy herself with church activities and interesting worth-while hobbies. Always actively engaged in various church and auxiliary assignments, Mrs. Taylor has of late years devoted herself to genealogical work, writing family records and arranging pictorial albums and histories.

"She has fifteen grandchildren and is proud of the fact that she has had six sons in the mission field.

"We salute her today."

I have called many of her friends for sentiments. These are some of them:

Eulogy
By Ila Williams

Dear kind, Aunt Rye, beloved by all;
Has answered to her Maker's final call.
If the world could boast of more such as she,
This, a heaven on earth would truly be.

Nearly four score years she has graced this earth,
Thence bright angels will behold her rare worth.
Fain we'd keep such as she this earth to brighten;
Countless souls her smile did cheer and lighten.

But in the Creator's plan lies sorrow.
Said parting we'll understand tomorrow.
Fleeting hours of this world are as but dross.

May we but emulate her worthy deeds;
Ever striving where blessed heaven leads.
Her motto was hope, faith, courage, and love;
And all such good things that spring from above.

Sentiments from eleven other friends:

1. I loved her for her high ideals and her will to live up to them.
2. She was always the same friendly person whether one was rich or poor.
3. I loved her because she always practiced what she preached.
4. Her sincerity for what was right was outstanding.
5. She always pointed the way to right living.
6. She was genuine through and through.
7. Children loved her because she took time to be friendly to them.
8. She never seemed old, she had young ideas and had an interest in things.
9. One always knew the things confided in her would never be repeated.
10. Her advice was always sound.
11. I loved her for her fine family and what they have meant to me.

May I conclude my remarks with the following lines of the poet:

Thank You Friend

I never came to you, my friend,
And went away without
Some new enrichment of the heart:
More faith and less of doubt,
More courage for the days ahead;
And often in great need
Coming to you, I went away
Comforted indeed.

How can I find the shining word,
The glowing phrase that tells
All that your love has meant to me,
All that your friendship spell?
There is no work, no phrase for you
On whom I did depend--
All I can say to you is this,
God bless your memory, friend.

--Grace Noll Crowell

I am sure that Aunt Rye feels that with her wonderful family that is following in her footsteps, and her many friends so endeared to her, and with her life of service that she has reached the goal she set out to accomplish years ago. Her loved ones up there will be glad to have her with them again.

May we all try to live as fully, sincerely, and reverently as Aunt Rye is my prayer. Amen.

William J. Lewis:

Bernice Dastrup will sing, "O Dry Those Tears and Calm Those Fears, Life will be Sunshine Tomorrow." Alfred Swenson will play the violin obligato and Byron Jensen will accompany her.

O Dry Those Tears

O dry those tears,
And calm those fears
Life is not made for sorrow.
Twill come Alas!
But soon 'twill pass
Clouds will be sunshine tomorrow.
Then lift thine eyes
To the blue skies
Clouds will be sunshine tomorrow.

William J. Lewis:

A man who first met Sister Taylor in England, and who later became her bishop, and who always has been a very staunch friend will speak to us--Patriarch Alfred E. Eves.

Patriarch Alfred E. Eves:

Dear Brothers and Sisters and Friends:

I am deeply moved today to be at the funeral services of one of my dearest friends, and as I mourn, yet I feel it an honor from the family to be asked to render a part on the program. I would like to preface my remarks with a poem by Edgar A. Guest. I can apply these words to Sister Taylor's life.

Looking Back

I might have been rich if I'd wanted the gold
Instead of the friendships I've made.
I might have had fame if I'd sought for renown
in the hours when I purposely played.

Now I'm standing today on the far edge of life,
and I'm just looking backward to see
What I've done with the years and the days that
were mine, and all that has happened to me.

I haven't built much of a fortune to leave
to those who shall carry my name,
And nothing I've done shall entitle me now
to a place on the tablets of fame.

But I've loved the great sky and its spaces of blue;
I've lived with the birds and the trees;
I've turned from the splendor of silver and gold
to share in such pleasures as these.

I've given my time to the children who came;
together we've romped and we've played.
And I wouldn't exchange the glad hours spent with
them for the money that I might have made.

I chose to be known and be loved by the few,
And was deaf to the plaudits of men;
And I'd make the same choice should the chance
come to me to live my life over again.

I've lived with my friends and I've shared in
their joys, known sorrow with all of its tears;
I have harvested much from my acres of life,
though some say I've squandered my years.

For much that is fine has been mine to enjoy,
and I think I have lived to my best,
And I have no regret, as I'm nearing the end,
For the gold that I might have possessed.

What I would like to say will be mostly memories of this departed daughter of our Heavenly Father sent to earth in this time when He promised to do "a marvelous work and a wonder," and she has certainly had her part in the unrolling of the same. The papers state that her husband came to Birmingham, England, in November 1900. She joined him at the close of his mission in August of 1902.

Brother Taylor wanted to give her a Christmas gift. One of the Saints in the branch, Sister Cuymore, was a splendid seamstress and into her hands fell the charge of making a beautiful black silk water wave dress. When about ready Sister Taylor was induced to try it on, little knowing that she was to be the proud owner of the same. Of course the day came when she was to be in public wearing the dress, and the ladies of the branch said she looked like a queen and so expressed themselves.

She did a wonderful work with her husband during her stay; and like Dorcas of old, went about doing good, and we will never forget the comfort she brought to our home during my wife's illness in that far-off country. These lovely traits have been with her all her life; and when we came to Provo in 1909, we were invited to spend home nights with them, and there we saw partially the raising of this wonderful family, six boys and two girls. Myself and my wife have ever been thankful that Brother Arthur N. Taylor and wife taught us the gospel because with a deep love and lodgment in our hearts that have never spent by these faithful people in living and teaching the gospel plan.

What a wonderful record the family has made in missionary work--six boys fulfilling missions to different parts of the earth; and even today or days just passed, all holding high and holy callings in this Church; and the girls, likewise, in the various auxiliary organizations, all to the foresight and training of father and mother.

I believe I am right in saying that at the birth of each child, Building and Loan stock was taken out so that when they became of age to answer a mission call the finances had already been saved for such a function and for what purpose, that our Heavenly Father's work might grow and increase and many souls be brought to have an abiding faith in this life and in the life to come.

All the years and solid as the Rock of Gibraltar--ever working, not only for the living, but for the dead also. Not only for her own immediate ancestors, but for mine and other members of this world.

I haven't the time to review her services to this ward. That is fully known to all by her constancy of continued service, but I would like to say this. When the remodeling of this chapel neared completion, the need of a floor covering was very urgent; and in harmony with the bishopric, we called a meeting of six or eight widows of the ward and asked them to provide a carpet for this floor. In fear and trembling they undertook to do what they could, so a chairman and committee were chosen, and the other forty or more widows were invited in and the work began.

By the time it was needed, a sum of \$600 was raised during the years 1937--1940. Again in 1941 this instrument, the organ, and electric clock were provided by the same committee at a further cost of \$230. Sister Taylor was the moving force in all these attainments; and probably there was never a happier group of Saints than these lovely sisters, as they went about devising ways and means to this end.

I have not taken the time today to preach unto you the doctrines of our Lord and Master, as I think you boys and girls are fully aware of the same and you, the remaining brothers and sisters; but I am assured that Sister Maria Dixon Taylor has kept the two great commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy heart, mind, and strength." And the second like unto it: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

You children need not look for a better example than Mother; and now she has gone, to once again be with her dear husband and your Father, she will help to prepare a place for you. The Savior said to His disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you that where I am ye may be also." So death is as important as birth. To those who know our Father's plan, Sister Taylor is as Paul was when he said as he was ready to depart this life, "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

O, what a joy and satisfaction to be able to go without regrets to a well-earned reward. She has been faithful over a few things so will be rewarded by being ruler over many. May God's blessings be over this wonderful family, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

William J. Lewis:

By special request Alfred Swenson will play the selection, "That Wonderful Mother of Mine." Sister Vida Swenson, president of the Third Ward Relief Society, will assist in this number, and Byron Jensen will be the accompanist.

That Wonderful Mother of Mine

The moon never beams
Without bringing me dreams
Of that wonderful mother of mine.

The birds never sing,
But a message they bring
Of that wonderful mother of mine.

Just to bring back the time
That was so sweet to me;
Just to bring back the days
When I sat on her knee;
I pray every night
To Our Father above,
For that wonderful mother of mine.

I ask Him to keep her,
As long as He can;
That wonderful mother of mine.
There are treasures on earth
That make life seem worth while,
But there's none can compare
With my dear mother's smile.

You are a wonderful mother
Dear old mother of mine.
You'll hold a spot,
Down deep in my heart,
Till the stars no longer shine.
Your soul shall live on forever,
On through the fields of time,
For there'll never be another to me
Like that wonderful mother of mine.

William J. Lewis:

Sister Taylor was vitally interested in the Dixon Taylor Russell Company, a business which her husband helped to organize and establish in this community. The family has asked one of the directors of the company to speak this afternoon. May I present to you William D. Norman.

William D. Norman:

It is an honor for me to be asked to take part on the program. As has been mentioned, my connection is with the Dixon Taylor Russell Co., and I feel very unworthy of representing such a fine group of people as we have in our organization.

Brother Arthur N. Taylor, the founder of the Dixon Taylor Russell Co. twenty-five years ago, called a group of men with him and I was among them, for which I am happy and thankful, together with many others that have come into our organization during these twenty-five years. He and his good wife made it possible for many of us to enjoy life--to have a few comforts and a happy life. The temporal things of the world are necessary as well as the spiritual

things. I should say the temporal affairs of the world are very essential, and we have gone along in these years as one happy family.

We appreciate each and everyone that is present here today, and their interest and love for their fellow men. We are as one large family. So I say again, the work of Arthur N. Taylor and this good company made a great difference in our lives. None of us have gotten extremely wealthy, but we have a very fine and pleasant life.

Sister Taylor, after Brother Taylor passed away, was very interested in the store and has kept in touch with us all these years. Every Christmas we have met together as a family numbering around two hundred and fifty with our partners, and after Brother Taylor passed on we made an effort to invite her to these parties.

I said, "Sister Taylor, if I happen to forget, remember that you have a standing invitation to be an honored guest at the annual party." This year I realized that she was ill, and I did not send an invitation to her as early as I should, so I went to her home before the party, and as I greeted her she said, "Will Norman, you know you are slipping." Then I said, "I am here to invite you to the party, you know that you had a standing invitation to the party." She said, "I know, I was only kidding."

She lived for others as was expressed here today in these beautiful services and in the words of Sister Fisher.

It is true, she was a friend to everyone, and it seemed as though if anyone was in trouble she discovered it. She knew the joy of doing. I discovered she was a friend to everyone whether they had joy or whether they had sorrow. Neighbors came in, friends came in, family came in. I was in her home many times when I used to work for a living. I came into her home to decorate and do things I was called to do, both when I was in the Taylor Brothers Company and in our own company.

I have a few lines very fitting to her, "Lord, Help Me to Live."

Lord, help me to live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for - Others.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true
And know that all I'd do for you,
Must needs be done for - Others.

Let "Self" be crucified and slain,
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for - Others.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in Heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of - Others.

Others, Lord, yes, Others.
Let this my motto be,
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee.

--Charles D. Meigs

Sister Taylor lived a good full life. It is needless for me to go over the things that have been said. She supported her husband 100% in this great Church we belong to. Brothers and Sisters, much of our time is taken away from home and anyone that has been called into service as Brother Taylor was, had to leave his family and the children, and it is up to Mother to take care of affairs at home. And I know nights and many days she has been alone and has never murmured, but would encourage him and remind him when his high council night was on.

In these later years she has thoroughly enjoyed herself in genealogy work and record keeping. I wish to show you just the religious background of the family as far as missionary work is concerned.

Arthur D. Four years in the Australian Mission, Secretary of Mission, President New South Wales Conference.

Lynn D. Two and one-half years in the Northwestern States, Conference President.

Elton. Two and a half years Eastern States, President of West Pennsylvania Conference.

Henry D. Two and a half years Eastern States Mission, Secretary Eastern States Mission under President B. H. Roberts.

Alice. President of Relief Society in Denver, Colo.

Clarence D. Two and a half years South Africa, Secretary South African Mission, Conference President Port Elizabeth.

Kenneth. Two years British Mission, became Conference President of Birmingham, England. Presided over the same conference his father did 36 years before.

Ruth. Teacher of Sunday School in Provo Third Ward.

All received a college degree.

Her knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ was very, very fine. She realized her mission here on earth. She knew why she had come, she knew where she had come from, and she knew where

she was going. The lines of Eliza R. Snow are very fitting to her.

In Thy Holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside
In my first primeval childhood
Was I nurtured by thy side.

Where was thou when I laid the
Foundation of the earth?
Declare if thou has understanding
When the morning stars sang together
And all the Sons of God shouted for joy?

I came forth from the Father, and
I came into the world;
Again I leave the world and go
To the Father.

And now O Father glorify me with
Thine own self with the glory which
I had with Thee before the world was.

And they who keep their first
Estate shall be added upon;
And they who keep their second estate
Shall have glory added upon their heads
forever and ever.

She understood that if she would be true and faithful in her first estate she would enter into her second estate.

I know that she understood that she would enter back into her Father in Heaven's presence. She knew the promises that have been made, that those who live true and faithful and that those who keep their first estate shall be added upon. Those who keep their second estate would have glory added upon their heads. These things were clear in her mind, and she understood the plan of salvation. I have a few lines here of a copy of a letter that was written to go into the Relief Society box to be opened fifty years from the time this was placed in the box, which should be 1980. I will read it just to see what this dear mother was thinking of.

To My Children and Grandchildren:

When you receive this letter I will have passed to another world, after having lived a very happy life, having one of the finest husbands and being the mother of eight children who are very fine boys and girls.

And now my children and grandchildren, keep the commandments of God, and you will be blessed and prosper. Read the Book of Mormon and remember how the people at that time were blessed beyond measure, but as soon as they became

indifferent they forgot God and fell into destruction and decay.

I bear my testimony to every one of you that this gospel is true and has brought more joy into my life than anything. Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God and was brought forth in these latter days to establish the kingdom of God upon this earth and this Church will grow and I want everyone of you to remain true to the end that when your earthly mission is completed we may all meet and associate together as a happy and united family, having love in our hearts for our Heavenly Father and each other.

When this letter is read many changes will have taken place, but our Heavenly Father never changes. Look to Him for aid at all times, and He will answer your prayers in faith as He has answered mine. And, now dear children, I seal this up with my blessings upon you all.

Your loving Mother & Grandmother,

MARIA DIXON TAYLOR

May God bless us, my brothers and sisters, that we may live true and faithful as well as this fine noble daughter of the Lord has done, I pray humbly in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

William J. Lewis:

Representing the bishopric of the ward, I wish to express appreciation for the association I had with this wonderful Mother. It has been my privilege to know her since a child and have always loved and respected her. Her long and untiring efforts here in this ward have been reflected not only in her own family, but in the lives of many others. Her work in the Primary organization for twenty years surely did much for the welfare and betterment of many children. She did much to assist with the other organizations as well: the Relief Society, genealogy work, etc. Truly, she has earned her reward.

As comes the close of day with merciful sleep to those who are weary and by toil have earned a quiet repose, so comes the end of the journey of life to those whom the years have worn with well-doing, and who look toward another place of abode, not with doubts or fears or troubled hearts or restless conscience, but with that peace and assurance which Jesus the Christ gave to men when He said, "In my Father's House are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you . . . That where I am, there ye may be also."

On behalf of the family we want to thank all who have assisted in any way during the illness of Sister Taylor, and for those participating in the program, for the flowers, kind

expressions, music, cars, the Kiwanis Club for the sound system that made it possible for the overflow attendance to hear the services.

The closing number will be "My Peace I Give Unto Thee," as sung by the choir.

Peace I Leave With You

Peace I leave with you,
My peace I give unto you,
Peace I leave with you,
My peace I give unto you;
Not as the world giveth,
Give I unto you.

Let not your heart be troubled
Neither let it be afraid
Be of good cheer
I, I, have overcome the world.
Peace I leave with you
My peace I give unto you.

Paul S. Dixon, a nephew of Sister Taylor, will offer the closing prayer.

Paul S. Dixon:

Our Father which art in Heaven, while our hearts are heavy this day, yet we thank Thee for Thy Spirit that truly has been present in rich abundance during these services.

We thank Thee for the beautiful music and the sweet, kind expressions given in tribute to one whom we love and hold so dear.

We cherish the thoughts of so noble a character--always so kind, considerate, unselfish, and devoted to the service of her family and fellowmen.

We are grateful to Thee, Father, that in Thy infinite wisdom Thou hast seen fit to call home one of Thy elect and chosen hand maidens.

Our grief in this temporary separation is lightened in the assurance of her joy and happiness in reunion with loved ones who have preceded her.

Heavenly Father, Thou hast been merciful and Aunt Rye's prayers have been fully answered.

In closing, we pray Thy Spirit be with us all; that our lives may, too, be rich in love and services; that when our work is finished here, we may be accorded the tribute, "Well done, thy

good and faithful servant, enter thee into my Kingdom," to which place we know Aunt Rye this day enjoys.

This we humbly pray in the name of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, Amen.

William J. Lewis:

The Pallbearers are members of the Dixon Taylor Russell Company:

John L. Russell
J. W. Howe, Jr.
Sidney W. Russell
George A. Norman
Hans O. G. Miller
Asael Dahlquist
Peter M. Jensen
Raymond Johnson

Brother Byron Jensen at the organ played the Prelude and the Postlude.

The grave at the Provo City Cemetery will be dedicated by a nephew, Verl G. Dixon.

Verl G. Dixon:

All wise and Eternal Father in Heaven, we Thy children are gathered here this day surrounding this open grave for the purpose of placing in Mother Earth the last remains of Thy faithful daughter, Maria D. Taylor.

We pray, Thy Father in Heaven, that Thy Spirit will be with us here as it was at the services. We are thankful for the life of this good woman, and we pray that the beautiful mountains surrounding will serve as a testimony and monument to her goodness and faithful life.

We pray, Father in Heaven, that this park may remain as a place of rest for those who have lived here among us and who have preceded us and have given their lives that we may enjoy happiness in the valleys of the mountains.

We pray, Our Father in Heaven, that Thou will bless this place and hallow it, that the grave, the casket, and clothes and the vault that surround this body may remain unmolested until the morning of the resurrection, that Aunt Rye may come forth in glory to meet Thee.

We pray, Father in Heaven, that we may all seek to emulate the life of Aunt Rye, that Thy guiding hand will be over us, that no harm befall us.

We are thankful for the opportunity that we have had of paying our respects to our dear Sister, and Mother and Friend. We ask, Father in Heaven, that Thy kind hand may be over the family, that they may be comforted and guided in the years to come, and that the memory of Aunt Rye will always be with us.

Now we dedicate this grave in the name of our Lord and Savior, and through the authority of the Holy Priesthood, Amen.

* * * * *

The following is a copy of a letter deposited in the Utah Stake (sealed) Relief Society Box:

Provo, Utah
256 North 5th West
October 12, 1930

TO MY CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN:

When you receive this letter I will long have passed to another world after having lived a very happy life.

Having one of the kindest and best husbands, and the Mother of eight children who are very fine boys and girls, I am especially thankful for my parentage.

My Father was Henry Aldous Dixon, who was born the 14th of March in Grahamstown, South Africa, and died May 4, 1884. His Father was John Henry Dixon and his Mother, Judith Boardman. My Father married Sarah DeGrey the 27th of January 1865.

My Mother's Father was named John DeGrey; her Mother's name was Maria Brooks.

The names of my brothers and sisters are as follows:

Henry Alfred Dixon	Died when infant.
John DeGrey Dixon	Died October 4, 1923.
Arthur DeGrey Dixon	Died June 5, 1911.
Ernest Dixon	
Charles Owen Dixon	
Walter DeGrey Dixon	Died November 27, 1921
LeRoy Dixon	Died December 28, 1926
Arnold Dixon	

My husband's name is Arthur Nicholls Taylor, born November 2, 1871. His Father's name was George Taylor, his Mother is Eliza Nicholls.

The names of our children:

Arthur Dixon Taylor	Born October 4, 1895
Lynn Dixon Taylor	Born May 6, 1898
Elton LeRoy Taylor	Born June 22, 1900
Henry Dixon Taylor	Born November 22, 1903
Alice Louise Taylor	Born November 18, 1906
Clarence Dixon Taylor	Born May 11, 1909
Orson Kenneth Taylor	Born November 3, 1913
Ruth Elaine Taylor	Born March 20, 1917

Four of my sons are married, the names of their wives are:

Maurine Goodridge	(Arthur's wife)
Their children: Elaine, Kent, and Nancy	
Celestia Johnson	(Lynn's wife)
One child: John Arthur Taylor	
Ethel Scott	(Elton's wife)
Two children: Julia and James	
Alta Hansen	(Henry's wife)
Married December 26, 1929.	

My half brothers and sisters are:

Alice Dixon Dangerfield	Provo
Sarah Dixon McConachie	Salt Lake City
William Dixon	Provo
Albert Dixon	Provo
Parley Dixon	Provo
Hattie Dixon West	California

My mother died at the age of 81 years.

Since my marriage my husband and five sons have been in the mission field. Clarence is on the water at this time enroute to South Africa as a missionary to the home of his Grandfather for which I am very thankful for and trust that he will be able to locate some of my Father's people and get some of their genealogy as I am anxious to do their work in the Temple.

Working in the Temple has given me a great deal of joy and I pray that I may be able to get more genealogy and connect my ancestors, which I know will please my Father as he died before he had a chance to do this work. And now my children, I beg of you to keep your family records from one generation to another and wherever you can trace any family lines go into the Temple of the Lord and do the work for those who did not have the privilege of doing it for themselves, for how could you feel a greater satisfaction than doing something for someone they could not do for themselves.

And now my children and grandchildren, keep the commandments of God and you will be blessed and prosper.

Read the Book of Mormon and remember how the people at that time were blessed beyond measure but as soon as they became indifferent, they forgot God and fell into destruction and decay.

I bear my testimony to every one of you, that this gospel is true and has brought more joy into my life than anything.

Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God and was brought forth in these latter days to establish the Kingdom of God upon this earth, and this Church will grow and I want everyone of you to remain true to the end, that when your earthly mission is completed, we may all meet and associate together as a happy and united family having love in our hearts for Heavenly Father and each other. When this letter is read many changes will have taken place, but our Heavenly Father never changes. Look to him for aid at all times and he will answer your prayers in faith as he has answered mine.

And now my dear children I seal this up with my blessings upon you all. I was born 5 January 1872.

Your loving Mother and Grandmother,

MARIA DIXON TAYLOR

The above letter was written by Maria D. Taylor, a member of the Provo Third Ward Relief Society of Utah Stake to be deposited in a box and sealed in October 1930. This box was not to be opened for 30 years. This sealed box was opened in October 1960 by the Utah Stake Relief Society Officers. The envelope was addressed as follows: "To the Children or Grandchildren of Maria Dixon Taylor."

* * * * *

The following is a copy of a letter deposited in a box at the Provo Third Ward by Maria Dixon Taylor and delivered to Ruth Taylor Kartchner in March of 1963:

256 North 5th West
Provo, Utah
March 22, 1937

Miss Ruth Elayne, and all of my children who are living:

Dear Children:

As the box was opened on March 17, 1937, I received a letter and photo of my Mother. This box was sealed March 17, 1892, to celebrate the Jubilee year, fifty years since the Relief Society was organized. I received such a thrill it was almost like a message from the other world. I feel I should pass this on to you.

As you children are aware of the work and time I am devoting to genealogy I will pass a little of it on to you, and I do plead with you to keep your family records and pass them on to your children from one generation to another. Perhaps I feel the importance of this keenly since I am doing some research and find it very difficult where records have not been kept. I want to tell you I have found a great deal of joy in this work and feel it a duty and obligation to those who have passed beyond to do something for those worthy people they are not able to do for themselves. It is my desire that some of you will carry on this work as far as possible. If you do you will be blessed.

Arthur Nicholls Taylor was born in the Third Ward, Provo, 2 Nov. 1870. His father, George Taylor, was born 25 March 1838, Windsor, England. Eliza Nicholls Taylor was born 29 April 1838, in Portsmouth, England, married George Taylor 5th July 1857. Came to Utah 4 June 1863.

I was born 5 Jan. 1872 in Provo. My Father, Henry Aldous Dixon, was born in Grahamstown, So. Africa, 14 March 1835. Sarah DeGrey was born 27th Jan. 1845, Dudley, England. They were married 21 Jan. 1865. I was the only daughter in a family of nine. My Father died when I was 12 yrs. of age. I had some very wonderful brothers who loved me a lot. One died in infancy and four after they were grown men. Mother lived until she was nearly 82. I would like you children to remember these good people were all pioneers and suffered many hardships as others did to make this valley such a beautiful place, a land choice above all others, for you, their descendants. Remember them and cherish that memory and do nothing to disgrace the name you bear.

My Father, Henry Aldous Dixon, was born in Grahamstown, South Africa, March 14, 1835. He was baptized 14 March 1856 by Bro. Elliason. He heard the gospel thru the first missionaries to South Africa.

His father was John Henry Dixon, head of the Dixon Party of early settlers from London, England. His mother was Judith Boardman, a daughter of the Rev. William Boardman, first Minister among the early settlers. He was sent by the Government from England. My Father married Sarah DeGrey. Her father, John DeGrey, married Maria Brooks in Dudley, who was the daughter of Job and Elizabeth Brooks.

Sarah DeGrey was born in Dudley, Worcestershire, England, 27 Jan. 1845. Married 21 Jan. 1865 in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City.

Father died 4 May 1884 in 3rd Ward, Provo, leaving two wives and fourteen children. He was loved by everyone regardless of religious beliefs.

Mother died April 17, 1926, over 81 years of age.

Your Father was the son of George Taylor, who was the son of Thomas and Ann Hill Taylor of Birmingham, England. George was born in Windsor, England, 25 March 1838, married Eliza Nicholls 5 July 1857. He died at 86 years of age.

Eliza was born in Portsmouth, England 29 April 1838, daughter of Thomas Nicholls and Harriett Ball Nicholls. Died 27 June 1922 being 84 years of age.

Arthur Nicholls Taylor was born on Nov. 2, 1870, married Maria L. Dixon 9 May 1894 in Salt Lake Temple. He died of stomach trouble and hardening of arteries, 10 Sept. 1935 after an illness of four years. I need not tell you what a wonderful father you had. You were old enough to judge for yourselves.

I am 65 years old and enjoying good health, and am very happy to be the mother of six wonderful sons and two lovely daughters. I was born in Provo 5 Jan. 1872. I have been greatly blessed all thru my life. I had as fine parents as ever lived.

My married life has been a very happy one. Your father being so kind and considerate. We were very proud of our boys and girls and none of you ever gave us a moments worry thru any unbecoming acts on your part.

How I wished your Father could have lived to see his sixth son return from the mission field.

A very unusual programme was held in the 3rd Ward Chapel on Sunday night in Jan. My Husband and Six Sons were represented. Bishop Eves represented the father, Arthur N. Taylor. Bishop Eves became a convert to this Church thru him laboring as President of the Birmingham Conf.

Arthur D. spoke of his labors in Australia, where he labored for four years.

Lynn D. labored in Northwestern States 28 months.

Elton LeRoy in Eastern States 28 months.

Henry D. was in New York attending New York University. He was represented by Fred L. Markham, who labored together in the Eastern States Mission.

Clarence D. labored in South Africa, the birthplace of my Father.

And Kenneth, his mission was to England.

I was an honored guest and told of my experiences in England where I spent 7 months with my husband.

My blessing has been realized. It promised I should live to see my Sons hold responsible positions.

The father and all six sons have been Dist. Presidents. Arthur was Mission Secretary of Australian Mission for some time. Henry, Secretary of Eastern States Mission under Pres. B. H. Roberts. Clarence, Secretary of African Mission, under Don Mack Dalton. Abt. 19 yrs. were spent in mission field.

Arthur N. was in Utah Stake High Council for 26 years. I trust you children will live your religion and live a life that when you have finished your mission here on earth, we may all be formed in a happy family circle again.

I leave my love and good wishes for success to you all.

Your Mother,

MARIA D. TAYLOR

Later. Would like to add a few more items before closing this letter. Arthur D. married Maurine Goodridge 29th of June 1921.

Lynn D. married Celestia Johnson 17th Aug. 1927.
Elton LeRoy married Ethel Scott 31st Mar. 1926.
Henry D. married Alta Hansen 26 Dec. 1929.
Alice Louise married E. Roy Nelson 14 Aug. 1935.
Clarence, Kenneth and Ruth unmarried.

Trust in time they will choose mates as fine and outstanding as the others have, for I love everyone of them as my own and I feel to bless each and every one of you.

MOTHER

* * * * *

Provo, April 6, 1937

My dear daughter Alice,

I have written my thoughts to you all in Ruth's letter. I thought you would like this letter and photo of Mother left to me 45 years ago. Twenty-five years from now you may have a daughter as old as you are now. Then you may pass this on to her.

Tomorrow I am leaving for New York to be with you when one of the greatest events in a woman's life takes place, "Motherhood." I do pray God's blessings upon you at this time, that you may pass thru this ordeal safe and live many years to receive the joy from your children as I have from my wonderful children. I believe the Lord, Our Father in Heaven, gave unto your father and I choice spirits to occupy the earthly tabernacles we have created for them to dwell in while on earth, and entrusted to our care, and now when you receive this without doubt I shall have gone back to the home I came from, to report the events and works of

my mission on earth, and be judged what kind of a guardian I have been for those spirits entrusted to my care. I trust you will always remain true to the gospel, for a testimony of its truthfulness is more than silver or gold. It will be your passport into the Kingdom of God.

May our Father in Heaven guard and protect you.

Your Mother

MARIA D. TAYLOR

(This letter together with Sarah DeGrey Dixon letter of March 17, 1892, and other photographs was taken from a sealed box at the Third Ward, Utah Stake, Provo, Utah, in March 1963.)

CHAPTER 15

FAMILY GENEALOGY RECORD

PEDIGREE CHART

CHART NO.

DATE

NAME OF PERSON SUBMITTING CHART

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. _____
ON CHART NO. _____

George TAYLOR

BORN 25 Mar 1838
WHERE Birmingham, England
WHEN MARRIED 5 July 1857
DIED 4 Sep 1926
WHERE Provo, Utah

Ann HILL

BORN Chr: 13 Aug 1813
WHERE Birmingham, England
DIED
WHERE

Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR

BORN 2 Nov 1870
WHERE Provo, Utah
WHEN MARRIED 9 May 1894
DIED 10 Sep 1935
WHERE Provo, Utah
Maria Louise DIXON

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

BORN 29 Apr 1838
WHERE Portsmouth, England
DIED 27 Jun 1922
WHERE Provo, Utah

Eliza NICHOLLS

Thomas TAYLOR

BORN Chr: 21 May 1792
WHERE Birmingham, England
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

Joseph HILL

BORN Chr: 7 Dec 1783
WHERE Birmingham, England
WHEN MARRIED 17 Oct 1808
DIED
WHERE

Sarah TEDD

BORN Chr: 28 Jun 1793
WHERE Coventry, England
DIED
WHERE

Thomas NICHOLLS

BORN Chr: 29 Aug 1803
WHERE Birmingham, England
WHEN MARRIED
DIED 17 Jul 1854
WHERE Birmingham, England

Harriet BALL

BORN Chr: 27 Jul 1808
WHERE Brighton, England
DIED 12 Feb 1855
WHERE Birmingham, England

Richard TAYLOR

BORN Chr: 4 Jun 1762
WHERE Birmingham, England
WHEN MARRIED 2 Mar 1783
DIED 15 Apr 1814
WHERE Birmingham, England
Margaret BROUGHALL

BORN

WHERE

DIED

WHERE

Edward HILL

Sarah

Thomas TEDD

Margaret

Joseph NICHOLLS

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED 19 Jun 1788
DIED
WHERE

Phoebe JOHNSON

BORN Chr: 15 Apr 1768
WHERE Birmingham, England
DIED
WHERE

BORN

WHERE

WHEN MARRIED

DIED

WHERE

BORN

WHERE

DIED

WHERE

Married: 30 Sep 1761
Mary EVINGS

CONT. ON CHART

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George TAYLOR
Eliza NICHOLLS

(Business Man)

George TAYLOR

Born 25 Mar 1838 Place Birmingham, Warwick, England

Chr. Place

Mar 5 Jul 1857 Place Edgbaston, Birmingham, Warwick, England

Died 4 Sep 1926 Place Provo, Utah, Utah

Bur. Sep 1926 Place Provo, Utah, Utah

HUSBAND'S FATHER Thomas TAYLOR

HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES (2) 5 Mar 1864, Henrietta SAWYER, (3) Phoebe CARTER, (4) Jul 1906, Emily PAFFORD (PALYHERNED)

HUSBAND'S MOTHER Add HILL

WIFE Eliza NICHOLLS

Born 29 Apr 1838 Place Portsmouth, Southampton, England

Chr. Place

Died 27 Jun 1922 Place Provo, Utah, Utah,

Bur. 29 Jun 1922 Place Provo, Utah, Utah,

WIFE'S FATHER Thomas (Ashford) NICHOLLS

WIFE'S MOTHER Harriet BALL

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

SEX M F	CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Given Names	WHEN BORN		WHERE BORN		DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN OIED	YEAR
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	DAY	MONTH
1	F	Harriett Clarissa TAYLOR	23 Jun	1858	Birmingham	Warw	Eng	1 Jun 1890	29 May 1958
2	F	Mary Ann Emma TAYLOR	13 May	1860	Birmingham	Warw	Eng	James F. McCLELLAN	Jul 1863
3	M	Parley George TAYLOR	4 Aug	1862	Birmingham	Warw	Eng		Jul 1863
4	M	George Thomas TAYLOR	31 Aug	1864	Provo	Utah	Utah	28 Dec 1884	15 Dec 1941
5	M	William TAYLOR	2 Jul	1866	Provo	Utah	Utah	Sarah Elizabeth THOMAS	2 Sep 1867
6	M	Thomas Nicholls TAYLOR	28 Jul	1868	Provo	Utah	Utah	18 Sep 1889	24 Oct 1950
7	M	Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR	2 Nov	1870	Provo	Utah	Utah	Mary Maud Elon ROGERS	9 May 1894
8	M	Walter George TAYLOR	25 Sep	1873	Provo	Utah	Utah	Maria Louise DIXON	10 Sep 1935
9	M	Ashted TAYLOR	12 Sep	1875	Provo	Utah	Utah	Agnes McKINLAY	18 Mar 1959
10								Agnes Katharine STREBEL	15 Sep 1967
11									

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

Child #1, I.G.I. 3 entries:
#2, I.G.I. 2 entries:
#3, I.G.I. 3 entries:

OTHER MARRIAGES

Child #9, 2) Katherine Gray KOPP
3) Mary Verena Hone PEAY

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

Provo 3rd Ward records burned.

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED	IOUAI	ENDOWED	IOUAI	SEALING DATE AND TEMPLE
HUSBAND	SL 1855	EH 5 Mar 1864	EH	5 Mar 1864
WIFE	27 Oct 1970	EH 5 Mar 1864	EH	5 Mar 1864
	15 Oct 1853	MT 5 Mar 1864	MT	5 Mar 1864
	12 Aug 1949	9 Sep 1949	SL	13 Aug 1974
	Child	Child	LA	17 Jun 1975
	Child	Child	SL	16 Aug 1974
	1874	16 Jul 1890	BIC	BIC
	Child	Child	BIC	BIC
	1876	18 Sep 1889	BIC	BIC
	1878	SL	BIC	BIC
	5 May 1894	9 May 1894	BIC	BIC
	Jul 1883	6 Jun 1900	BIC	BIC
	11 Sep 1897	11 Apr 1900	BIC	BIC

YES ☐ NO ☐

DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND

RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING SHEET

HUSBAND George TAYLOR (Business Man)			George TAYLOR (1838)			
Born 25 Mar 1838			Husband			
Chr. _____			Wife			
Mar 5 Mar 1864			1. _____			
Died 4 Sep 1926			2. _____			
Bur. Sep 1926			State or Mission			
HUSBAND'S FATHER Thomas TAYLOR			Ann HILL			
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES (1) 5 Jul 1857, Eliza NICHOLLS, (3) Phoebe CARTER, (4) Jul 1906, Emily PAFFORD (PALYHERNED).						
WIFE (2) Henrietta SAWYER						
Born 20 Apr 1846			Place Isle of Jersey, Hants, England			
Chr. _____			Place _____			
Died 2 Mar 1922			Place Provo, Utah, Utah			
Bur. 7 Mar 1922			Place Provo, Utah, Utah			
WIFE'S FATHER Joseph SAWYER			WIFE'S MOTHER Henrietta TRANHAM			
WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS						
SEX	CHILDREN	WHEN BORN	WHERE BORN	DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN OIED	YEAR
M	1	DAY MONTH YEAR	TOWN	TO WHOM	DAY MONTH YEAR	
F	2	10 Jun 1865	Provo	Utah	14 Dec 1887	20 Oct 1867
M	3	6 Oct 1867	Provo	Utah	George Affleck KERR	1 Jun 1941
F	4	14 Feb 1870	Provo	Utah	20 Jun 1894	3 Jun 1950
M	5	12 Aug 1872	Provo	Utah	William Daniel ROBERTS	23 Apr 1960
F	6	4 Oct 1875	Provo	Utah	Sarah Edna PULSIPHER	3 Aug 1957
F	7	1 Jan 1878	Provo	Utah	John Walter WESTPHAL	Jun 1881
	8			Utah		
	9					
	10					
	11					
SOURCES OF INFORMATION LDS Church Records: T.I.B. Child #2. Family Records: Geneve R. Dunn: Mary A. Schaer, Book of Pioneer History			OTHER MARRIAGES			
			NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS			

RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND		RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE	
FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR FILING ONLY		YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO <input type="checkbox"/>	
DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY			
LDS ORDINANCE DATA			
BAPTIZED	(Date)	ENDOWED	(Date)
HUSBAND	1855	EH	EH
WIFE	27 Oct 1970	5 Mar 1864	5 Mar 1864
WIFE SL	27 Oct 1970	EH	EH
Child	Child	Child	BIC
5 Nov 1887	14 Dec 1887	BIC	BIC
27 Oct 1970	20 Jun 1894	BIC	BIC
27 Oct 1970	3 Jan 1900	BIC	BIC
9 Feb 1968	14 Feb 1968	BIC	BIC
Child	Child	BIC	BIC

PEDIGREE CHART

CHART NO. _____

<p>NAME OF PERSON SUBMITTING CHART</p> <p>STREET ADDRESS</p> <p>CITY STATE</p>		<p>NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS _____</p> <p>THE SAME PERSON AS NO. _____ ON CHART NO. _____</p>		<p>1 <u>Maria Louise DIXON</u></p> <p>BORN 5 Jan 1872</p> <p>WHERE Provo, Utah</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 9 May 1894</p> <p>DIED 17 Feb 1947</p> <p>WHERE Provo, Utah</p> <p><u>Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR</u></p> <p>NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE</p>		<p>2 <u>Henry Aldous DIXON</u></p> <p>BORN 14 Mar 1835</p> <p>WHERE Grahamstown, So. Afr.</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 27 Jan 1865</p> <p>DIED 4 May 1884</p> <p>WHERE Provo, Utah</p>		<p>3 <u>Sarah DEGREY</u></p> <p>BORN 4 Feb 1844</p> <p>WHERE Dudley, Worc., England</p> <p>DIED 17 Apr 1926</p> <p>WHERE Provo, Utah</p>		<p>4 <u>John Henry DIXON</u></p> <p>BORN 28 May 1786</p> <p>WHERE West Ham, Essex, Eng.</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 17 Jan 1826</p> <p>DIED 1 Apr 1874</p> <p>WHERE Grahamstown, So. Afr.</p>		<p>5 <u>Judith BOARDMAN</u></p> <p>BORN 16 Dec 1796</p> <p>WHERE Newburg, Ormskirk, Eng.</p> <p>DIED 23 Sep 1865</p> <p>WHERE Uitenhage, So. Afr.</p>		<p>6 <u>John DEGREY III</u></p> <p>BORN Chr: 23 Oct 1803</p> <p>WHERE Dudley, Worc., Eng.</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED 24 Feb 1849</p> <p>WHERE Dudley, Worc., Eng.</p>		<p>7 <u>Mariah BROOKS</u></p> <p>BORN 10 Apr 1805</p> <p>WHERE Tipton, Staff., Eng.</p> <p>DIED 2 Apr 1876</p> <p>WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah</p>		<p>8 <u>Thomas DIXON</u></p> <p>BORN 1755</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED 25 Dec 1837</p> <p>WHERE Peckham, St. Giles, Eng.</p> <p><u>Sarah REVILL</u></p> <p>BORN 1756</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED 5 Feb 1844</p> <p>WHERE Peckham, St. Giles, Eng.</p>		<p>9 <u>Rev. William BOARDMAN</u></p> <p>BORN 27 Oct 1768</p> <p>WHERE Ashton in Makersfield,</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 15 May 1795</p> <p>DIED 22 Aug 1825</p> <p>WHERE Bathurst, So. Afr.</p> <p><u>Margaret HAYES</u></p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED 31 Jan 1823</p> <p>WHERE Bathurst, So. Afr.</p>		<p>10 <u>Thomas BOARDMAN</u></p> <p>BORN 27 Oct 1768</p> <p>WHERE Ashton in Makersfield,</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 15 May 1795</p> <p>DIED 22 Aug 1825</p> <p>WHERE Bathurst, So. Afr.</p> <p><u>Margaret HAYES</u></p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED 31 Jan 1823</p> <p>WHERE Bathurst, So. Afr.</p>		<p>11 <u>Mary ASHTON</u></p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>12 <u>John DEGREY II</u></p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>13 <u>Ann BOWATER</u></p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>14 <u>Job BROOKS</u></p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>15 <u>Elizabeth WALTERS</u></p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>16 <u>Joseph DIXON</u></p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>17</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>18</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>19</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>20</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>21</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>22</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>23</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>24</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>25</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>26</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>27</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>28</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>29</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>30</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>31</p> <p>BORN</p> <p>WHERE</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>	
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SOURCES OF INFORMATION

HUSBAND

Henry Aldous DIXON (Business Executive)

Born 14 Mar 1835 Place Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa

Chr.

Mar

Died

Bur.

HUSBAND'S FATHER

John Henry DIXON

HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES

(2) Mary Ann SMITH

HUSBAND'S MOTHER

Judith BOARDMAN

HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES

(1) Sarah DEGREY (DEGRAY)

Born 4 Feb 1844 Place Dudley, Worcestershire, England

Chr.

Died

Bur.

WIFE'S FATHER

John DEGREY

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

WIFE'S MOTHER

Maria BROOKS

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

WIFE'S MOTHER

Maria BROOKS

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

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WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

WIFE'S MOTHER

Maria BROOKS

Husband Henry Aldous DIXON (1835)
Wife Sarah DEGREY
Ward Examiners: 1. 2.
State or Mission

HUSBAND'S FATHER John Henry DIXON

HUSBAND'S MOTHER Judith BOARDMAN

HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES (2) Mary Ann SMITH

WIFE (1) Sarah DEGREY (DEGRAY)

Born 4 Feb 1844 Place Dudley, Worcestershire, England

Chr.

Died

Bur.

WIFE'S FATHER John DEGREY

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

WIFE'S MOTHER Maria BROOKS

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

WIFE'S MOTHER Maria BROOKS

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WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

WIFE'S MOTHER Maria BROOKS

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

(1835)

NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING SHEET

RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND

RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR FILING ONLY

YES ☐ NO ☐

DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED (Date)

ENDOWED (Date)

SEALING (Date and Temple)

WIFE TO HUSBAND

CHILDREN TO PARENTS

EH

Child

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SOURCES OF INFORMATION

Provo 3rd Ward LDS Membership Records, GS Film #6442-pt 10.

EH Temple Record #3040, Bk C- page 124

EH Temple Record #6254, Bk O-, lvg, page 399.

Sealing Date of Parents, GS Film #25165, pt 15, EH.

(Sealed by W. Woodruff)

OTHER MARRIAGES

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NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

Child #4. Re-bapt because of burned records.

Child #5. Wife was known by "May."

Child #5. Wife was known by "May."

Child #5. Wife was known by "May."

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Child #5. Wife was known by "May."

Child #5. Wife was known by "May."

Child #5. Wife was known by "May."

HUSBAND										Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR										(Merchant)										Husband										Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR										(1870)																																																																					
Born										2 Nov 1870										Place										Provo, Utah, Utah										Wife										Maria Louise DIXON																																																																					
Chr.																				Place																				Word										1.																																																																					
Mar										9 May 1894										Place										Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah										2.																																																																															
Died										10 Sep 1935										Place										Provo, Utah, Utah										State or										Nilsson																																																																					
Bur.										15 Sep 1935										Place										Provo, Utah, Utah																																																																																									
HUSBAND'S FATHER										George TAYLOR										HUSBAND'S MOTHER										Eliza NICHOLLS																																																																																									
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES																																																																																																																							
WIFE										Maria Louise DIXON																																																																																																													
Born										5 Jan 1872										Place										Provo, Utah, Utah																																																																																									
Chr.																				Place																																																																																																			
Died										17 Feb 1947										Place										Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah																																																																																									
Bur.										21 Feb 1947										Place										Provo, Utah, Utah																																																																																									
WIFE'S FATHER										Henry Aldous DIXON										WIFE'S MOTHER										Sarah DeGREY																																																																																									
WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS																																																																																																																							
SEX										CHILDREN										WHEN BORN										WHERE BORN										DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE										TO WHOM										DAY										WHEN OIED										YEAR																																							
M										List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Given Names										DAY MONTH YEAR										TOWN										COUNTY										STATE OR COUNTRY																																																																					
F																																																																																																																							
1										M										Arthur TAYLOR										4 Oct' 1895										Provo										Utah										Utah										29 Jun 1921										20 Jul 1979																																							
2										M										Lynn Dixon TAYLOR										6 May 1898										Provo										Utah										Utah										17 Aug 1927										2 Jul 1967																																							
3										M										Elton LeRoy TAYLOR										22 Jun 1900										Provo										Utah										Utah										31 Mar 1926																																																	
4										M										Henry Dixon TAYLOR										22 Nov 1903										Provo										Utah										Utah										26 Dec 1929																																																	
5										F										Alice Louise TAYLOR										18 Nov 1906										Provo										Utah										Utah										14 Aug 1935																																																	
6										M										Clarence Dixon TAYLOR										11 May 1909										Provo										Utah										Utah										G. El Roy NELSON																																																	
7										M										Orson Kenneth TAYLOR										3 Nov 1913										Provo										Utah										Utah										27 Jun 1940										31 Oct 1940																																							
8										F										Ruth Elaine TAYLOR										20 Mar 1917										Provo										Utah										Utah										Ethelyn PETERSON																																																	
9																																																																																																																							
10																																																																																																																							
11																																																																																																																							
SOURCES OF INFORMATION										From the records of Clarence Dixon Taylor.										OTHER MARRIAGES										Child #4: (2) 9 Sep 1968, Ethelyn PETERSON (widow of child #7).										NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS																																																																															

HUSBAND Arthur Dixon TAYLOR

Born 4 Oct 1895 Place Provo, Utah, Utah
 Chr. Place
 Mar 29 Jun 1921 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
 Died Place
 Bur. Place

HUSBAND'S FATHER Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR
 HUSBAND'S MOTHER Maria Louise DIXON
 OTHER WIVES

HUSBAND Arthur Dixon TAYLOR

Born 4 Oct 1895 Place Provo, Utah, Utah
 Chr. Place
 Mar 29 Jun 1921 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
 Died Place
 Bur. Place

HUSBAND'S FATHER Arthur Dixon TAYLOR
 HUSBAND'S MOTHER Maria Louise DIXON
 OTHER WIVES

Husband

Wife
 Ward Examiners: 1.
 2.
 State or Mission

Husband Arthur Dixon TAYLOR

Wife
 Ward Examiners: 1.
 2.
 State or Mission

(1895)

NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING SHEET

RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR FILING ONLY YES ☐ NO ☐

DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED	DATE	ENDOWED	DATE	SEALING DATE AND TEMPORARY WIFE TO HUSBAND
HUSBAND	25 Oct 1903	2 May 1916	29 Jun 1921	SL
WIFE	26 Jul 1908	29 Jun 1921		SEALING DATE AND TEMPORARY CHILDREN TO PARENTS
	10 Aug 1930	3 Apr 1945		BIC
	10 Dec 1933			BIC
	26 Jan 1936	26 Jun 1952		BIC
	21 Apr 1940	26 Jun 1952		BIC

CHILDREN

List each child (whether living or deceased) with date of birth.		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY	MONTH	YEAR	CHILDREN
F	M											
1	F	Elayne	12 Jun	1922	Provo	Utah	Utah	3 Apr 1945	10 Aug	1930	3 Apr 1945	BIC
2	M	Kent Goodridge	5 Dec	1925	Provo	Utah	Utah	Grant A. Fisher	10 Dec	1933		BIC
3	F	Nancy	15 Nov	1927	Provo	Utah	Utah	26 Jun 1952	26 Jan	1936	26 Jun 1952	BIC
4	F	Dixie	9 Mar	1932	Provo	Utah	Utah	George Keith Stewart	21 Apr	1940	26 Jun 1952	BIC
5								26 Jun 1952				
6								Boyd M. Frampton				
7												
8												
9												
10												
11												

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

OTHER MARRIAGES

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

HUSBAND Lynn Dixon TAYLOR			Husband Lynn Dixon TAYLOR			(1898)		
Born 6 May 1898			Place Provo, Utah, Utah			Wife Celestia Marguerita JOHNSON		
Chr. 17 Aug 1927			Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah			NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING SHEET		
Died 2 Jul 1967			Place Provo, Utah, Utah					
Bur. 6 Jul 1967			Place Provo, Utah, Utah					
HUSBAND'S FATHER Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR			HUSBAND'S MOTHER Maria Louise DIXON					
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES						RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE		
WIFE Celestia Marguerita JOHNSON						FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR FILING ONLY		
Born 8 Apr 1903			Place Alpine, Utah, Utah			YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO <input type="checkbox"/>		
Chr. 17 Aug 1927			Place Provo, Utah, Utah			DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY		
Died 2 Jul 1967			Place Provo, Utah, Utah					
Bur. 6 Jul 1967			Place Provo, Utah, Utah					
WIFE'S FATHER Justus Wanderous JOHNSON			WIFE'S MOTHER Violet Deseret NASH			LDS ORDINANCE DATA		
HUSBANDS						BAPTIZED (Date) ENDOWED (Date) SEALED (Date and Temporal) WIFE TO HUSBAND		
SEX			CHILDREN			HUSBAND		
M			List each child (whether living or dead), in order of birth			28 Oct 1906 9 Jun 1920 17 Aug 1927 17 Aug 1927		
F			Given Names			WIFE		
1			John Arthur TAYLOR			18 Jun 1911 17 Aug 1927		
2			Janice TAYLOR			21 Feb 1937 18 Oct 1948		
3			Lynn Anne TAYLOR			26 Mar 1939 18 Dec 1952		
4			Kathryn Dee TAYLOR			27 Jun 1943 20 Aug 1957		
5			George Terry TAYLOR			23 Oct 1949 22 Jul 1961		
6						28 Sep 1952 22 May 1964		
7								
8								
9								
10								
11								
SOURCES OF INFORMATION			OTHER MARRIAGES			NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS		

HUSBAND Elton Le Roy TAYLOR

Born 22 Jun 1900 Place Provo, Utah, Utah
Chr. 2 Sep 1900 Place Provo, Utah, Utah
Mar 31 Mar 1926 Place Salt Lake City, Utah, Utah
Died _____ Place _____

Bur. _____ Place _____
HUSBAND'S FATHER Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES _____

WIFE Ethel Lulu SCOTT

Born 13 Jul 1904 Place Provo, Utah, Utah
Chr. _____ Place _____
Died _____ Place _____

Bur. _____ Place _____
WIFE'S FATHER Charles Kennedy SCOTT
WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS _____

Husband Elton Le Roy TAYLOR

Wife Ethel Lulu SCOTT
Word Examiners: 1. _____
2. _____
Stake or Mission _____

HUSBAND'S MOTHER Maria Louise DIXON

WIFE'S FATHER Charles Kennedy SCOTT

WIFE'S MOTHER Lulu Agnes DILATUSH

(1900)

NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING SHEET

RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND

RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

YES ☐ NO ☐

DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED	(Date)	ENDOWED	(Date)	SEALING (Date and Temple)
HUSBAND	28 Jun 1908	17 Jan 1923	31 Mar 1926	SL
WIFE	19 Jun 1921	31 Mar 1926		SEALING (Date and Temple)
	8 Sep 1935	28 Jul 1949	BIC	CHILDREN TO PARENTS
	10 Apr 1938	21 Jun 1950	BIC	
	10 Aug 1941	25 Aug 1958	BIC	
	25 Aug 1946	12 Jun 1957	BIC	

DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE

TO WHOM	DAY	MONTH	YEAR
28 Jul 1949			
Kenneth Ray ANDERSON			
15 Sep 1959			
Deanna Kay HOEN			
25 Aug 1958			
Nancy Lee TANNER			
12 Jun 1957			
Clifford A. WOODRUFF			

WHERE BORN

TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY
Pleasant Grove	Utah	Utah
Provo	Utah	Utah
Provo	Utah	Utah
Price	Carbon	Utah

WHEN BORN

DAY	MONTH	YEAR
30 Aug	1927	
10 Mar	1930	
7 Jul	1933	
1 Aug	1938	

CHILDREN

SEX	List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Given Names	SURNAME
1 F	Julia TAYLOR	
2 M	James Scott TAYLOR	
3 M	Paul Scott TAYLOR	
4 F	Louise TAYLOR	

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

OTHER MARRIAGES

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

Form with sections: HUSBAND, WIFE, CHILDREN, LDS ORDINANCE DATA, SOURCES OF INFORMATION, OTHER MARRIAGES. Includes fields for names, dates, birthplaces, and church records.

HUSBAND		Orson Kenneth TAYLOR		Orson Kenneth TAYLOR		(1913)	
Born 3 Nov 1913		Place Provo, Utah, Utah		Husband		Ethelwyn PETERSON	
Chr. _____		Place _____		Wife		Ethelwyn PETERSON	
Mar 27 Jun 1940		Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		Ward		1. _____	
Died 31 Oct 1940		Place Provo, Utah, Utah		Examiners:		2. _____	
Bur. 3 Nov 1940		Place Provo, Utah, Utah		Stake or Mission		_____	
HUSBAND'S FATHER Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR		HUSBAND'S MOTHER Maria Louise DIXON		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING SHEET		_____	
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES _____		_____		_____		_____	
WIFE		Ethelwyn PETERSON		RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND		RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE	
Born 2 Dec 1914		Place Moroni, Sanpete, Utah		FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR FILING ONLY		YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO <input type="checkbox"/>	
Chr. _____		Place _____		DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY		_____	
Died _____		Place _____		LDS ORDINANCE DATA		_____	
Bur. _____		Place _____		BAPTIZED (Date)		ENDOWED (Date)	
WIFE'S FATHER Peter Canute PETERSON		WIFE'S MOTHER Ethel Margaret RAWLINGS		HUSBAND		WIFE TO HUSBAND	
WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS _____		_____		20 Nov 1921		9 Nov 1934	
SEX		CHILDREN		WIFE		SL	
M List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.		SURNAME		11 Sep 1923		26 Jun 1940	
F		GIVEN NAMES		_____		_____	
1		_____		_____		_____	
2		_____		_____		_____	
3		_____		_____		_____	
4		_____		_____		_____	
5		_____		_____		_____	
6		_____		_____		_____	
7		_____		_____		_____	
8		_____		_____		_____	
9		_____		_____		_____	
10		_____		_____		_____	
11		_____		_____		_____	
SOURCES OF INFORMATION		OTHER MARRIAGES		NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS		_____	

OTHER MARRIAGES

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

[illegible]

Robert Smith Dixon
b 10 Nov 1874
d 18 Dec 1874 (child)



Mary Anne Smith



Alice Smith md
Jabez W. Dangerfield

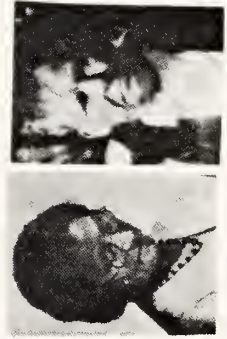


William Aldous md
Harriet Hands



Parley Smith md
Etta Dangerfield

Harriet Amelia md
George West



Albert Fredrick md
Sena Rasmussen



Sarah Anne md
Alexander McConachie



Maria Louise md
Arthur Nicholls Taylor



Walter DeGrey md
Louie Maiben

Henry Aldous Dixon



John DeGrey md
Sarah Ann Lewis



Ernest DeGrey md
Mary Ann Painter



LeRoy Dixon md
Electa LaPrele Smoot

Sarah De Grey



Arthur DeGrey md
Catherine Morgan



Charles Owen md
Virginia E. Beckstead



Arnold md
Letitia May Banks

Henry Alfred Dixon
b 14 Nov 1865
d 1 Jul 1867 (child)



CHAPTER 16

SUMMARY

<u>Year</u>	<u>Month</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Age</u>
1870	November 2	Arthur Nicholls Taylor was born	
1872	January 5	Maria Louise Dixon was born, was christened by her father, Henry Aldous Dixon	
1880		He worked for Samuel Liddiard	10
1884	May 4	Her father, Henry Aldous Dixon, died	12
1887		He started working in his father's furniture store	17
1889		He contracted severe illness	19
1890	Spring	He had health trip with his Mother to Europe	20
		Taylor Bros. Co. incorporated.	
1891		He commenced school at B. Y. Academy	21
	November 15	He was ordained an Elder	
1892		He worked for Taylor Bros. Co. in the summer	22
	December 16	He was ordained a Seventy	
1893		He graduated from BYA Commerce Dept. Depression	23
		He worked in ore mill at Martina, Montana	
1894	May 9	They were married in the Salt Lake Temple by John R. Winder, president of the temple and Counselor to President Joseph F. Smith in the First Presidency	22 & 24
1895	October 4	Son Arthur Dixon Taylor was born	25
		He was president of the Provo Third Ward YMMIA--obtained gymnastic equipment for gym and was president of Young Men's Investment Co.	
1896		They had built a 2 room house--256 North 5th West	26
1898	May 6	Son Lynn Dixon Taylor was born	28
1900	June 22	Son Elton LeRoy Taylor was born	30
	October 20	He left for British Mission	
	November 9	Arrived in Liverpool, England and appointed to labor in Birmingham, England	

<u>Year</u>	<u>Month</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Age</u>
1901	April 14	His Aunt Mary Taylor Hickman, the only sister of Father died in Birmingham, England	31
	October 31	He was appointed Conference President of Birmingham District	
1902	August 4	She left Provo and arrived in Liverpool at 2:15 p.m. on August 21	30
1903	February 19	He was released from his mission, and they sailed from Liverpool for Boston, Massachusetts	33
	November 22	Their fourth son Henry Dixon Taylor was born	
		He was appointed Utah Stake Sunday School Counselor	
		He was sustained as Superintendent of Utah Stake Sunday School	
1906	June	He became a charter member of the Wildwood Resort	36
	August 31	He was ordained a High Priest by Lafayette Holbrook	
1907	October 24	He was set apart as a member of the Utah Stake high council by President David John where he served for the next 25 years	
	November 18	Their daughter Alice Louise Taylor was born	37
		Wildwood Lot #1 was assigned by drawing from a hat	
1907-1908		With Brother Ashted started the Riverside hog farm and chicken ranch	38
1908	December 2	He was elected to Provo Board of Education, where he served for the next 15 years	39
1909		Riverside Fish Farm was planted with 100,000 pin head trout	
		Milk and butter business operating from 256 North 5th West	
		Fruit farm and dairy at Hillcrest Farm on Provo Bench	
	May 11	Their son Clarence Dixon Taylor was born	43
1913	May	She was appointed president of the Provo Third Ward Primary	41
	November 3	Their son Orson Kenneth Taylor was born	

<u>Year</u>	<u>Month</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Age</u>
1917	March 20	Their daughter Ruth Elaine Taylor was born	47
1919		They rented the George Madsen Lake Farm	
		They purchased the George Cook 40 acre lake farm	
1920		He sold his Taylor Bros. Co. stock to his brother Tom	
		As president of Skipper Bay Drainage District he built a dike on shore of Utah Lake	50
1921		Dike washed out	
		He had a 4 story brick building erected for the use of DTR Co. Home Furnishings, "The One Price House."	
	November	He organized the Dixon Taylor Russell Company	51
		Partnership formed of Dangerfield and Taylor, with J. W. Dangerfield	
1923	October	She became class leader in Relief Society	51
1923-1924		He became president of the Provo Chamber of Commerce	53
1924	February 1	He opened the first branch store of Dixon Taylor Russell Co. at Springville, Utah	
	May 24	He opened the second branch store at Nephi, Utah	
	August 15	He opened the third branch store at Payson	
1926	February 23	He opened the fourth branch store at Pleasant Grove	54
	March 17	He opened the fifth DTR branch store at Spanish Fork	
		Provona Beach lunch room built at mouth of Provo River and Utah Lake	
1927	March 15	Opened sixth DTR branch store at Heber	
	September 10	Opened seventh DTR branch store at American Fork	57
1929	July 3	Opened eighth DTR branch store in Price	
1930	June 14	Opened ninth DTR branch store in Helper	59
		Opened tenth DTR branch store in Orem	
1930-1934		Depression years	

<u>Year</u>	<u>Month</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Age</u>
	December 12	Due to poor health, they went to Mesa, Arizona, to recuperate and spend the winter	63
1935	April	They returned to Provo	
	September 10	He passed away at his home on 256 North 5th West in Provo, Utah	
	September 15	His funeral in the Utah Stake Tabernacle and burial in Provo City Cemetery	
1937	April	She was named chairman of the Widows Group by the bishop to raise funds to carpet the chapel and to purchase a new organ	65
1939	June	She was elected historian of the 4-6 Camp of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers	67
1941	June	She was appointed historian of new camp in the Provo Third Ward which was called Camp Provo	
1947	February 17	She passed away in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City	75
	February 21	Her funeral in the Provo Third Ward chapel and burial in the Provo City Cemetery	

CHAPTER 17

TRIBUTE BY HENRY D. TAYLOR

Arthur N. Taylor, my Father, was born of pioneer parents in very humble circumstances. He was of a retiring and quiet nature, but was very methodical with a motto of "Plan your work, then work your plan."

He was ambitious and constantly found working. He was kind and obedient and was always striving to find ways and means to make conditions better for his Mother.

Father was a skilled dancer and ice skater, but was very modest of his talents.

He and his wife, Maria (my Mother), had a very happy marriage. He was a devoted husband and wise father. He was not concerned with leaving his children with worldly monetary wealth, but his aim was to provide them with a respected name, teaching them how to work, to instill within them a desire to fill an honorable mission for the Church, and to encourage them to secure an adequate education. He never urged them to do anything that he had not already done or was not willing to do himself.

Father was courageous and started many worthwhile projects for providing us with opportunities upon which to work.

Father set an example to his children, first, as a missionary, then a public servant and community worker, and then as a dedicated Church leader.

My Mother, Maria Dixon Taylor, who was also born in Provo, was the only girl in a family with eight brothers.

Many years after her marriage to Father, Arthur N. Taylor, with a family of six boys, she learned the art of cutting their hair. Not only her own sons, but she barbered the neighborhood boys as well.

After they had purchased the Hill Crest Farm in Grand View, the responsibility fell upon her shoulders for directing the harvesting of the crops. This was due to her husband working long hours in Taylor Brothers every day. She supervised the picking and the packing of the fruit crops.

Following the birth of their third son, she urged Father to accept and serve a mission to Great Britain. At the close of his mission she went to England and returned home with him.

Being of a religious nature, Mother served during her lifetime as president of the Provo Third Ward Primary, a Relief Society teacher, president of the Daughters of the Pioneers, and finally was appointed by her bishop to be chairman of a committee to raise funds and carpet the chapel of the Provo Third Ward meetinghouse.

May we as their children strive to emulate their splendid example.

--Henry D. Taylor

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